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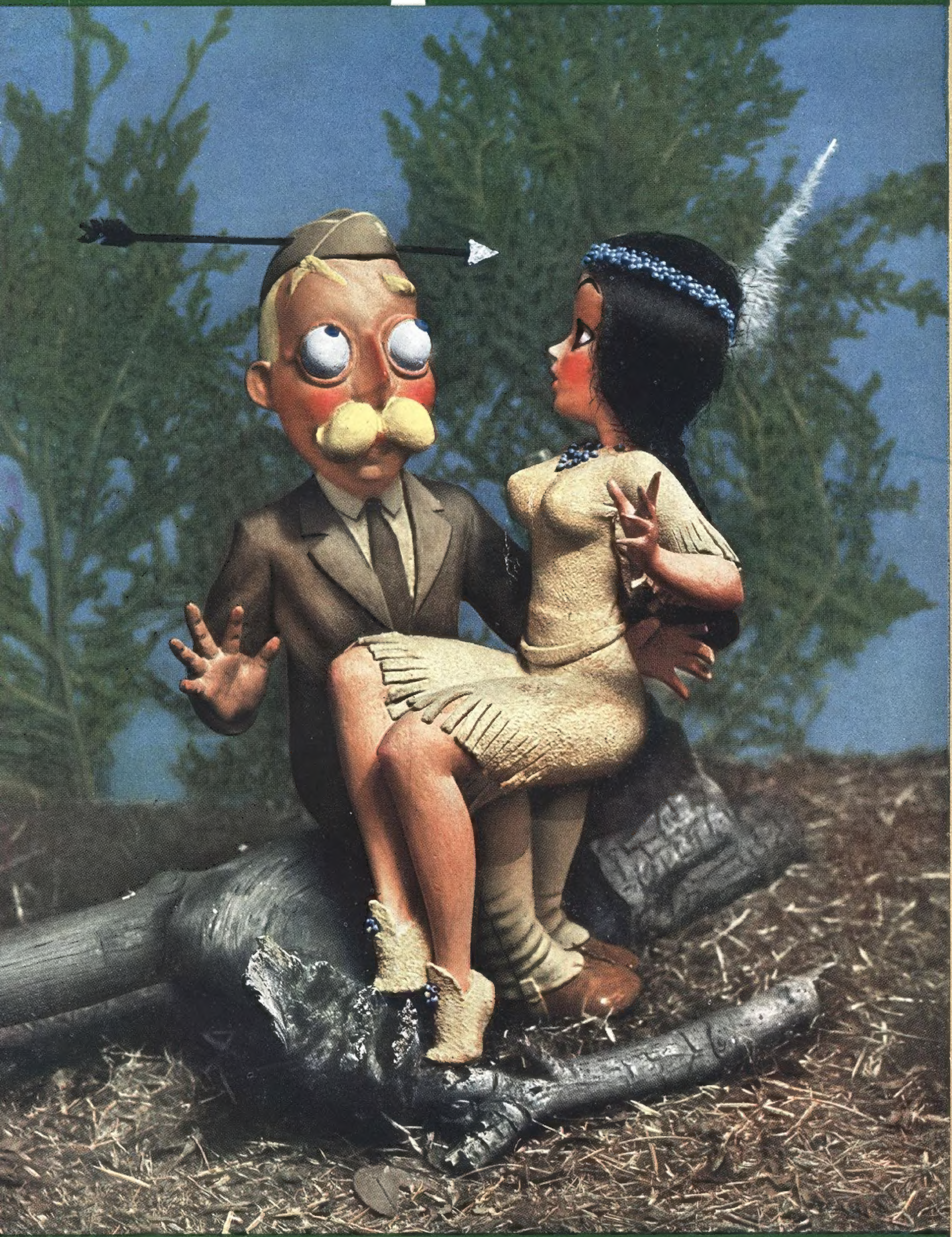
NOVEMBER
1942

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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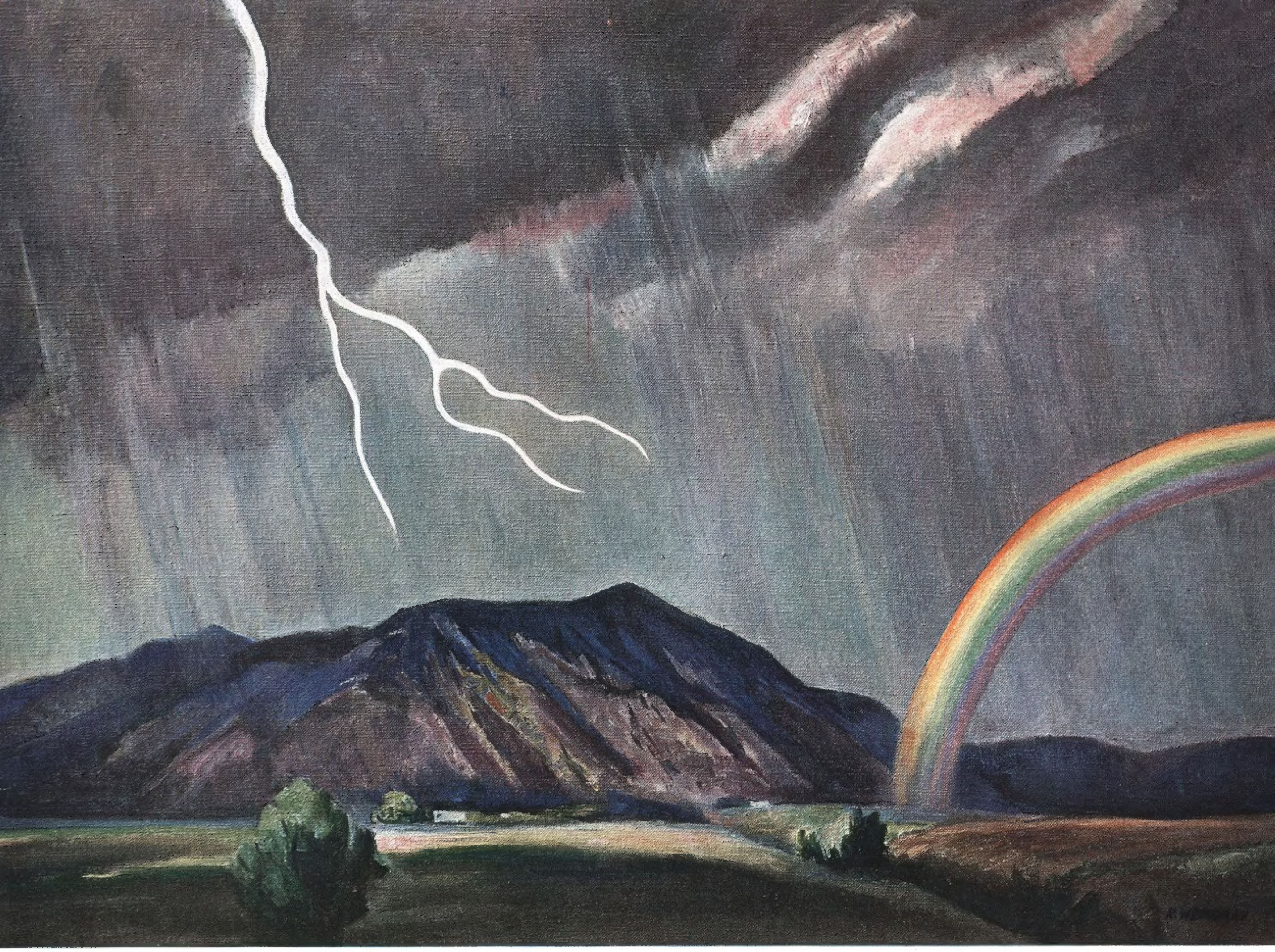

"END OF STORM," painted by Rudolf Wetterau

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briar

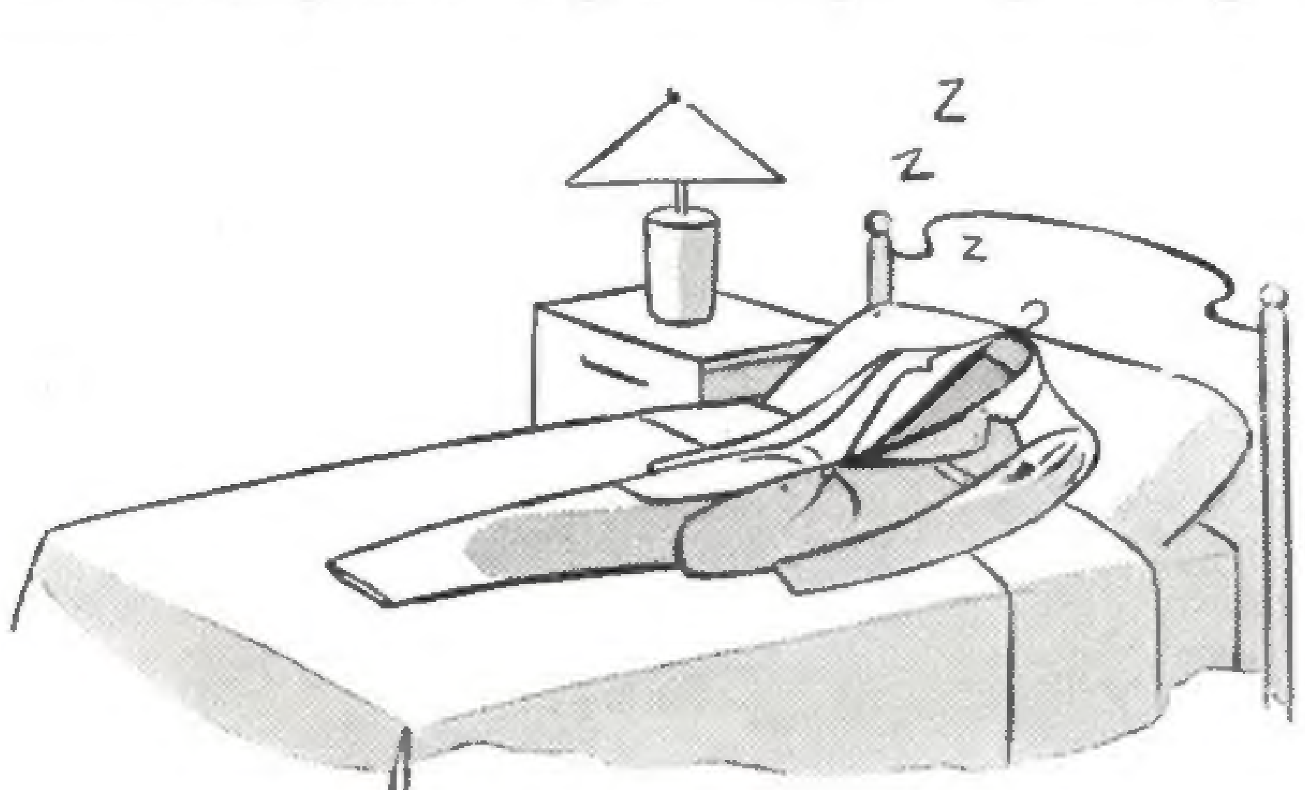
Baby that suit, mister!

With the future for raw materials leaning definitely to the short side, it behooves every man to take as good care of his clothes as possible

by HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

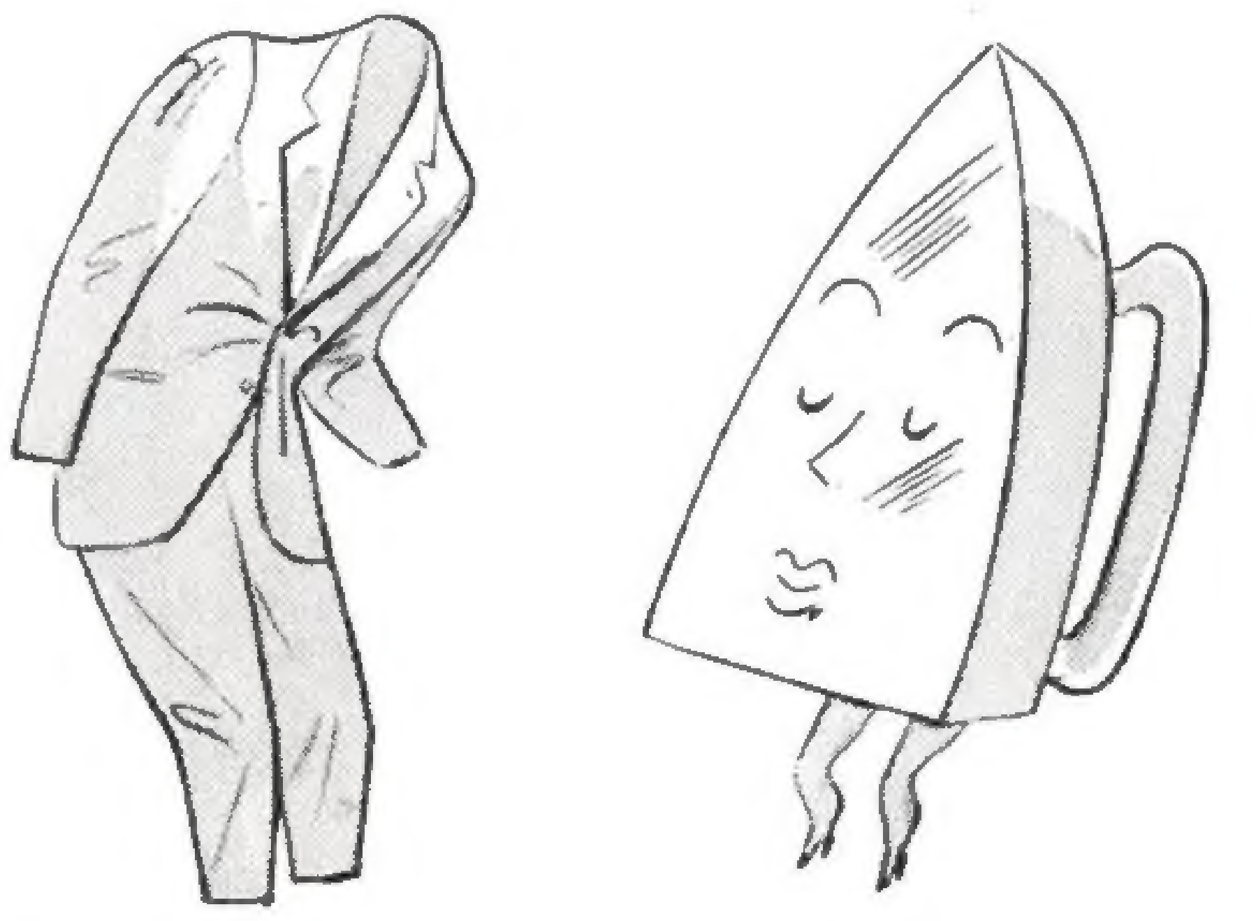
LOGIC IN ONE EASY LESSON: Millions of pounds of wool are now needed every year for our armed forces. This means less wool for civilian use. So the smartest clothes strategy for you is this: Buy good clothes, with a label you know you can trust... clothes like Hart Schaffner & Marx which, despite the times, are as good today as they ever were. Then take care of them so they'll deliver the best possible clothing mileage. And with that thought in mind we present herewith ways and means that you, yourself, can make your wearables last longer . . .

1. Have a good fit. This is basic for long wear . . . because a suit that is too small will bind, rip and pull out of shape. By the same token a suit that is too large will fray where it drags and bulges. Also, don't forget . . . a suit that doesn't fit will wrinkle badly and require frequent pressing.

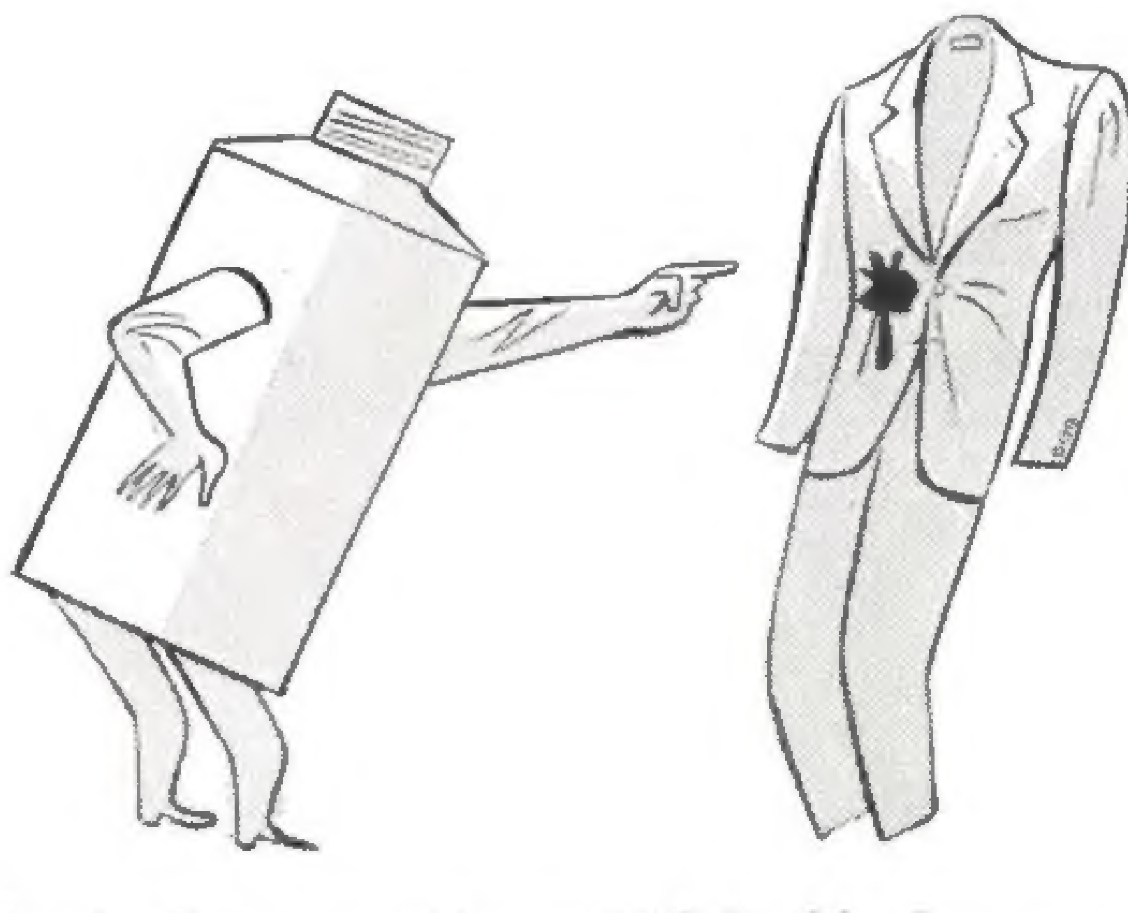


2. Give your clothes a rest. Alternate your clothes so that you don't wear the same suit every day. This procedure gives the wool fibers a chance to relax and spring back into shape. And this will save you plenty on pressing, too, for actually if you give your suit a 24- or 48-hour rest it won't have to be pressed anywhere near as frequently.

3. The brush off, is something you, yourself, can give your clothes regularly. Brushing *removes* grinding dust particles... which is very important. If possible, take the suit outdoors for an airing and thorough brushing. Get the brush deep into seams and cuffs (if you still own trousers with them on) and use plenty of elbow grease.



4. For pressing engagements. If your suits are pressed at home, be sure to use a damp cloth between the fabric and the iron in order to prevent shine. A hot, dry iron can cause havoc when applied directly to any wool material.



5. Out, damned spot! Mr. Shakespeare didn't have home cleaning fluids. *You* do. Get after every spot quickly . . . the longer it's in, the harder it is to get out. Never have a suit pressed unless all spots are removed, because the spot is likely to develop under heat into a permanent stain.

6. Grime doesn't pay. A dust-filled suit wears out quickly because dust particles cut the wool fiber. Patronize a good cleaner . . . "cheap" cleaning merely *spreads the dirt,* and causes shine and discoloration. Warning: Don't clean a suit to death. Too frequent cleaning will make any fabric lose its life and lustre.

7. A stitch in time is really worth nine. A rip at a pocket corner that's neglected will eventually cause big damage. If a seam opens in the lining, it will quickly fray out. Repair at once . . . while the cut, break, tear, or worn place is small.

8. Put 'em away clean. When putting garments away for the season (summer suits for the winter, etc.), they should be clean. Dry cleaning will not only take out stains, which attract parasites, but it also destroys moths *in any form* with which garments may be infested at the time.

Ask for FREE book

The suggestions on this page are only a few of the many hints you will find in our new booklet, "How To Make Your Clothes Last Longer." Ask your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer for your copy.

(advertisement)

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ESQUIRE
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T. M. REG.

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EDITORIAL: Of the soldier poets of that war and this

From William MacLellan of 240 Hope Street, Glasgow, C.2, Scotland, we have had the following letter, accompanied by a copy of *Battlefields and Girls* by David Martin:

"It has been said on both sides of the Atlantic that there is no war poetry worthy of the name. We believe that this slim booklet answers this charge.

"David Martin's poetry is both heroic and subtle, his verses have the element of power and music. He is no day-dreamer, no twilight singer. His poetry is fit for 1942.

"This booklet costs only ninepence; author and publisher believe that the custom of 'expensive songs for expensive people' should be discontinued. On this book no one will make a profit.

"Poetry, as you know, is not much in demand in Britain, the cradle of so many poets. Therefore, the fact that over 5,000 copies of *Battlefields and Girls* were sold less than two months after its publication is proof to the correctness of our contention: Living, virile poetry is welcomed by our people as a weapon to help forge victory.

"We trust that you in the United States are interested in the problem of Rupert Brooke's heritage. That is why we ask your attention to these new songs, which, we think, are in the best way significant as a new, sincerer and simpler, yet more beautiful development in the poetry of our struggling age.

"If you so desire you are perfectly at liberty to reprint poems from this selection. But we would be grateful if you would send us any review you may be tempted to publish."

Well, Mr. MacLellan, it depends upon exactly whom you are addressing by your phrase "you in the United States." If you mean us, personally, why yes, we're very much interested in the problem of Rupert Brooke's heritage. But if you mean, for instance, everybody over here within reach of, say, the Gallup Poll, then we doubt that they would rank the problem as a pressing one in these confused and confusing times. To us, personally,there are very few pleasures in life greater than that of recalling the verses of Rupert Brooke. (One day about eight years ago we and Scott Fitzgerald discovered that, between us, we were able to recall three of Rupert Brooke's five famous war sonnets, word for word and syllable for golden syllable, almost twenty years after first reading them.) But to people over here, generally, as to people over there, this war's success or failure in producing war poetry worthy of the name is not one of its more important points.

At this writing, the last word on this war's more important points has been pronounced by William B. Ziff in *The Coming Battle of Germany*. He doesn't list poets, or even orators, among our side's most pressing immediate needs. And until Ziff's list of our most pressing immediate needs is much nearer filled than it appears to be right now, a lot of us feel that the discussion of anything else may be merely, and even dangerously, academic.

But even Bill Ziff, tough as he is (and we don't grow them any tougher over here) does give due recognition to the fact that wars may be waged, even though not won, with words as weapons.

In this light, let's have a look at some of David Martin's words, in *Battlefields and Girls*. They're good strong words, both beautiful and bitter. They'll do nicely, until better come along. They seem as good to us as the best that were written on this side of the water last time. Do you remember, for instance, some of our best words from last time, these from Allan Seager's *Rendezvous with Death?*

I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes 'round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .

But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Here is David Martin's version for this time:

Glasgow Spring Song, 1942

I can already scent through driving sleet
The early manifests of coming spring,
An earthy smell, a gust, a quick pulsating;
I hear the swishings of a joyful wing.

Slum mud is melting and my nose is red,
The reckless sea wind brags to river Clyde
Eternal yarns of ships and maiden birches
And sandy beaches warming to the tide.

Some birds came back to glide beneath the clouds,
Those clouds are fat with rain but not with snow.
Boys swagger down the Broomielaw with girls
Who giggle in the darkness as they go.

There is a spring breath, too, from distant fields
Mingling with chimney soot in Glasgow sky;
A scent of men arising from the plains—
Before the days are long will many die.

Then guns break furrows for the tanks to plough
Rows drenched with blood in fertilizing shower,
Humanity will step beyond its bounds
Before the swelling buds burst into flower.

This spring will be like never was a spring:
A deadly promise for young millions living—
A spring that holds no mercy and no fear,
A glorious taking and a bitter giving.

David Martin has no notes on his lyre to match these, from Allan Seager's poem honoring those who fell at Champagne in 1914:

Honor them not so much with tears and flowers,
But you with whom the sweet fulfillment lies,
Where in the anguish of atrocious hours
Turned their last thoughts and closed their
dying eyes,

Rather when music on bright gatherings lays
Its tender spell, and joy is uppermost,
Be mindful of the men they were, and raise
Your glasses to them in one silent toast.

Drink to them—amorous of dear Earth as well,
They asked no tribute lovelier than this—
And in the wine that ripened where they fell,
Oh, frame your lips as though it were a kiss.

But neither has 1942, with its cup full of bitter memories, both from last time and this time, any such bright faith in the rightness of things as they are, or any such pat certainty of a taken-for-granted "return to normalcy."

The difference in perspective between two wars is well shown in Martin's poem honoring those who fell at Singapore:

Lament for the Gordons

I sing of the Gordons,
Lament to young soldiers,
Who never came back to the land of their kin.
O Lowland and Highland!
On Singapore Island
Your sons fell for freedom and bonny Prince Tin.

Be silent now, Greenock,
Dundee and Auld Reekie,
And silent the winches on Firth and on Clyde,
When Scotland is sleeping,
Sweet lassies are weeping
For lads who will never lie down by their side.

How far from Malaya
To snowy Ben Doran?
How far from Jahore to Saltcoats or Ross?
No pipes and orations
On rubber plantations,
O chimes of Saint Andrew, how far Glasgow Cross?

The Gordons are children
Of shipwrights and crofters,
Strong like the stormwind and tender as rain,
O that our cherished
Young eagles have perished,
And none of the gin-sodden planters was slain.

I sing of the Gordons,
Lament to brave soldiers,
They will not come home to their land and
their wives.
O Lowlands and Highlands
And all the small islands—
Don't wait for the transport that never arrives.

Those are brave and bitter words—twice-brave because thoroughly disillusioned. But here are some that show that David Martin has not turned cynic to the core:

How Glad I Was

When thought and word are joined in rhyme
More beautiful than olden song,
A melody that goes through time,
Like Bach Sonatas sweet and strong—
One verse will tell posterity,
How glad I was to marry thee.

When days are short and nights too vast,
And cowardice befalls the brave,
A hurricane has felled the mast
Crushing my ship beneath the wave,
Then you will come upon the sea
To me, like Christ in Galilee.

When all the days of war and strife
Have fallen through my hand like beads,
The din and battle dust of life
Have settled on forgotten deeds,
And sunset follows stormy weather—
We will sit down and rest together.

And here he is at what seems to us his best—and a very fine best, worthy of England in what was once called, so memorably, its "finest hour":

England

The dome of Saint Paul's from Fleet Street,
And the sun behind it gleaming through fog;
The ruins of Limehouse and stevedores
coming home,
The soldier's good-bye kiss
On the platform in Oxford,
The train leaving and the beautiful face of
his sweetheart growing distant—
We love England.

When the final bloody test is applied to us,
Don't worry:
We have always been ready.

Our mines and docks,
Hard won freedom, work,
Saint Paul's from Fleet Street—
We shall not let go.

Winter is past, we live,
And this is the split second between
triumph or perdition.

Railway lines before night,
With trains disappearing in shadow;
The chatter of pottery girls
Who walk round the market square in Burslem;
The light that never goes out
In slagheap's perpetual fire,
The voices of colliers in the bus,
Comradely.

Let us then put on record
Before the judge rises—
We are not guilty.

It is ample reward to find, whether in a slim booklet or in a fat volume, one line like that one about "the split second between triumph or perdition." Author and publisher are both to be congratulated on this nine-penny book on which no one will make a profit, but which will profit any reader. We hope that it will find many more readers, on both sides of the Atlantic, in the next two months.

But we trust that both its author and publisher will pardon us for continuing to think that it is as futile to look for somebody to fill the unfillable shoes of Rupert Brooke as it is to hunt for a modern wearer of the boots of Keats, or the sandals of Homer. For you will search through all the volumes of all the soldier poets, both of the last war and this one, without ever coming across anything even remotely approaching such a bit of Rupert Brooke's as this:

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who
would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Or four such lines as these, which are also his:

"War knows no power. Safe shall be my going,
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all."

For on that April day in 1915 when the news of Rupert Brooke's death reached England, the spokesman for the Admiralty who wrote the following lines in the London *Times* told the truth as well for this war as for that one:

"Rupert Brooke is dead. A telegram from the Admiral at Lemnos tells us that this life has closed at the moment when it seemed to have reached its springtime. A voice had become audible, a note had been struck, more true, more thrilling, more able to do justice to the nobility of our youth in arms engaged in this present war, than any other. . . . The voice has been swiftly stilled. Only the echoes and the memory remain; but they will linger. . . .

"He expected to die; he was willing to die for the dear England whose beauty and majesty he knew; and he advanced toward the brink in perfect serenity, with absolute conviction of the rightness of his country's cause, and a heart devoid of hate for fellow men.

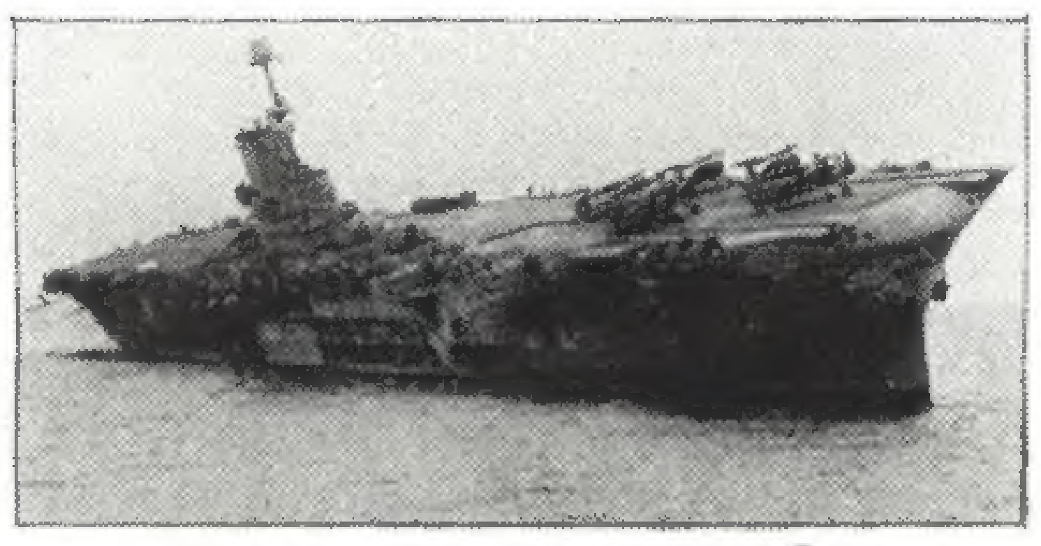
"The thoughts to which he gave expression in the very few incomparable war sonnets which he has left behind will be shared by many thousands of young men moving resolutely and blithely forward with this, the hardest, the cruellest, and the least rewarded of all the wars that men have fought. They are a whole history and revelation of Rupert Brooke himself. Joyous, fearless, versatile, deeply instructed, with classic symmetry of mind and body, he was all that one would wish England's noblest sons to be in days when no sacrifice but the most precious is acceptable, and the most precious is that which is most freely proffered."

The spokesman for the Admiralty, on that occasion, happened to be Winston Churchill.

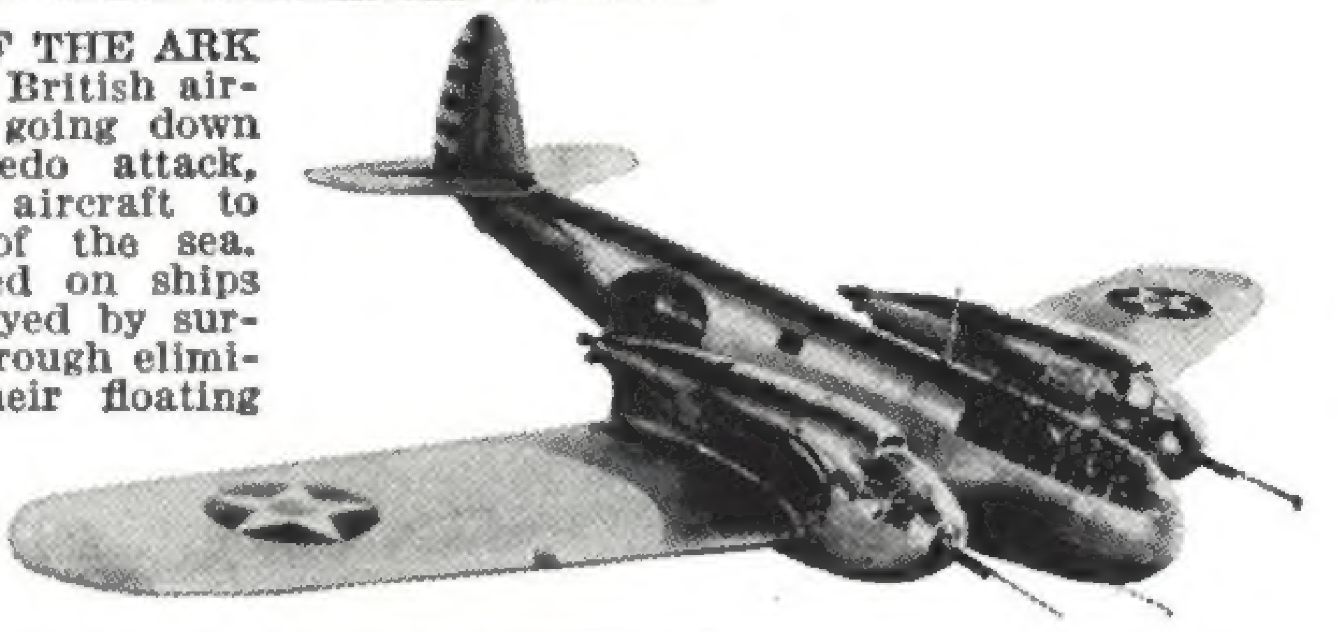
THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB INVITES YOU TO BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WITH THESE TWO BEST-SELLING BOOKS—A DOUBLE SELECTION:

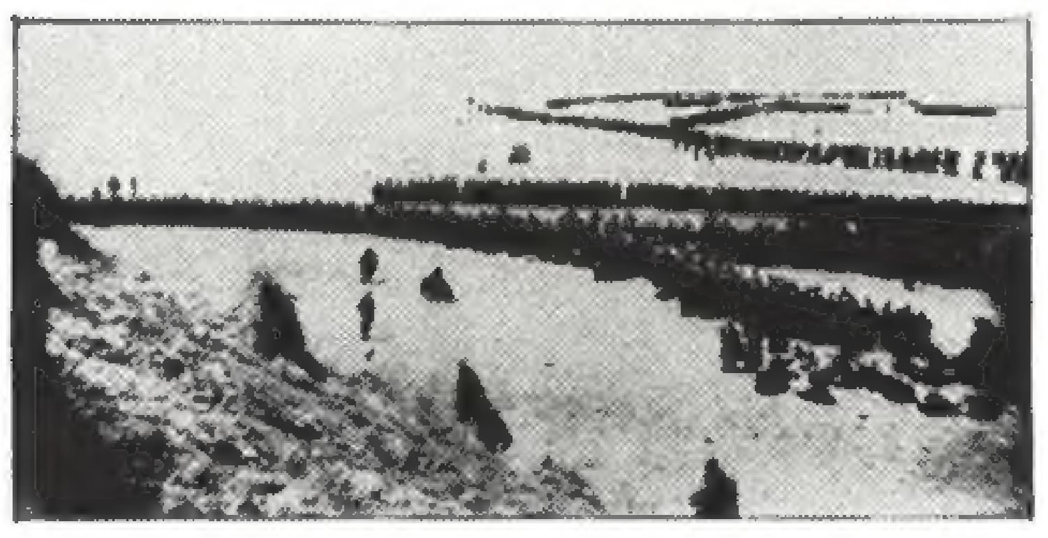
Victory Through Air Power

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

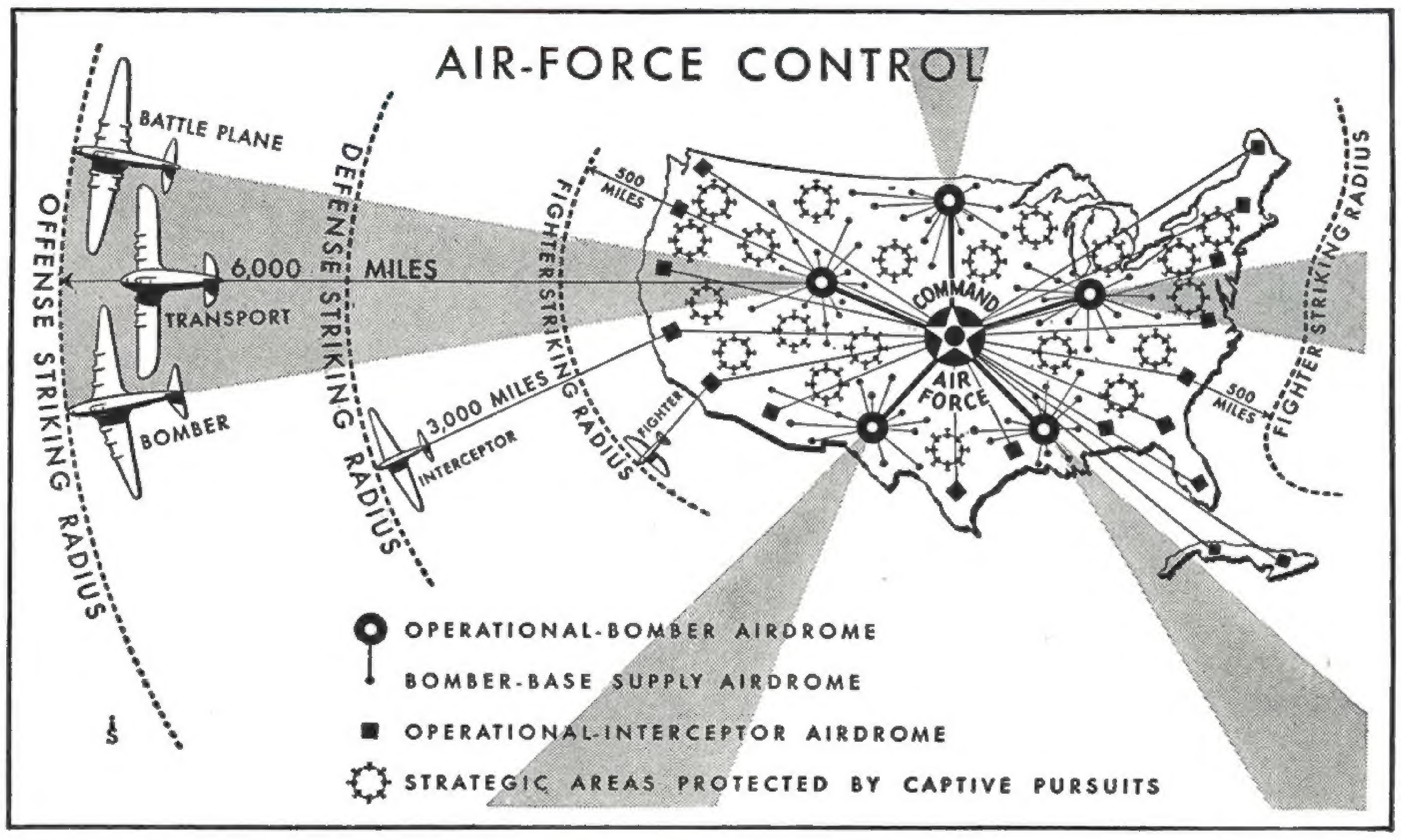


THE END OF THE ARK ROYAL. The British aircraft carrier going down after a torpedo attack, carrying its aircraft to the bottom of the sea. Aviation based on ships can be destroyed by surface forces through elimination of their floating bases.





"Anyone looking at the photographs of the re-embarkation, showing the masses of troops assembled on the beaches, affording an ideal target for hours at a time, must realize that this embarkation would not have been possible unless the enemy had resigned all hope of air superiority at that point."—Winston Churchill on the Dunkirk evacuation.



IN a recent month, the Club's judges had intended to send out only one book – Franz Werfel's distinguished novel, *The Song of Bernadette*. But at the last minute a book came up for consideration that, in the unanimous opinion of the Editorial Committee, demanded immediate distribution. This book was *Victory Through Air Power,* and it was accordingly decided to send it to the Club's members with *The Song of Bernadette.*

"*Victory Through Air Power* is the most fascinating war book that I have read, and in my opinion a more important book for Americans than all the other war books put together," says Charles Beard. That is the comment of pretty nearly every thoughtful reader about this book. "No informed person reading it will ever again read the morning's news the same way."

FRANZ WERFEL'S

and THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

FRANZ WERFEL

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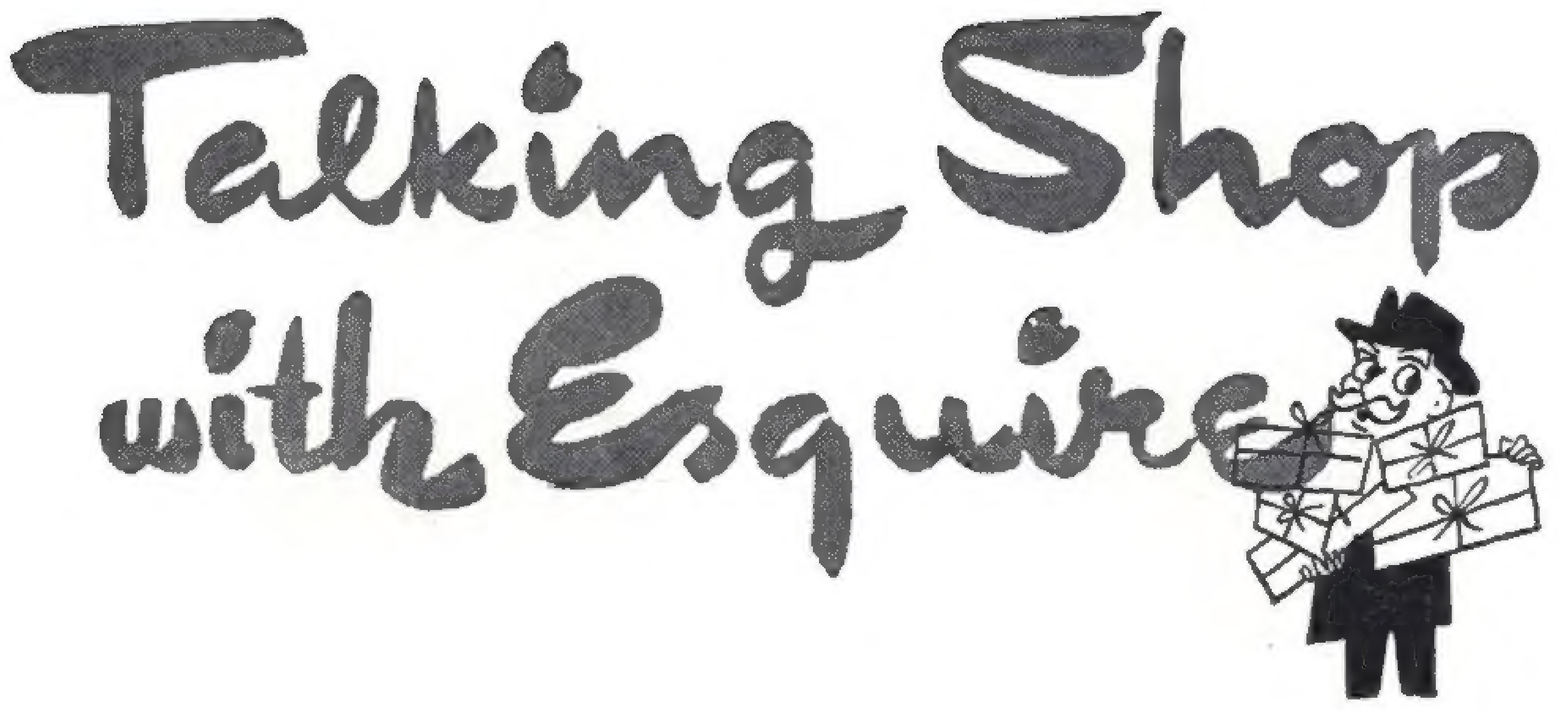

FOOTNOTES. Most of the gals who have worn nylon hosiery felt a real pang when scarcity set in. They will be considerably comforted to know that they can still have some nylon to wear, in the form of ankle socks. These are a by-product of the parachute industry, which seems a long way from foot-gear of any kind; but the leavings from parachute manufacture are perfectly adapted to being woven into sock yarn. The results will gladden the heart of any femme who has ever worn socks, for they are light, but warm, and durable.

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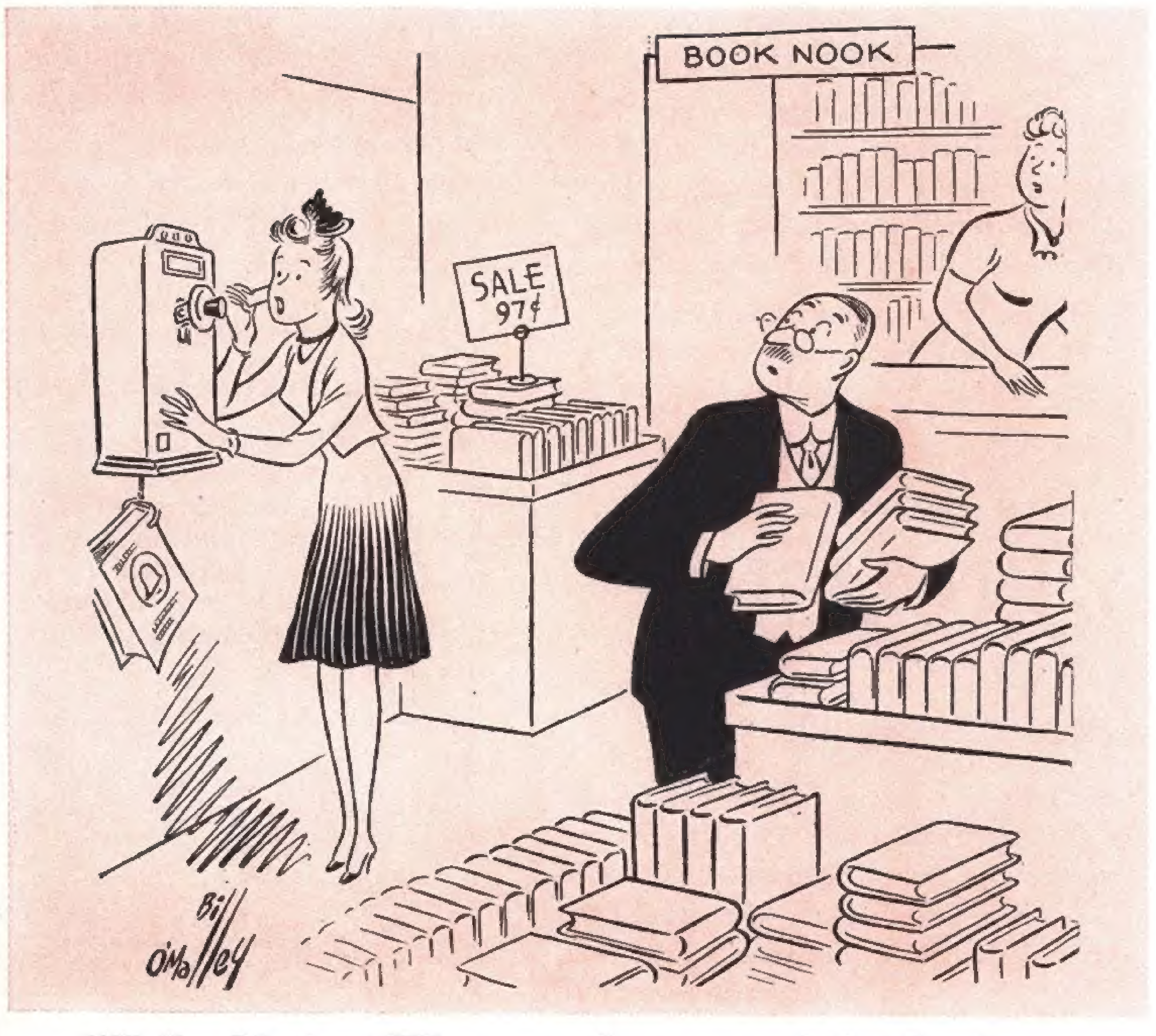
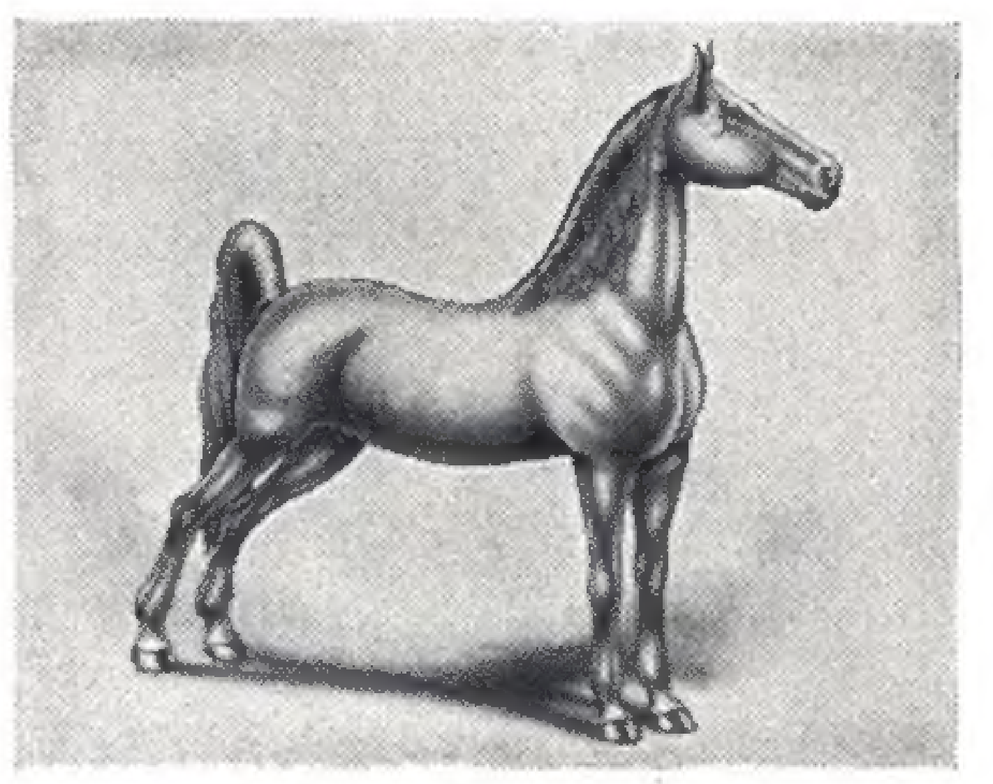


"Hello, Marian! What was the name of that book you said you wore on your head to improve your posture?"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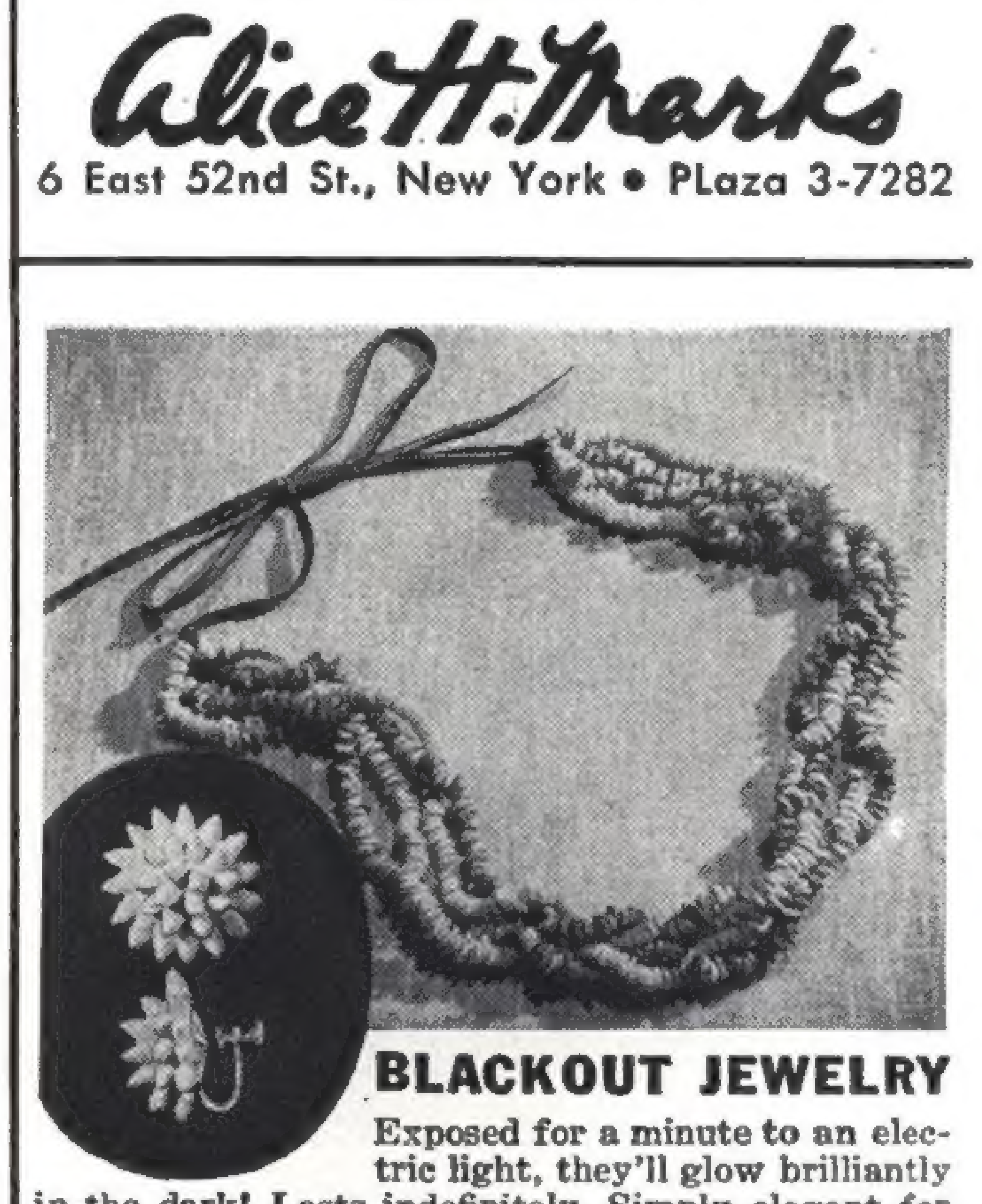
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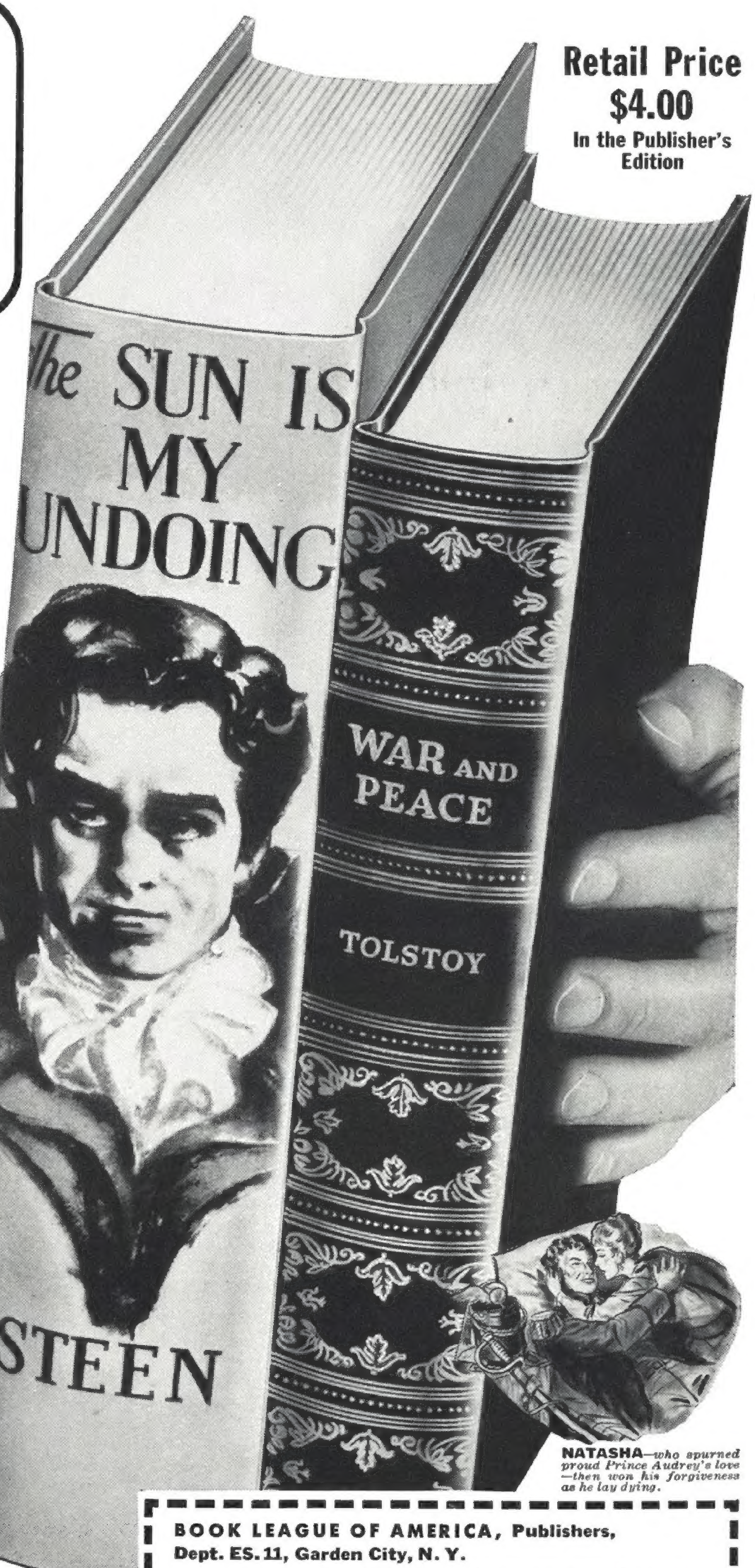

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

RED-LETTER DAY IN A SALUKI'S LIFE

This morning I heard an exclamation of pleased surprise from my dog. Investigation proved that he was looking through a copy of the September Esquire and had run across a color photograph of his famous father, Ch. Marjan II.

I have often been prompted to write you a letter of praise for your series of beautiful photographs of the country's outstanding champions. I know as well as anyone that it is a very difficult thing to catch the true character of a dog in a photograph; that is why so many fanciers prefer paintings. However, Mr. Waxman is doing a wonderful job, and, take it from one who knows, he really outdid himself on the Saluki.

DADDY
Esquire

This is not meant to be a letter in praise of the breed, but I can't resist saying that the Saluki is one breed which is extremely decorative without being "sissy." Truly a man's dog—as any Saluki-owner can tell you—it is impossible to have an inferiority complex if you are holding a leash with a Saluki at the other end. A word of praise is in order here for Mr. Herendeen's brief history of the breed, which leaves scarcely anything to be said.

An interesting bit of personal data on the glamorous Ch. Marjan II is that he is the proud sire of nine beautiful pups—not bad for his first litter. My black-and-cream pup, El Retiro's Sennacherib, is a credit to his breeder, Mrs. Paterno, who deserves the highest praise for her work in campaigning this once-rare breed and bringing Ch. Marjan II to his present prominence. He is the first Saluki to have won Best-in-Show.

Once again, thanks for a fine photograph of a fine breed. More power to you—and to photographer Waxman.

Yours very truly,
Deer Park, L. I., New York — **Felice Worden** (Mrs. T. B. Worden)

THREE QUESTIONS FOR A HILLBILLY REFEREE

I have been a non-skip reader of Esquire ever since the time I picked up in a local haberdashery a copy of that cockeyed, undated little "quarterly" issued some time in '33 (remember that fateful year when it was hard to get hold of four bits in cash to spend for anything?). In all that period I have never missed reading, and often re-reading, with high appreciation, a single one of Jesse Stuart's episodes of the Kentucky hills. I can't locate the happy number which contained Mr. Stuart's first contribution; but I know it's back a fur piece; and I've read 'em all. They are the plums in your pudding, for me.

The facts recited in the foregoing preamble, I think, entitle me to heave a florally camouflaged brick in the general direction of Mr. Stuart and your honorable selves.

I have read, and have just finished re-reading to an appreciative audience of one, *Whose Land is This?* in the September issue. Viewed as pure literature, I rather think it is the author's best yet; and it certainly rates a selection for any man's anthology of American prose—or of poetry for that matter, for all of Mr. Stuart's prose is rhymeless poetry, and damn good poetry at that.

BUT—

It is marred by a flaw of a sort that has become increasingly and lamentably apparent in Mr. Stuart's work of late. I refer to his slips in putting into the mouths of his virgin hillbillys the soiled argot of Big Town Gangland. Three exhibits, if you please, from *Whose Land is This?*:

(a) In two places Uncle Uglybird refers to a pistol as a "gat". This incongruity is so self-apparent as to call for no comment.

(b) In another passage, "Pa" admits that the rockpile is "a pill to plow around." I submit that to a true hillbilly "pill" could only designate a spherical purgative purchased in a round cardboard box from the drug store in town; or possibly, in the case of this elder, harking back to the sprightly slang of his nonage, it might mean a death-dealing missile from the muzzle of his "gat"; but it could never, to him, signify an ordeal or an obstacle.

(c) Quote: " 'Did they have a big fire?' Uncle Uglybird repeated, 'Young man, *I'll say* they had a big fire.' " (Italics mine.) Now, I'll admit that my third exhibit is slightly more subtle and debatable than the other two. Viewed superficially, the phrase quoted might be viewed as ordinary workaday talk that could have been used by an English-speaking person in any age and in any environment. But actually it is not so. In the sense in which it is used here, it goes back not more than twenty years, and its birthplace was the sidewalks of New York. A man of Uncle Uglybird's antecedents and age could never conceivably have used it, and I am sure that Mr. Stuart, on mature deliberation, would admit it.

Now, I am not impeaching Mr. Stuart's authenticity as an interpreter of the voice of the hills. Indeed I know that no man born east of the Alleghenies, or in any city of over 10,000 population, could ever, by any amount of cramming and absorption of "local color," have produced the vivid and authentic pictures of the rural South with which he has been delighting us. But alas! Mr. Stuart has not always remained true to his virginal environment. Stimulated either by hopes or by realization of enhanced emoluments, he has at times been lured away from Arcadia, I fear, to the tainted atmosphere of Hollywood and Radio City; and this taint it is which is apparent in the linguistic slips to which I have objected.

If I thought him a phony, I would not object; I would simply turn on over to George Jean Nathan or *Man the Kitchenette*. It is because I appreciate the genuineness of the gems that I howl about the flaws. They are like a fleck of rouge on the cheeks of a Mona Lisa, a sour note in a symphony, a chunk of melon in a perfectly blended Martini.

I think you ought to admonish our native counterpart of Robert Burns. But gently, ever so gently! We don't want any Kaintuckian looking for either of us with a 40-40, and, even more, we don't want to miss any possible future chapters in the history of the Powderjays.

But I don't like melon in my Martinis!

Sincerely yours,
Shreveport, La. — **W. E. Nesom**

THE MISTAKE OF THE MONTH

I wish to protest strongly against the inclusion of Joseph Stalin among the eavesdropping figures on the cover of the September issue of Esquire.

This picture has all the earmarks of a deliberate attempt to create distrust of a valiant ally to whom America owes more than it can repay.

New York City, N.Y. — J. L.

Editor's Note: *Since you (and several score writers of similar letters) apparently had no trouble in figuring out that one of the three figures is a German and the other a Jap, if we tell you you are wrong in guessing that the third one is Stalin, who do you think it must be, the Axis being composed of Germany, Japan and what other nation?*

THE NAVY ON PENNINGTON

Pennington on Women in
Esquire's issue, Page 10,
dated September, 1942:

I am inclined to be skeptical as to believe any of the tales of Woe of Homer Frederick Pennington, Jr., S.K.1c, as any man with the ability to know women or their wants and desires.

Would never be in any position to criticize any woman unless he has the viewpoint from some female or had been coached by one. Now the angle about liquor bottles and their collection; I wonder how many he has really collected.

The navy as a whole doesn't believe these would-be Don Juans. Most of them belong to the Lonely Hearts' Club.

I was surprised to find one in the Esquire. I didn't know Esquire had one (Lonely Hearts' Club) or maybe Homer's insertion is a mistake.

Did it ever occur to (Homer) that there are many women who don't visit or sit around in cocktail lounges; or is that news to him? Or when a loud speaking or loud perfumed person enters the lounge or bar, it is a natural thing for everyone to stare.

Miss Crane is probably one type of woman beyond Homer's imaginations.

I myself in particular think that if anyone gives an excuse about being tired, why question them, or maybe Homer has had four or six hours sleep during working hours. You know Homer. I know these things about a big date and a little shuteye.

I am of the opinion that you are trying very hard to impress some one, but you should send in your picture and biography to some Lonely Hearts' Club, or maybe you have.

Note: Please print this to set us right.

T. E. Dwyer,
C.B.M., U.S. Navy
U.S.S. Black Hawk
Care of P.M., San Francisco, Cal.

CURTAIN CALL FOR REPRINTS

I should like to obtain reprints of the dog portraits which are featured in Esquire. For a time you offered them framed at a very nominal cost, but lately I have been unable to find any such offer in the magazine. I plan to use the pictures on the walls of my classroom. I should prefer to get the reprints unframed because I have my own mats and frames. If you didn't mar the pictures by printing on them, I could use the ones in my own Esquires. May I suggest that if you are unable to furnish reprints you discontinue printing on the pictures in the magazine?

You may be interested to learn that my class in English literature rated Esquire as a best buy in the magazine field because of its literary excellence.

Very truly yours,
Cloquet, Minn. — **George Gillespie**

THE LINE THAT'S ALWAYS WELCOME

Just a line to let you know how much a slightly ailing soldier appreciates Esquire's cartoons. The magazine is extremely popular here at the Red Cross in the hospital at the post. For the best cartoon in the August issue, I personally would choose the one on page 38.

Sincerely,
Newport News, Va. — **Pvt. H. Eller**

CARTOONISTS ARE SUCH CASUAL GUYS

Calling your attention to the fact that the cartoon on Page 21 of your Sept. issue shows an officer with First Sergeant's stripes on his sleeve. I was wondering if the artist and Esquire know that there is a difference between commissioned and non-commissioned officers. Commissioned officers wear bars on the shoulder; non-coms wear their designations on the sleeve, are from the enlisted ranks and no Sam Browne belt!

Sincerely,
Sgt. Robt. Campbell
Fort Benning, Georgia

THE BEST ONES ARE UNIFORM

Today I received my September issue of Esquire and must say I thoroughly enjoyed it, but am inclined to agree with the Berkeley reader in regard to Fashion Photographs. Why can't we have some Pacific Coast styles? The ones you picture don't seem to fit out here—especially in Southern California.

Why can't something be done in this respect to make Esquire more of a national magazine.

Sincerely,
Norton Nichols, Jr.
Westwood, Calif.

QUESTIONING A CLAIM OF THE "THIRSTY-FIRST"

While reading *Balance Sheet On Bataan*, by Frederic S. Marquardt in your Victory issue, August, 1942, I came across the following statement: "The Thirty-first Infantry, more familiarly known as the Thirsty-first in Manila, where it was formed, is the only Regiment in the United States Army that has never seen service in the continental United States."

This statement is hardly correct. The Thirty-third Infantry was organized in 1916 when detachments from the Fifth Infantry and the Tenth Infantry then on duty in the Panama Canal Zone were officially organized and designated as the Thirty-third Infantry. On July 6, 1916, Colonel Charles H. Muir assumed command of this newly formed Regiment and from that date to this day the Thirty-third Infantry has never seen service in the continental United States of America.

Very truly yours,
Pvt. Woodrow W. Shirah
Hq. Company
Thirty-third Infantry
Sgt. R. Norris
P.O. Det.—APO 868
Care of P.M.—New York, N. Y.

. . . AND ANSWERING THE QUESTION

It all depends on whether the Canal Zone should be considered part of continental United States. The Canal Zone is located on the same continent as the United States, and its use has been ceded to the United States in perpetuity. If that doesn't make it part of continental United States, then I'm wrong.

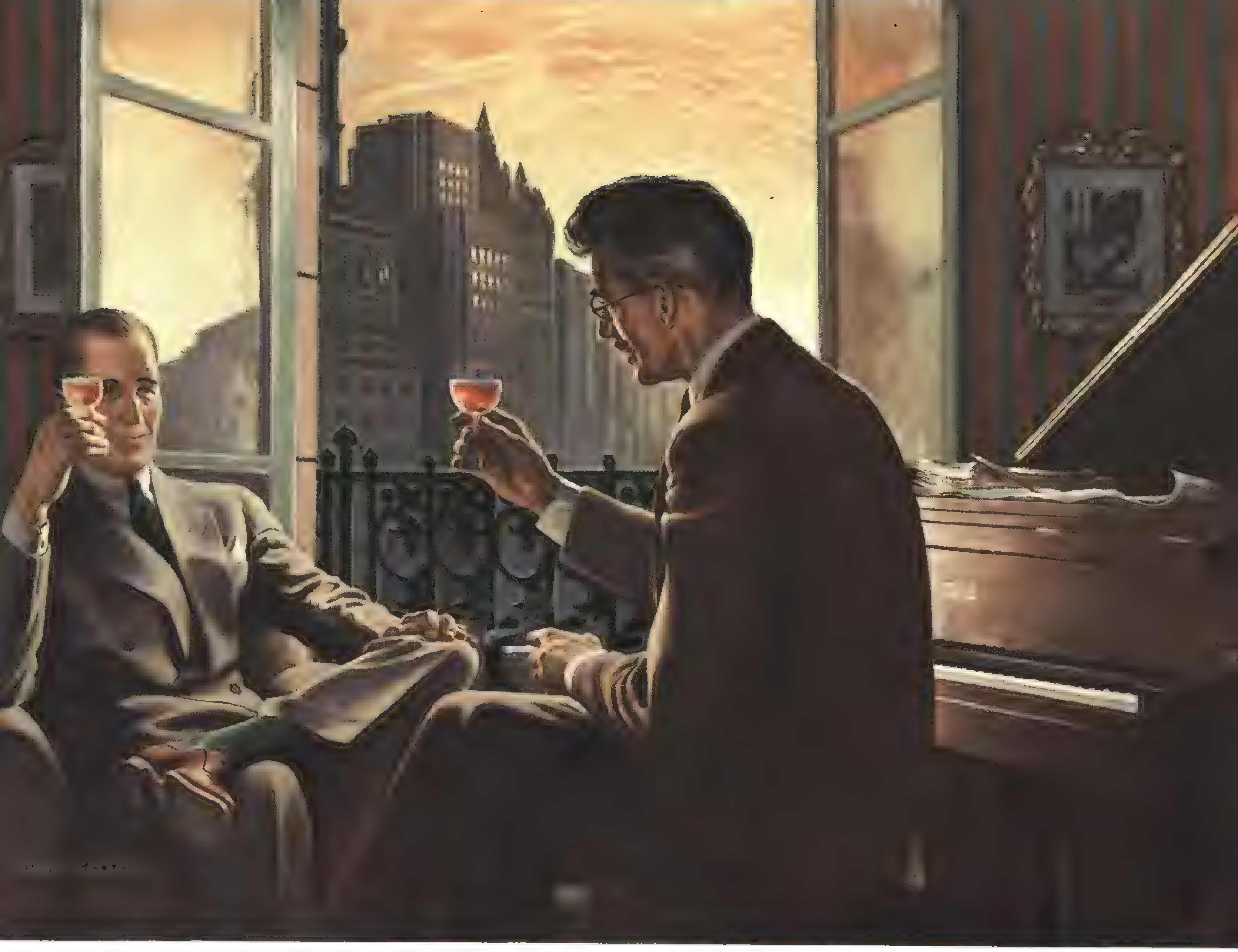
Sincerely yours,
Frederic S. Marquardt
Chicago, Ill.

NORTH OF THE BORDER

Congratulations on the article about *Mexicans and Friendly Neighbors.*

If we don't lose our color complex we are going to lose the war.

Tucson, Ariz. — **Ada P. McCormick**



Strictly off the record

JIM: I understand the Four Roses people wanted to use you in a magazine ad, Eric. What did you tell them?

ERIC: Oh, I told them I'd rather not. Being a composer, I figured they'd want me to rave about their whiskey being a symphony of virtues, Number One on the sip parade, and all that sort of thing.

JIM: Judging from this grand Manhattan, I'd say Four Roses comes pretty close to being just that.

ERIC: Sure—strictly off the record, it's tops! It's the finest whiskey ever bottled! In fact, anybody who hasn't tasted Four Roses recently doesn't know what he's been missing. Just sip that swell, smooth-as-satin flavor. It's the one whiskey I know that makes a perfect Manhattan Rhapsody!

JIM: Now you're talking like a composer in a Four Roses ad, Eric!

ERIC: I guess you're right—but it's the only way I know to describe the magnificence of today's Four Roses! Tell you what, Jim—on second thought, I'll let them quote me in a Four Roses ad if you'll agree to be in it too.

JIM: It's a deal. Let's seal the bargain . . . with another Four Roses Manhattan!

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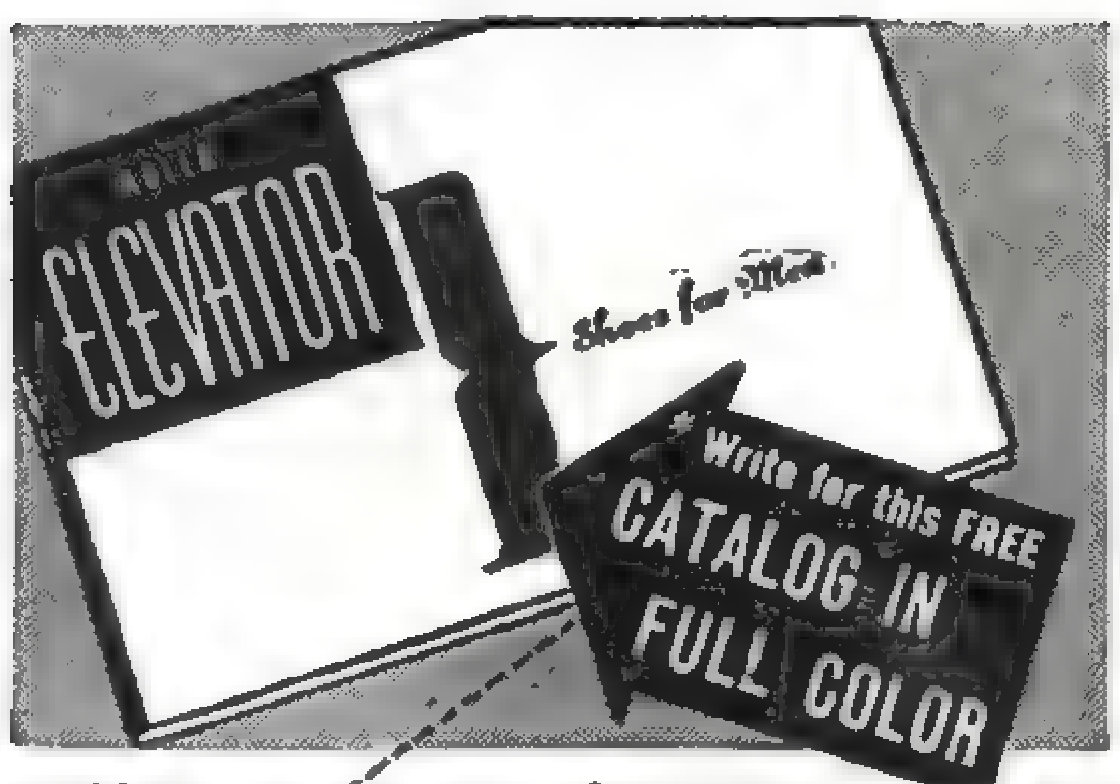
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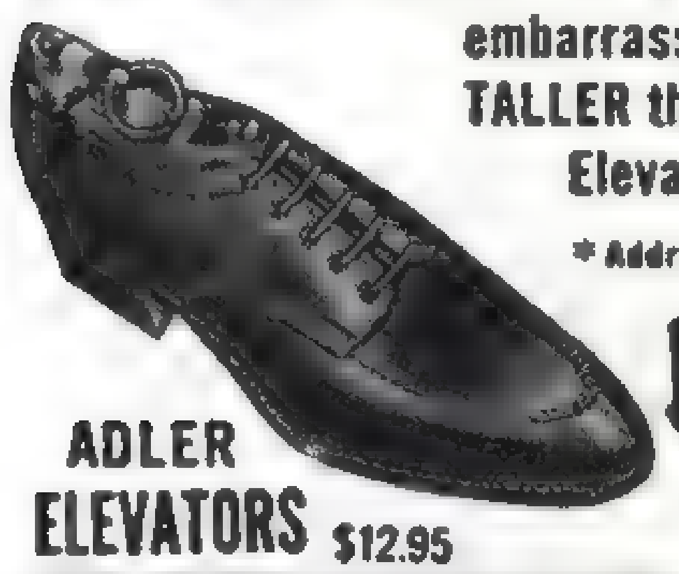

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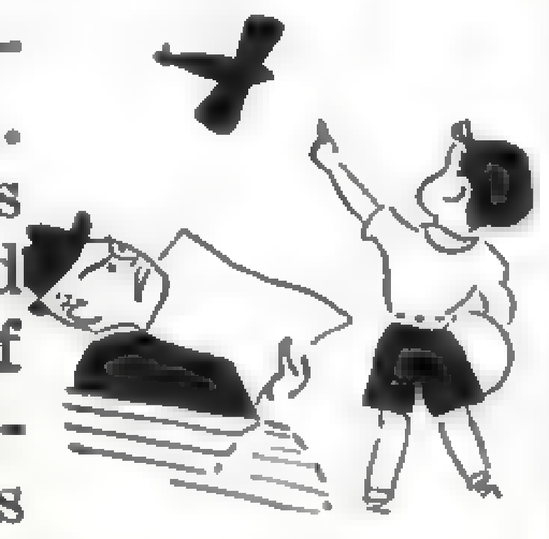
Talking Shop with Esquire

WATCH THE RABBIT. What with Christmas coming, and all, this is an item for the early bird's shopping list, next to the name of some deserving girl. The familiar magician's top hat and rabbit are done up in two-toned sterling silver, with our prolific little friend's ears appearing over the brim. The wearer works magic by getting a firm grip on the rabbit's ears and pulling them upwards, so that she can tell what time it is by looking at the watch set in his *embonpoint.*

SIX CUPS, FOUR MINUTES. It just happens that one of the newest and most satisfactory coffee pots on the market is made entirely of non-priority materials. Aside from this happy coincidence, it has many features to endear it immediately to coffee's hardest-to-please addicts. Shaped approximately like an hour glass, banded around the "waist" with wood tied with a rawhide thong, it makes coffee via the filter process. A special filter paper, folded into a cone, goes in the upper half, is filled with the coffee. Boiling water is poured through, a half-cup at a time. The whole process, for six cups, takes only four minutes, but the results are very fine indeed. The coffee maker, besides being sightly enough to bring to the table, is molded of a single piece of glass and can be cleaned as easily as a cup.



EVENING AT HOME. Current events have quickly reflected themselves in new games, and make for a stimulating evening. One of these helps you to understand the mechanics of air combat. Working with pictures of authentic airplanes of the Allies and the Axis, and following professional battle moves indicated by a spinner, you work to get the enemy's planes off the board . . . If some precocious small boy has shamed your years by his ability to identify aircraft, another game will fix all that. Your skill at the game depends on your ability to remember the plane you have drawn from a deck of cards; if you don't remember, you can't make a move. Play it a couple of times and you can look that small boy in the eye.

Ranger

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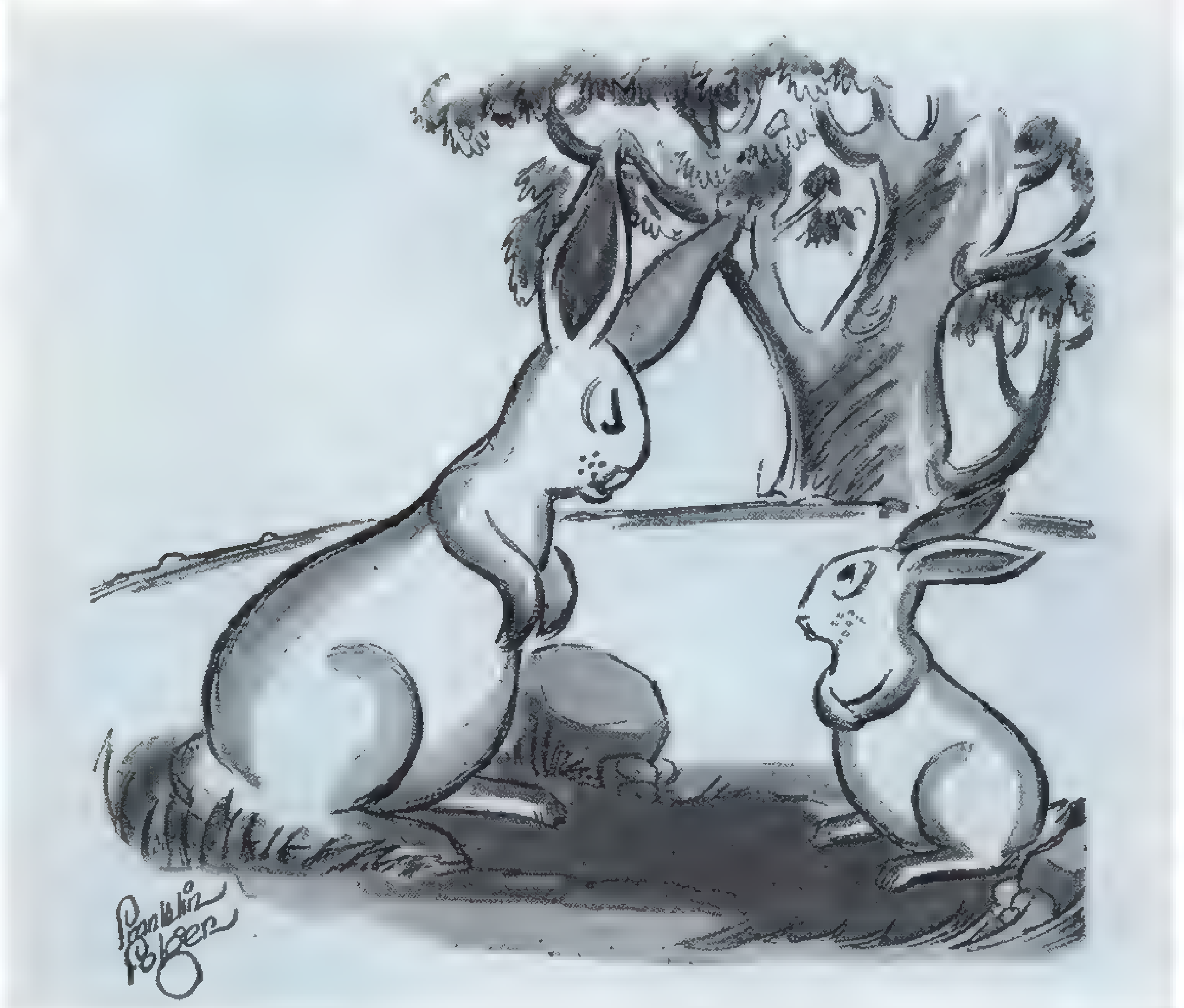

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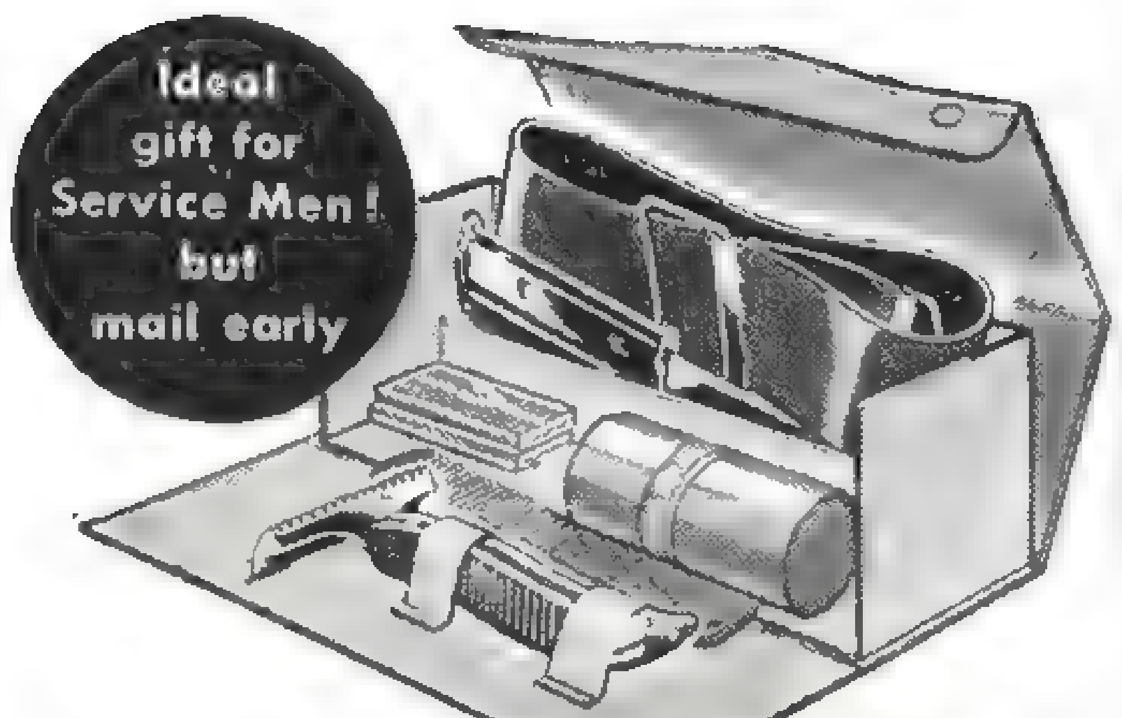

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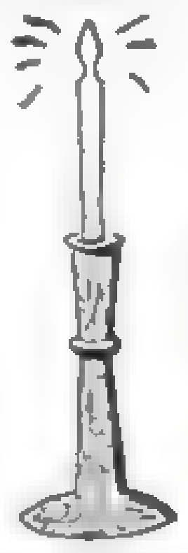
Talking Shop with Esquire

UNBLUSHING BRIDE. No longer is June exclusively *the* month of marriages, what with the necessity of quickie ceremonies at furlough time. Nevertheless, with all due concessions to informality, the bride still likes nice things—and if combined with practicality, so much the better. A complete closet trousseau will enable her to open her closet door without getting the horrors, if said trousseau goes something like this: a garment bag that holds eight dresses; hosiery, tissue, handkerchief, and glove boxes; three hat stands; laundry and shoe bags; and dress hangers. The entire nineteen-piece set is done up in a washable print, and shelf edging can be bought to match.

CAN'T EVEN BOIL WATER? So she's promised herself to learn how to cook while the groom's away at camp—which is where you come to the rescue with a new cook book that fears the worst, but tells her what to do about it. Starting from absolute scratch, it even gives diagrams of all standard kitchen equipment, pointing out that "This is a frying pan," "This is a double boiler." Tsk, tsk. From there, it ventures forth into the subject of cooking, taking the neophyte by the hand and larnin' her, in spite of herself, all the culinary Facts of Life.



IS THIS A CANDLE? Can't be denied that it looks like a candle, or that it serves the same purpose as a candle. Only it's plastic instead of wax, and you can save your matches for your cigarettes. Set in a shapely natural-color wood stand, the "candle" lights up by the mere twisting of a wrist. Fine for the dinner table, it's also a note for dimouts.

TIME'S UP. Every little bit of conservation helps these days, even to conserving one's voice on the telephone. As a gentle hint to a gift prospect known to hang on the phone too long, give her (it's probably a her) a glass and sterling silver minute glass to stand beside the telephone. When she puts in a call, she turns the glass upside down so that the sands of time start running through, letting her know when three minutes are up.

Ranger

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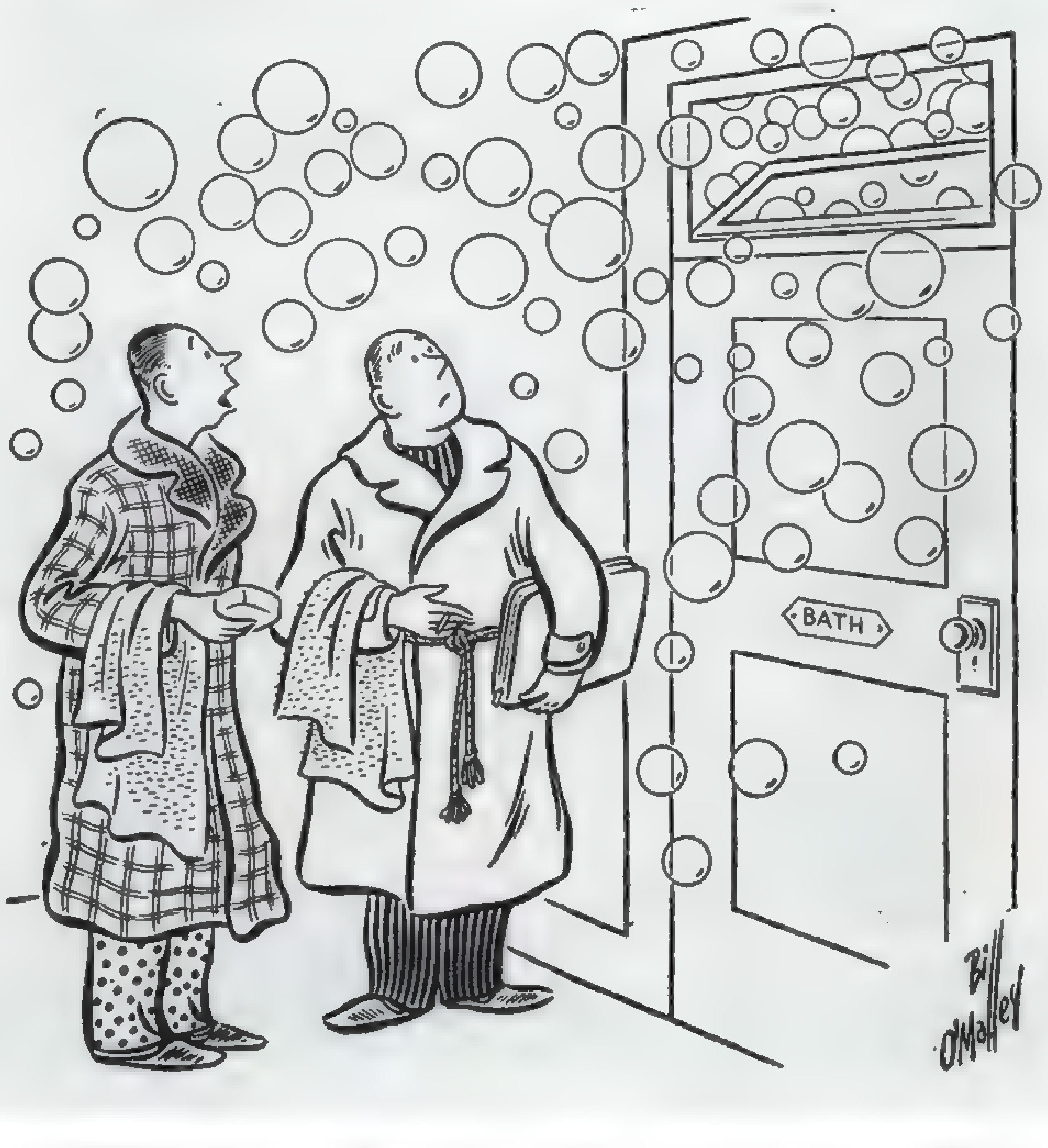

"It's that new boarder—he uses bubble bath"

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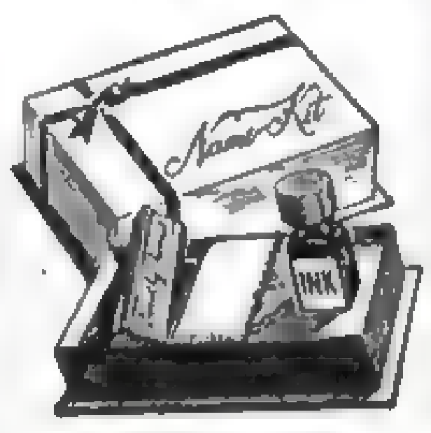

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Birthday and Anniversary Record
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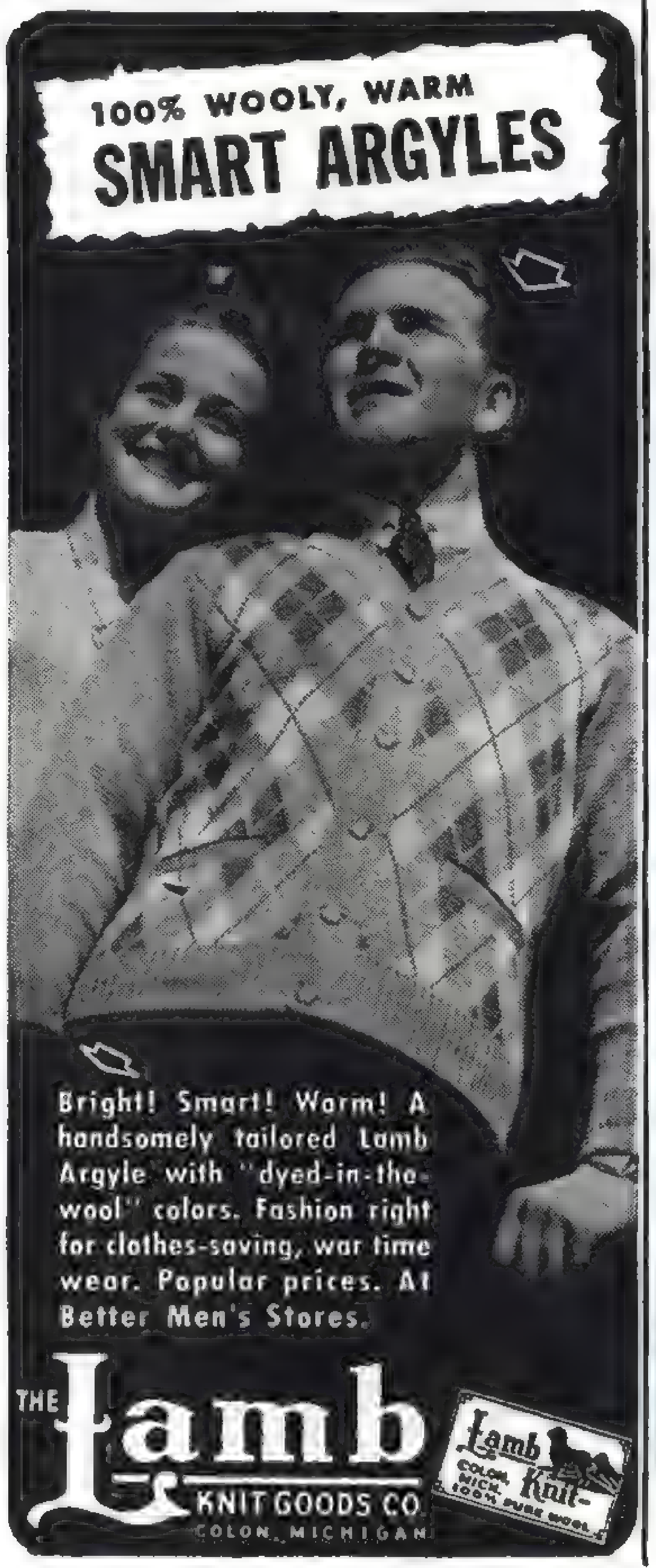
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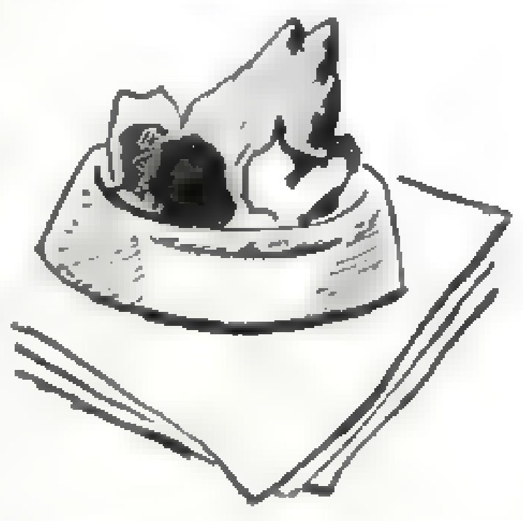
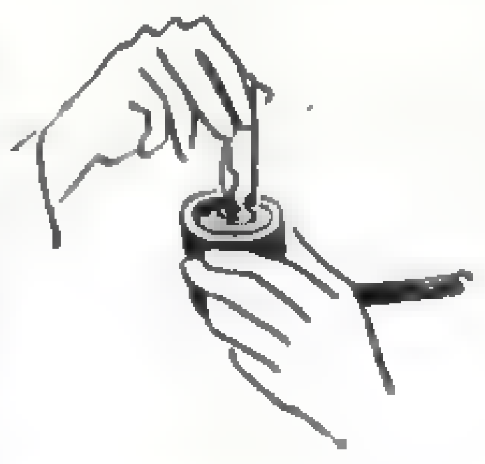
Talking Shop with Esquire

WEIGHTY SUBJECT. We usually keep quiet on the topic of paperweights until a good one comes along. Instead of one, here are two; both worthy of note, we think. One has its talking point in the rugged pieces of colorful minerals that adorn its surface; minerals that your geologist pals will tell you come from Maine, the rock-bound state, and the Black Hills of South Dakota. The colors range from pink to steel gray, and are as purty in their way as diamonds . . . A paperweight for a desk-toiler with sentiment in his heart is the heavy glass dome with space underneath for a snapshot, which, when installed, appears to have been enlarged and third-dimensionalized.



TAMP, TAMP, TAMP. He enjoys his pipe, no doubt, which indicates a gift that will add to his enjoyment. A pocketful of pipe accessory that takes up less room than the average jackknife—and is, in fact, a jackknife—is made of steel, and features in its makeup a pipe tamper, a skewer-like object, and two small but very sharp blades to aid in pipe cleaning.



FUN IN A BLACKOUT. Those luminous patches for the ceiling of the children's room are really coming into their own these blacked-out days. Instead of confining their designs to stars and comets, they now come in a variety of shapes by popular demand; mostly animal subjects. And they can be taken out of the nursery and put to use in bar or game room . . . In line with luminosity, and to still your youngest's heebie-jeebies in the dark, how about nursery pictures that are treated to glow at night? There are a variety of subjects.

YOU GOTTA GET UP. Much less of a painful process, this business of getting out of bed, is having an alarm clock that treats you with respect and consideration. To wit, a saddle leather folding job with a musical alarm that plays *Reveille* in a soothing manner, impossible though that may seem. As if this weren't enough, the clock is also a frame for a 2½" by 3" photograph.

Ranger

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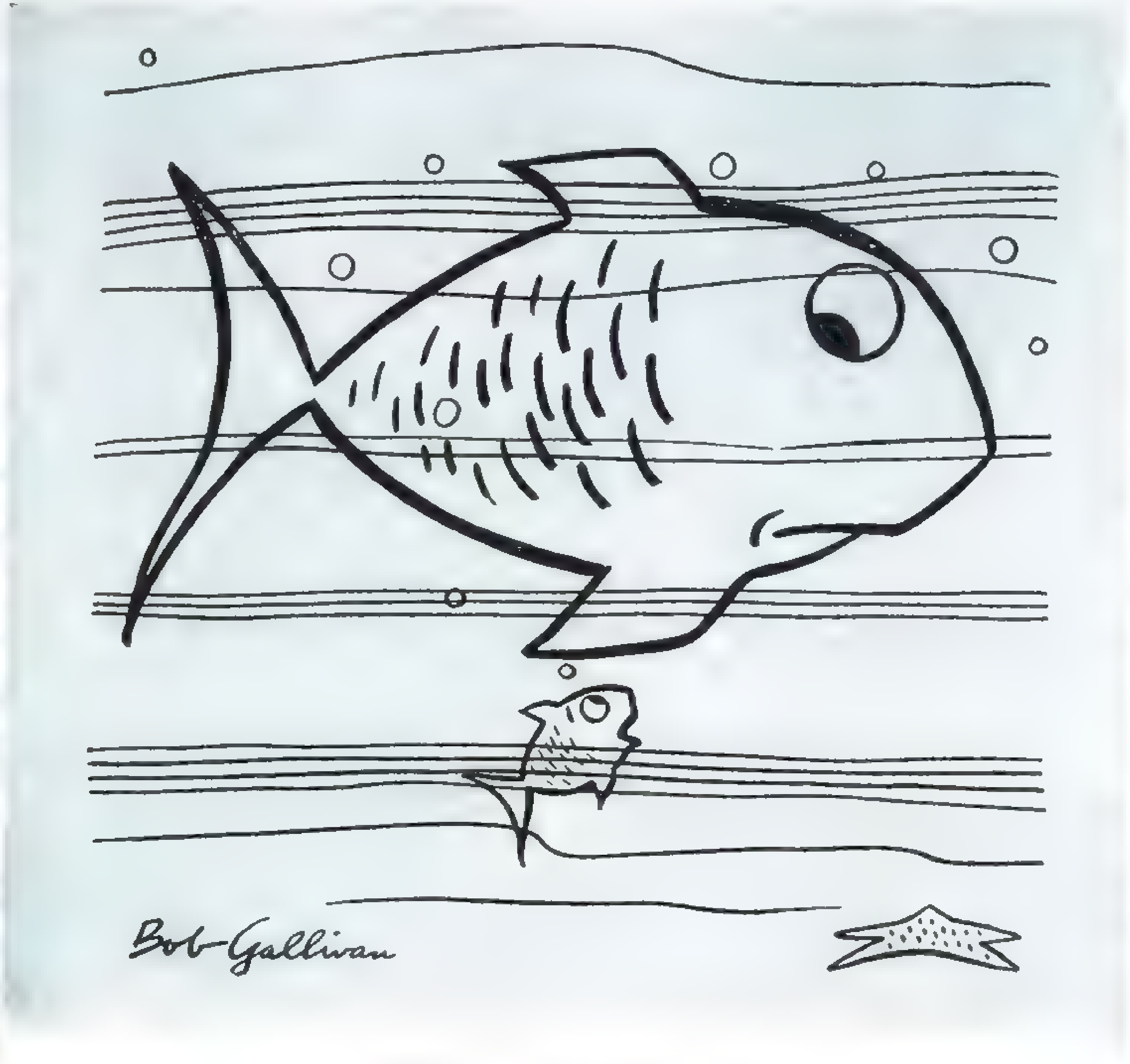

"Mama, I'm thirsty"

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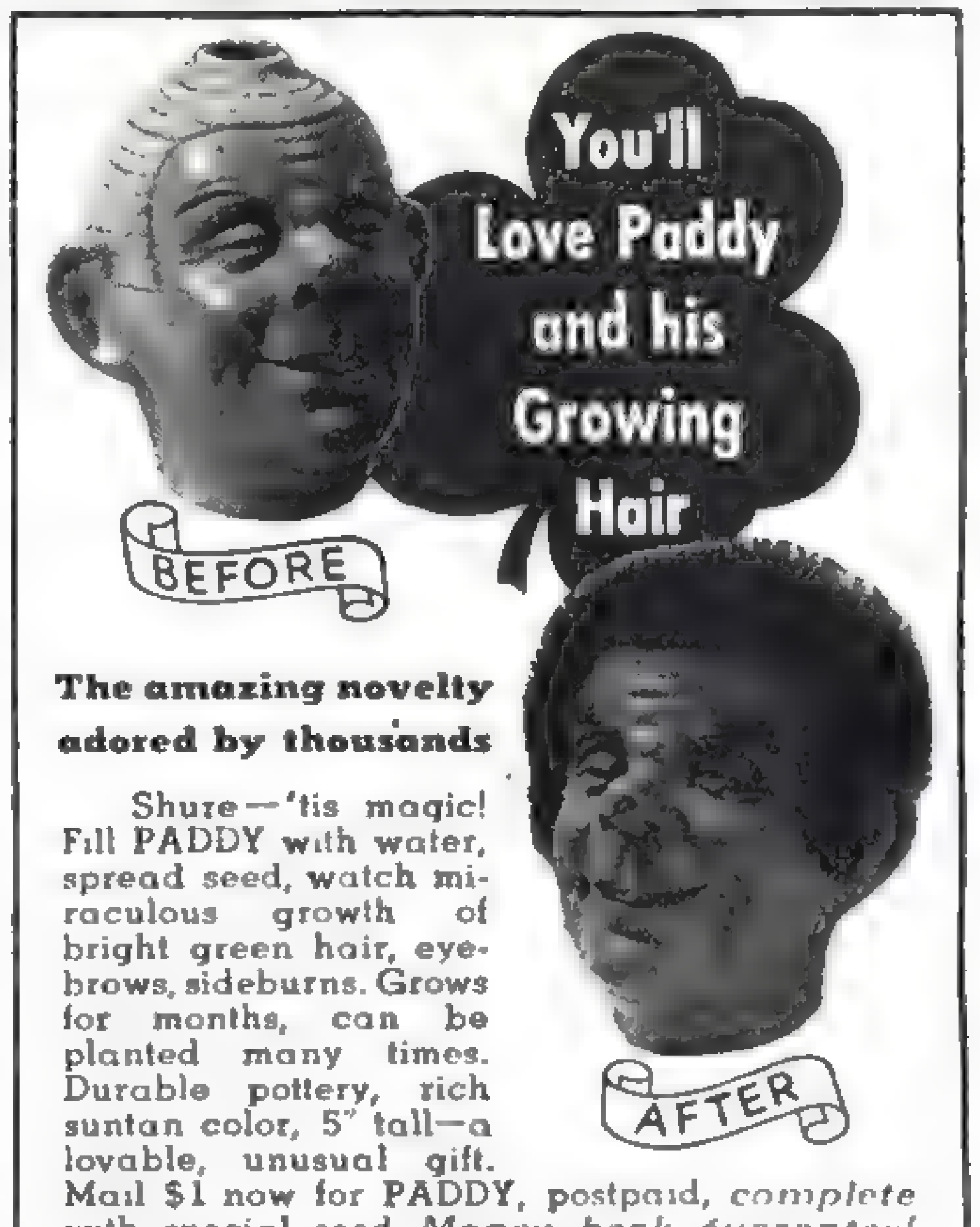
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Martin's Scotch Grain comes from a venerable tannery near Glasgow. It's made from the cream of select British hides, of course — but the real "secret" is partly the peculiar properties of the water used in tanning, partly the "know-how" that takes generations to acquire.

Naturally, this aristocrat of shoe leathers costs more than ordinary leather — and, for the past two years, it has been all but unobtainable in this country.

But because we've always been a good customer for this super-quality leather, we were able to buy a substantial part of a recent large shipment. As a result, you can still get shoes made of genuine Martin's Scotch Grain — and for only $6.60 a pair, mind you! — in any Regal Shoe Store!

And that's just one example of the quality leathers that go into Regal Shoes — quality made possible by selling the entire output of our factories direct to you through our own Regal Stores, or by mail.

By eliminating multiple profits, by minimizing distribution costs, and by buying leathers in great quantities, for cash, we are able to give you such remarkable quality leathers as imported Martin's Scotch Grain, Gallun's Norwegian Calf, Horween's Shell Cordovan and genuine imported White Buckskin at the coast-to-coast price of $6.60!

Stop in a Regal Shoe Store soon, and have a pair of authentically styled Regal Shoes "Prescription Fitted" to your feet by the scientific Regal fitting system. Or, if there's no Regal Store near by, write for our free, illustrated Style Folder E.

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SOLD ONLY IN REGAL SHOE STORES

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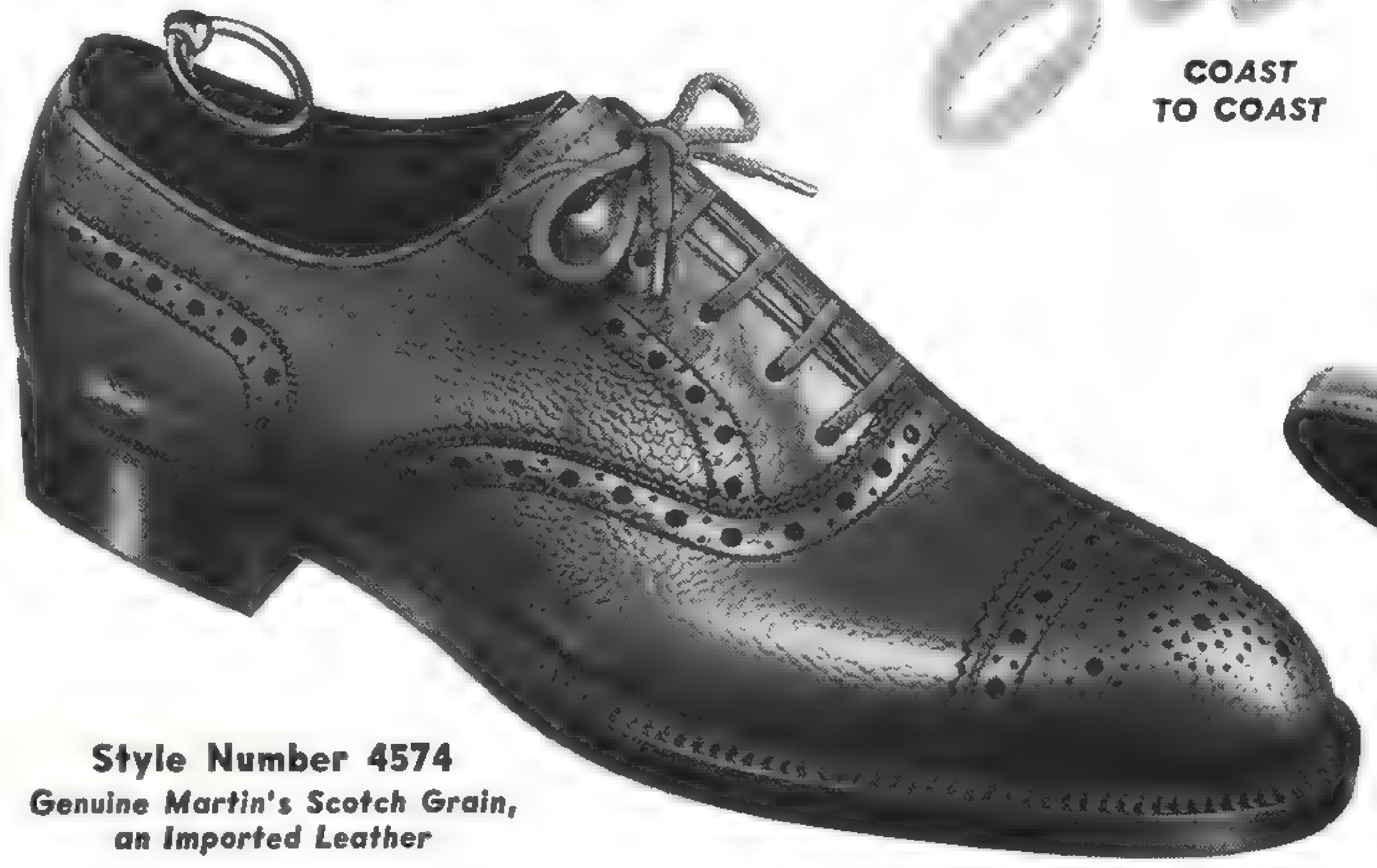
COAST TO COAST



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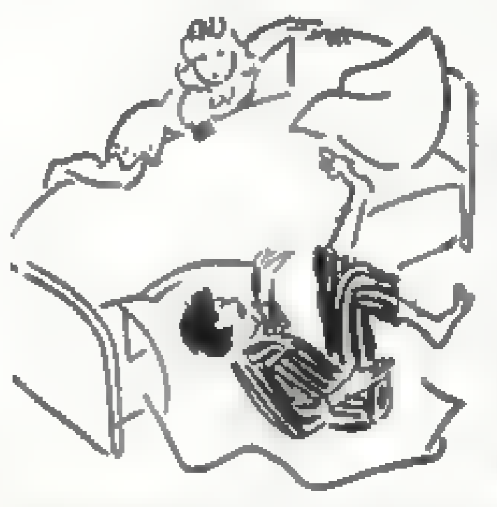
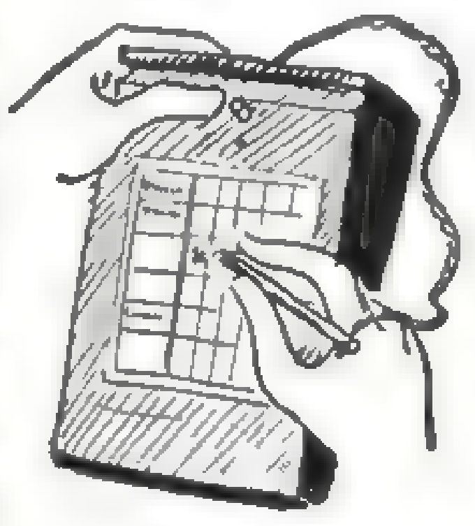
Talking Shop with Esquire

BUNDLING IS BACK. Does your bedpartner draw a line when it comes to tossing, or outright cover-snatching? Then blow yourself to a bundling bolster, and may you rest in peace, brother. The bolster's a two-way bumper when anchored lengthwise down the center of the bed. The sateen covered roll is three inches in diameter, six feet long, and is held in place by tab ends which are slipped between the mattress and springs.



HE-MAN CANDY FROM TEXAS. You can have your Rum and Apple Jack flavors and vitamins, too, all in hunks of stick candy sent to you straight from the Texas range, and wrapped in swanky glassine tube holders. There's no priority on flavors which include such tastes as coffee, ginger-ale, and eggnogg, as well as the everyday fruit flavors. The prize package is the overseas kit jammed with fruit ice sticks, a vitamin candy called "Energy Nibs," a box of Texas pecan sweets, and one box left empty—holding the moisture proof bag.

GIN RUMMY PAYOFF. Gone are the days of the paper-wad littered floor after the game is over, for this score pad is used over and over again. Mark in your score with the attached stylus pencil, and use the special locking device so there won't be any monkey business performed by prospective losers. So if you're the unlucky one at cards, just mutter "addis ababa," press the magic white button, and you're ready to start off with a clean slate.



HE-SHE MATCHMAKERS. Treat her to a tailored blouse made of the same tie-silk material as your tie . . . and treat yourself to the matching necktie . . . The ties are either four-in-hand or bow style, and your team-mate's matching blouse may have long sleeves or short. The patterns are either Paisley or a small print design, and the color range is very wide. So find your partner, slap a shirt on her back that clicks with your tie, and you're all set to start either a drawing room conversation or a vaudeville act.

Ranger

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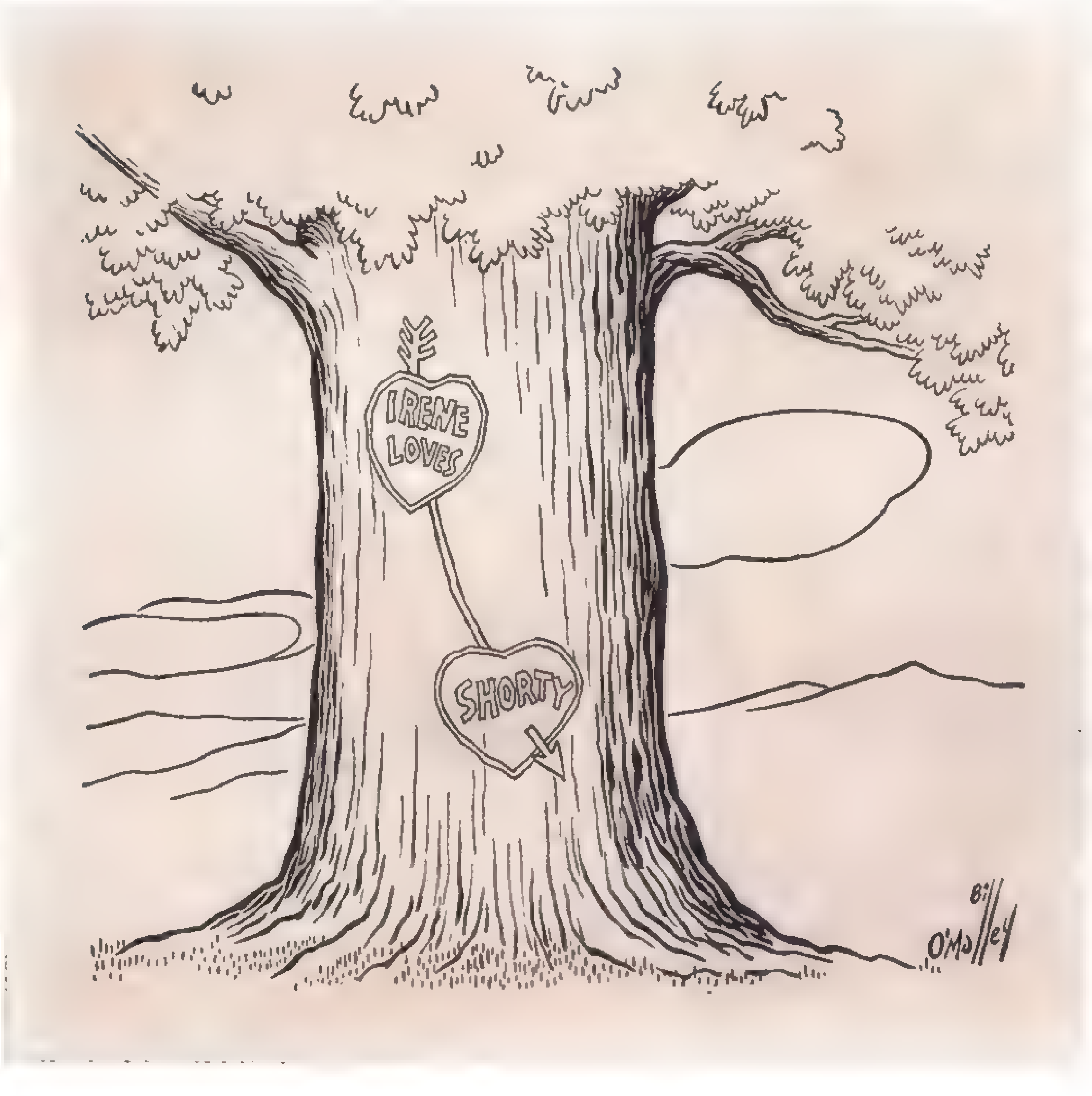

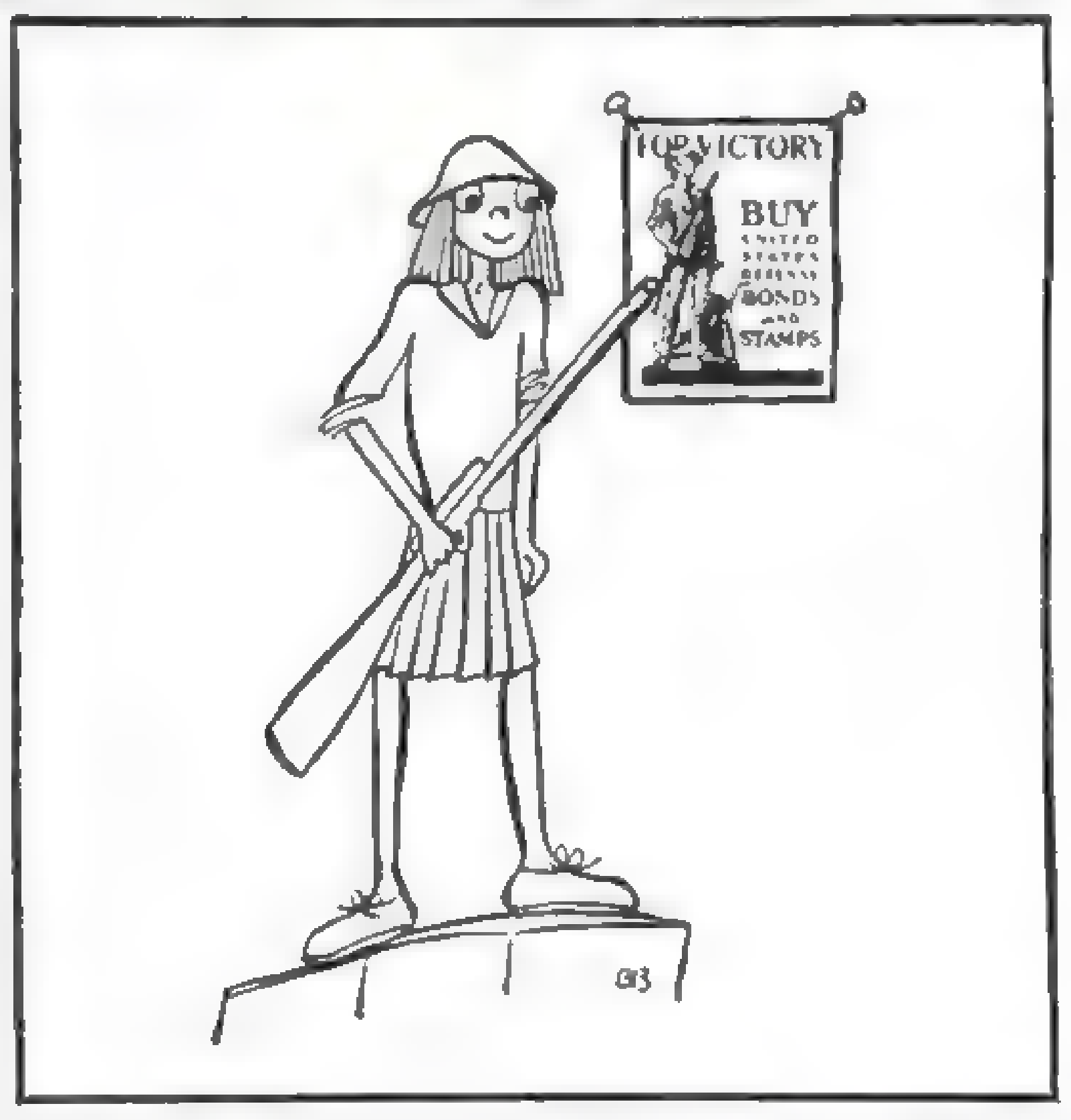
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Smartly—because "ELEVATORS" are up-to-the-minute in styling. A style and leather for every taste.

"ELEVATORS" $12.95 Slightly Higher West

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STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc. Dept. E-11
BROCKTON, MASS.
Exclusive Manufacturers of "ELEVATORS"

HOLLYWOOD STAIN SHOE POLISH

Gives your shoes a rich custom-looking finish, featured in shoes offered by America's leading stores. Hollywood polish is available in following shades: Antique, Antique Redwood, dark brown, tan, and black. On sale at Flagg Bros. (stores in principal cities), other leading shoe and department stores. If not at dealer, send us $1.50 for a complete set of Hollywood Polishes, 5 shades. Unconditionally guaranteed

FRENCHEE CHEMICAL CO. 107-32 Van Wyck Blvd. Richmond Hill, N. Y.

WAKE UP YOUR Scalp

LOOK BETTER FEEL BETTER Want better looking hair? Embarrassed by falling dandruff, itching scalp? Then try VITABRUSH, new electric driven scalp brush that gives your scalp a vigorous and invigorating "workout" in just three minutes of fun. Cleans scalp. Stimulates blood supply. Restful. Pleasant. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write *now* for information and trial offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 173 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE
May Cause Fatal Infection

Use KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick skin.

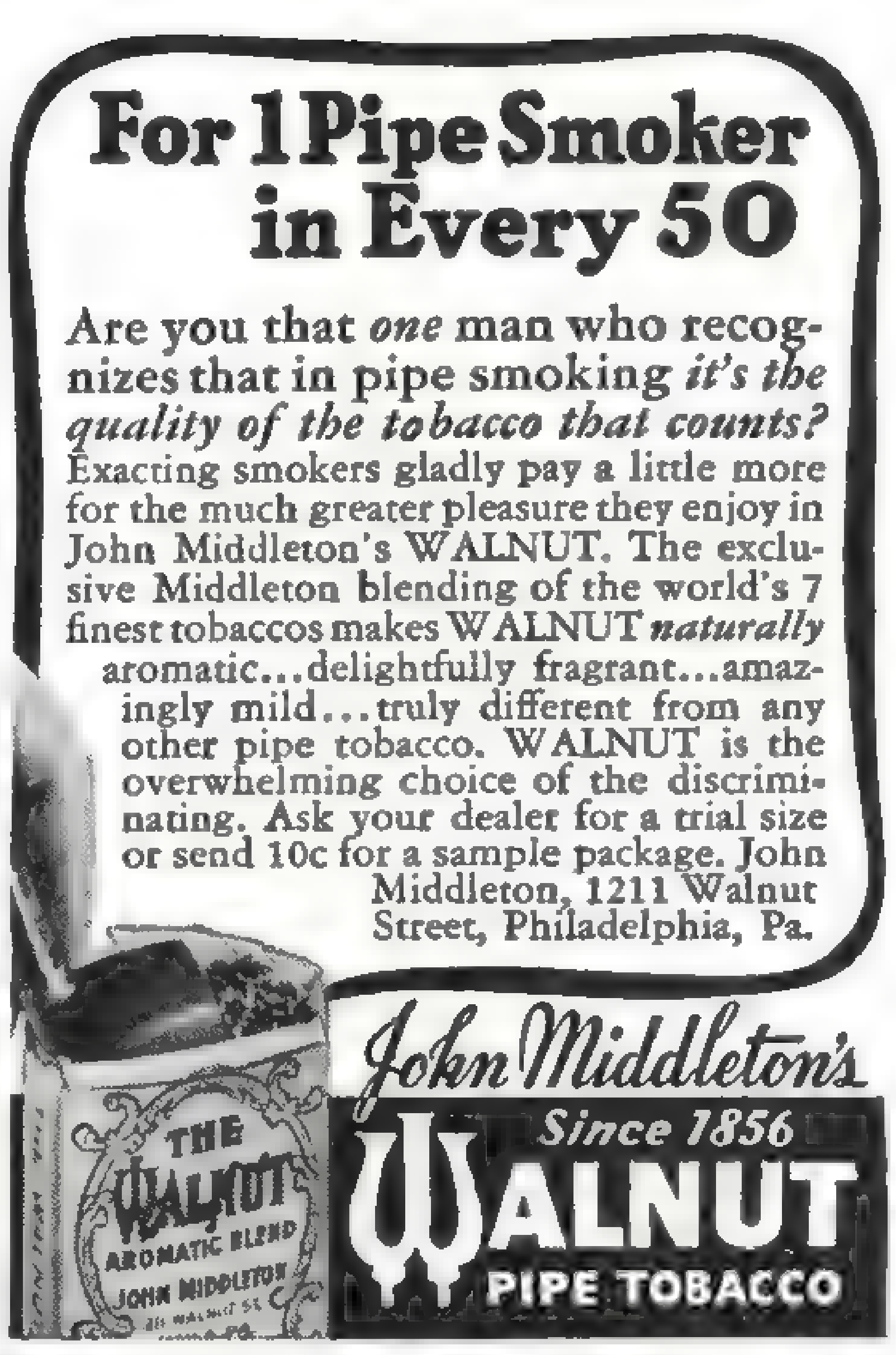
SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back $1 Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

HOLLIS CO., 11 Commerce St., Newark, N.J., Dept. 275
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

Name__________

Address__________


For 1 Pipe Smoker in Every 50

Are you that *one* man who recognizes that in pipe smoking *it's the quality of the tobacco that counts?* Exacting smokers gladly pay a little more for the much greater pleasure they enjoy in John Middleton's WALNUT. The exclusive Middleton blending of the world's 7 finest tobaccos makes WALNUT *naturally* aromatic...delightfully fragrant...amazingly mild...truly different from any other pipe tobacco. WALNUT is the overwhelming choice of the discriminating. Ask your dealer for a trial size or send 10c for a sample package. John Middleton, 1211 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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MONOGRAMMED PLAYING CARDS SET 2 DECKS $1 POSTPAID

Exceptional Quality
Bridge or Pinochle sets
Contrasting Color Backs
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Orders shipped same day received. Descriptive folders of other Unique Gifts FREE on request
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"WE FIT ANY SIZE MAN!"

SHIRTS (Business, sports, dress & formal) to size 21; UNDERWEAR—*all styles*—to 66; PAJAMAS, to 70; SWIM SUITS, Beach & Lounging Robes, gabardine trunks. SWEATERS (all styles) LEISURE JACKETS & WINDBREAKERS to 66. Hose to 16. XLONG neckwear. 'BY MAIL' service to all points. Request illustrated booklet E-I FAT MEN'S SHOP, Inc. (Sig. Klein Established 1865) 52 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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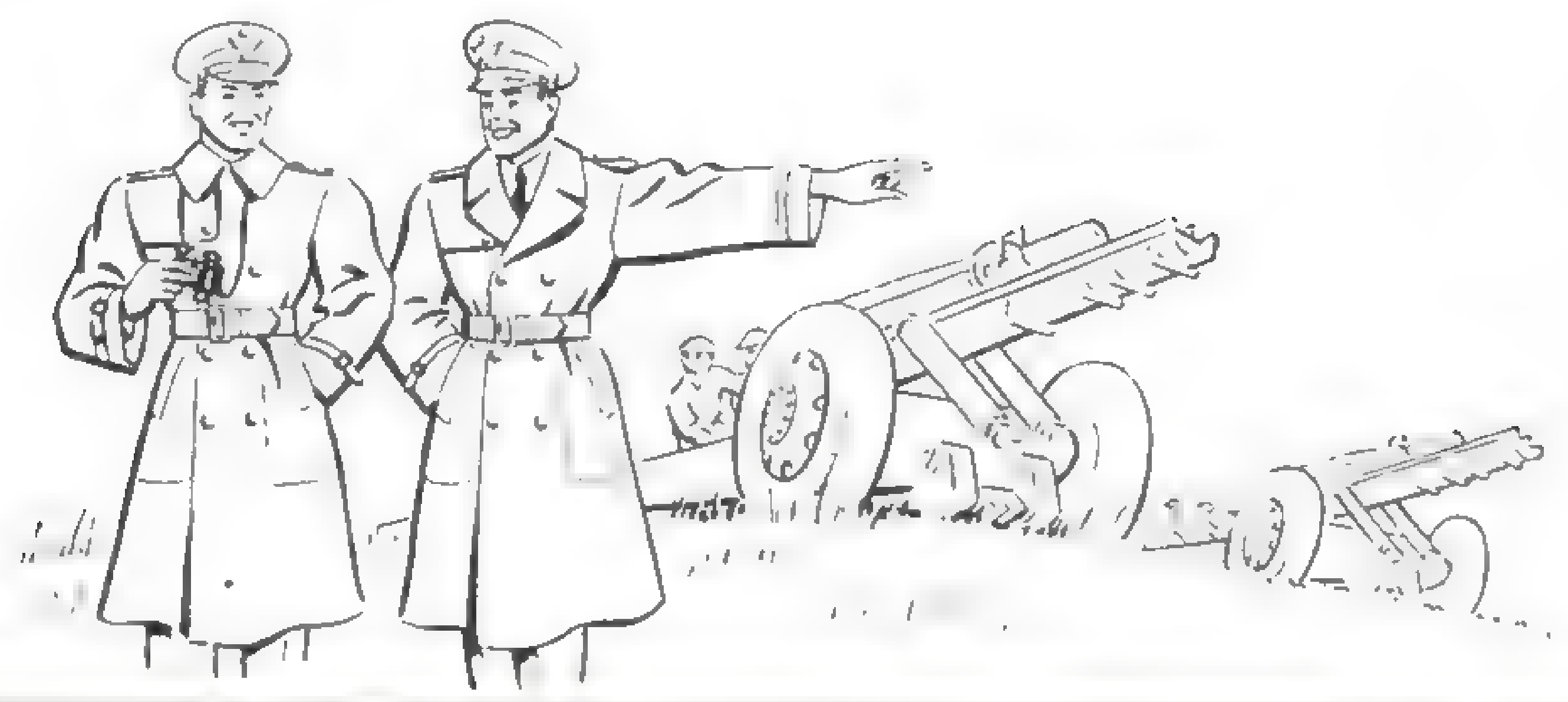
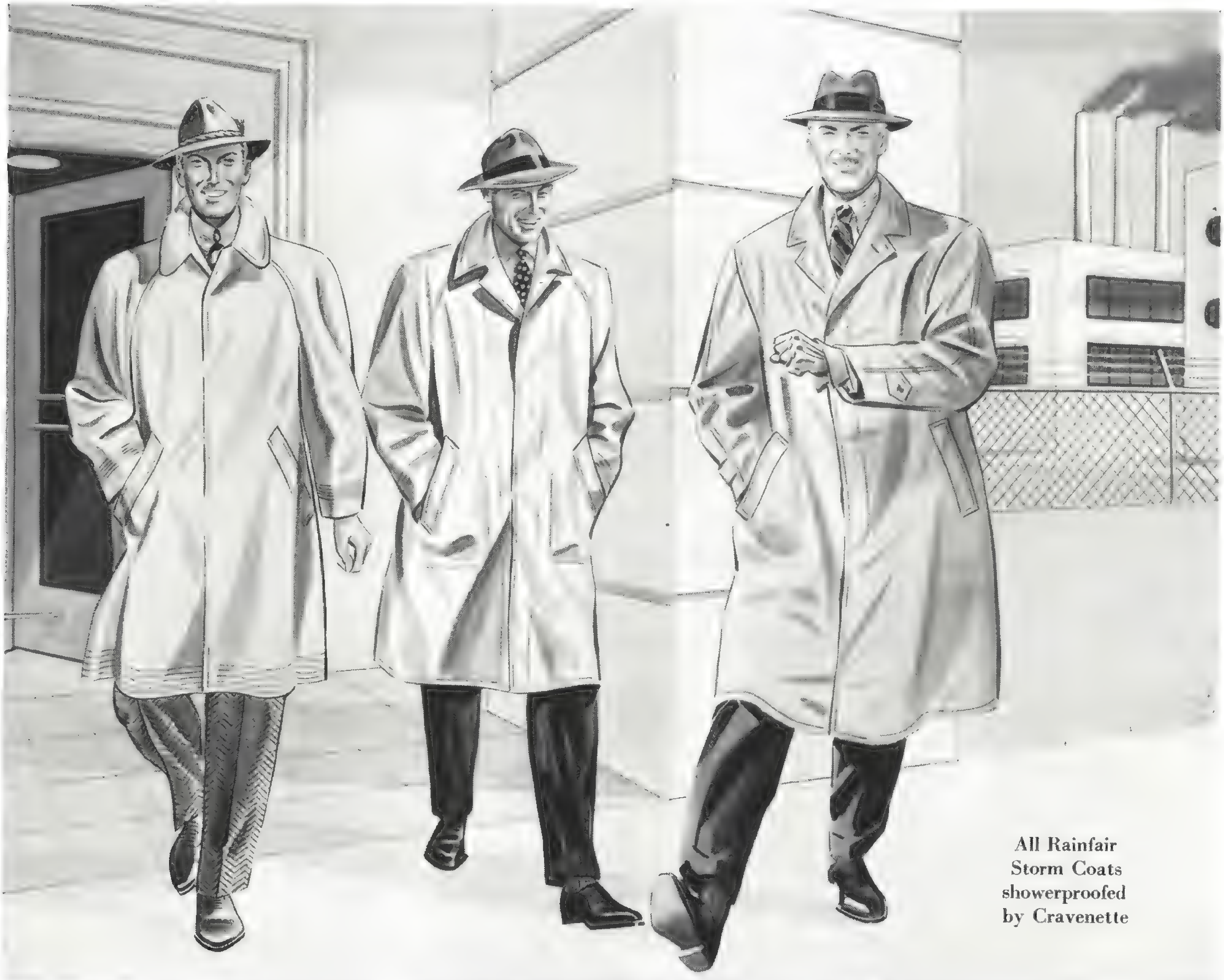
PERFECT COPIES OF expensive cravatings at popular prices

Exact duplicates in design, color and tailoring. Your dealer has them or can get them for you. Resisto Tie-Makers, Baltimore, Md.



On the firing line...
On the home front



All Rainfair
Storm Coats
showerproofed
by Cravenette

ZIPRAIN—Of fine-quality Piedmont gabardine, showerproofed by Cravenette. Talon fastener on fly front. Knee-length, slash pockets, full iridescent rayon lining. Bleached bone or light olive **$13.75**

BELMONT—All the style features of the Ziprain, except with set-in sleeves and button fly front, showerproofed by Cravenette. **$12.50**

TACKLE TWILL* by Skinner. Used by leading football teams for football pants! Chosen by Uncle Sam for first Paratrooper uniforms.

Popular Balmacaan style with raglan shoulders. Deep yoke and sleeve linings of lustrous rayon. Showerproofed by famous Long-Life Cravenette process. *Keeps its water-repellent qualities when dry cleaned!* Eggshell or tan **$16.75**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE REGENT—Our best quality Storm Coat, styled like a fine topcoat! For the men who want the best! Full-bodied, gabardine rich in wool content. Showerproofed by Cravenette. Fine tailoring evident in notched lapels, set-in sleeves, slash pockets, button fly front. Full lining of iridescent rayon. Taupe or tan **$27.50**

DE LUXE TOPPER—All the style features of the Regent in this better-quality wool-content gabardine. Showerproofed by Cravenette **$21.50**

RAINFAIR gives topcoat smartness plus showerproof protection

For style leadership, for quality of fabric, for superior tailoring . . . look for the RAINFAIR label in the Storm Coat you buy!

A RAINFAIR Storm Coat provides protection in changing weather. Safeguards *you* and *your clothes!*

See Rainfair's complete line of rainwear, at leading stores everywhere or write RAINFAIR, Racine, Wisconsin.

FREE! Send for RAINFAIR'S new brochure "The Year's Best Raincoat Styles for Every Purpose." It pictures new, popular models in modern rainwear.

RAINFAIR
Quality

Painting the Town with Esquire

AS FIGURED by our wartime morale-o-meter, the value of an evening spent in solitary knuckle-gnawing is so open to doubt, you could drive a whole floor-show through it with amazing improvement to general tone and outlook. Hence the allure of mental health centers such as La Martinique (57 West 57th) of Doctors Dario and Vernon who, with expert eyes for anatomy and the sort of music that makes it tick, have assembled 1 bunch Martiniqueens around specially discovered comedian Jackie Miles, with Emil Coleman and Nero Morales as bandstand swappers. In the event of thirst, a complete pharmacopœia is available. All prescriptions carefully compounded.

WHEN RESTAURATEUR Anthony Mele of Theodore's (4 East 56th) says, "See you later," he means upstairs, at the Ruban Bleu, which he's always owned and now personally conducts in the rôle of impresario. To make certain you'll be there (around midnight) he's decorated anew and started off with a talent splurge: Maxine Sullivan, sophisticated trickster Fred Keating, the harmonious Delta Rhythm Boys, and Ruth Berman, who swings her harp at you . . . Every night is opening night, by the bushel, at Billy the Oysterman's, 10 West 47th . . . Gravied grandeurs of Maryland cookery meet their conquerors at Clara May Downey's Olney Inn, 12 East 49th. Sensing that you might care for a drink, mine hostess has provided a bar and a cellar . . . Eddie ("Jive Paganini") South and his orchestra are serving their sepia-broiled melodies at West 52nd Street's Hickory House from ten on. Frenzied applauders will kindly try to remember there's glassware in front of them . . . Dourpusses who'd like to see New York's gaiety fold for the duration, haven't consulted the service men—most enthusiastic patrons of all, granted special reductions by heavily taxed restaurateurs.

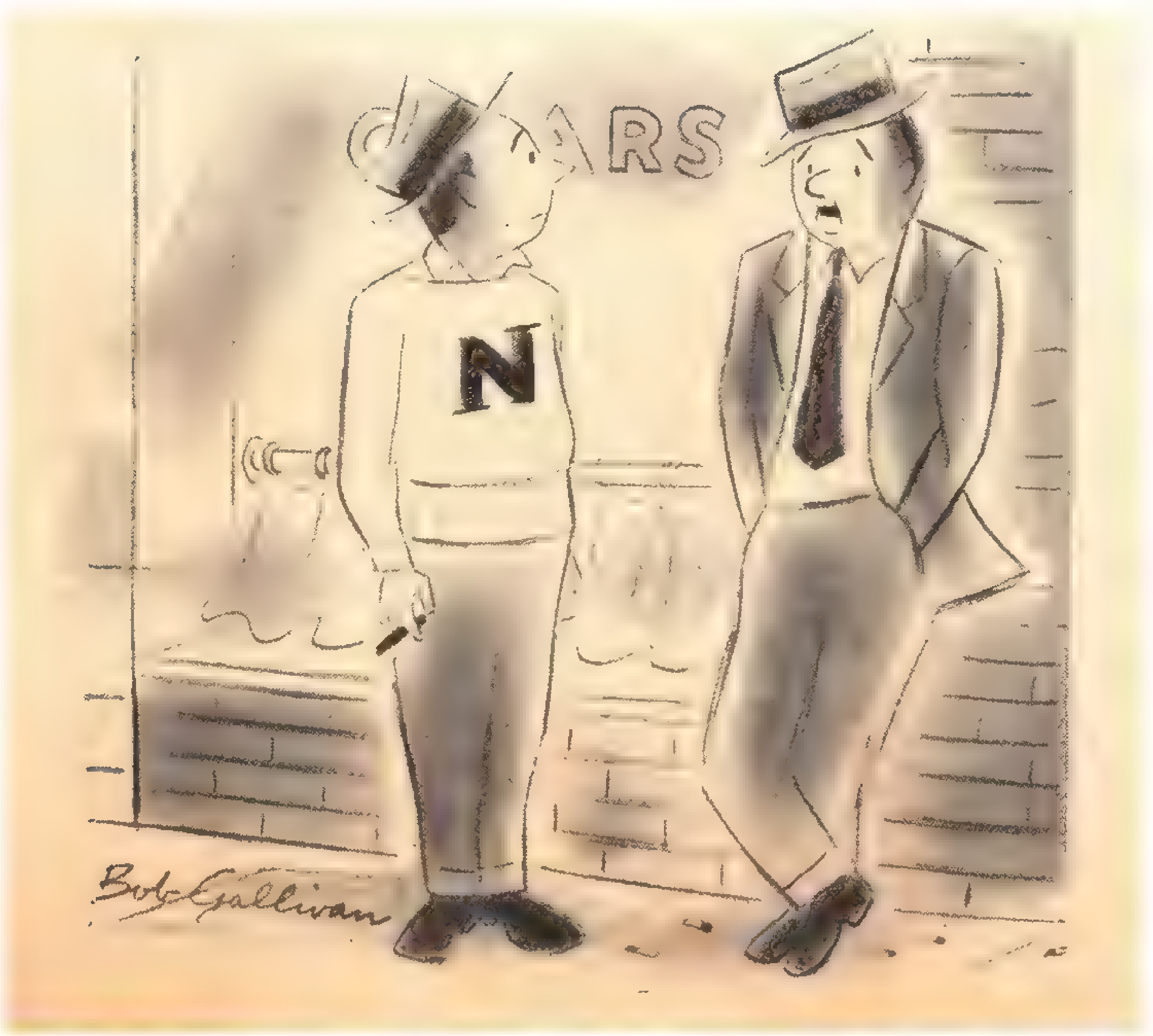
EMERGING FROM THE Polo Grounds, a stranger in a round collar asked a traffic cop if the nearby subway would take him to 23rd Street.

"What part of 23rd Street do you want to get to, Father, East or West?"

"260 *West*—a restaurant called Cavanagh's."

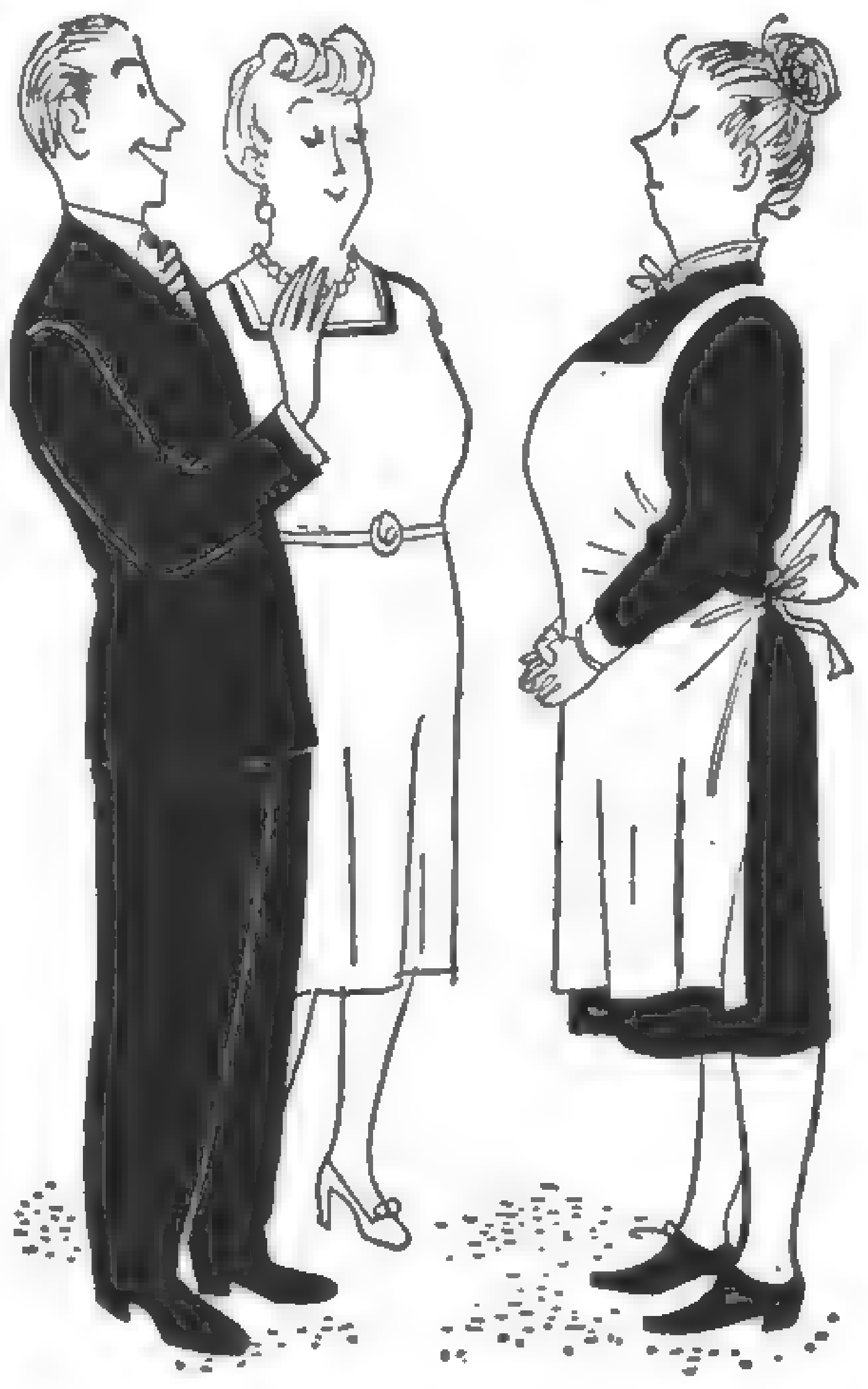
"This subway will take you there, Father, and you're going to the best dom restaurant in the world."

For further information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



"Having both girls two-time me the same night was quite a blow"

Kiss the Cook Good-by!



MR. & MRS.: "You're leaving, Matilda? WE'RE leaving! We're the ones who are serving notice this time! We're going to The Waldorf. Let them worry about our food from now on."

At The Waldorf, you breathe the fresh air of freedom from the servant problem. And that's only one of the burdens that fall from your shoulders, no matter which of The Waldorf's three budget-levels you choose ...The Towers, The Astoria Apartments, or The Waldorf Rooms. Send for the illustrated booklet "A Plan for Duration Living." Keep your standard of living up, and watch the cost go down.

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WALDORF-ASTORIA
Park Avenue • 49th to 50th • New York

Play Pennsylvania!
BIRDS AND TENNIS BALLS
APP. U.S.L.T.A.
PENNSYLVANIA Blue Goose SHUTTLECOCKS
PENNSYLVANIA Championship TENNIS BALLS
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
Pennsylvania
Silent VACUUM CUP TIRES

for VICTORY
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UNITED STATES
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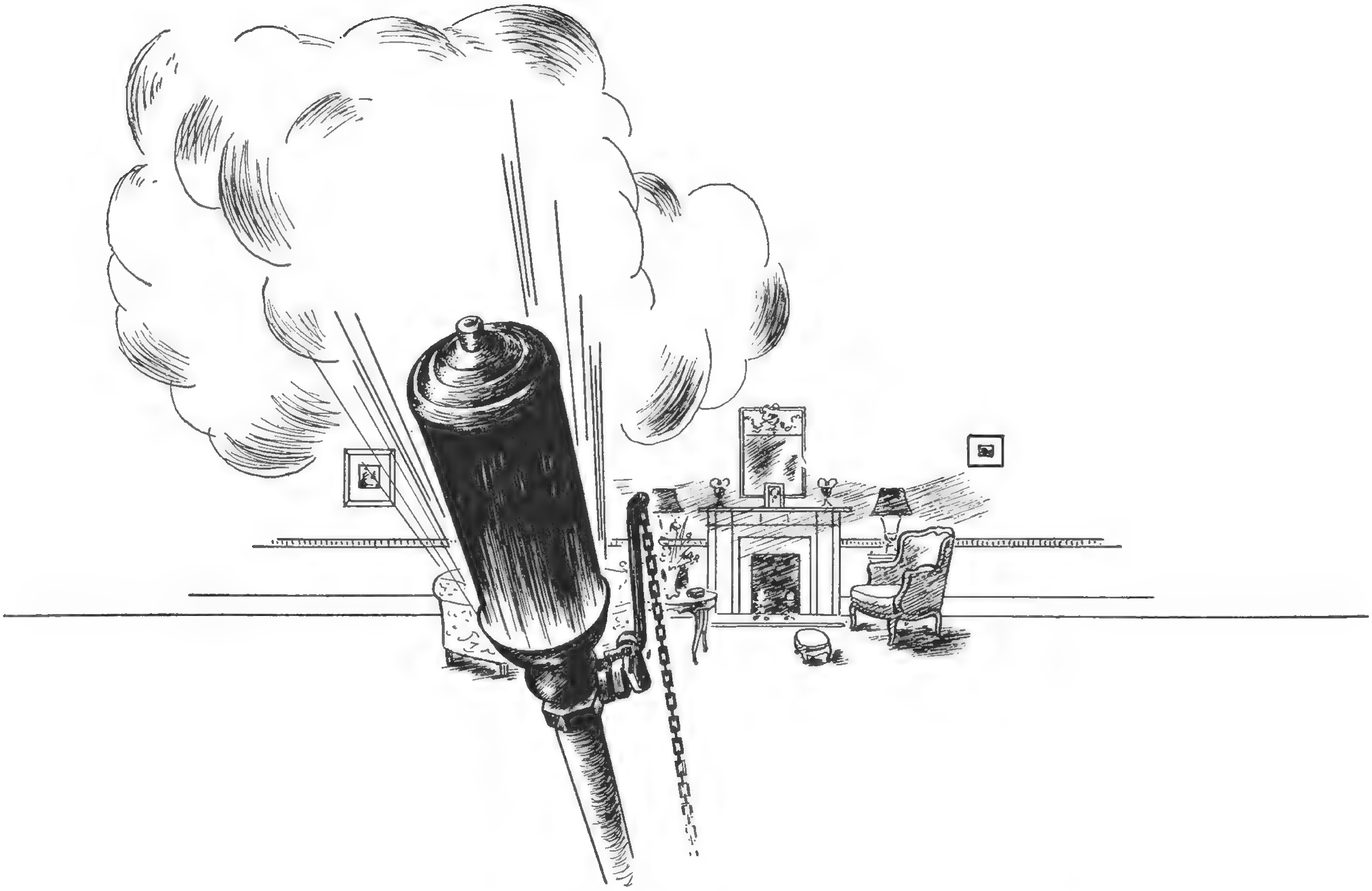
STAMPS



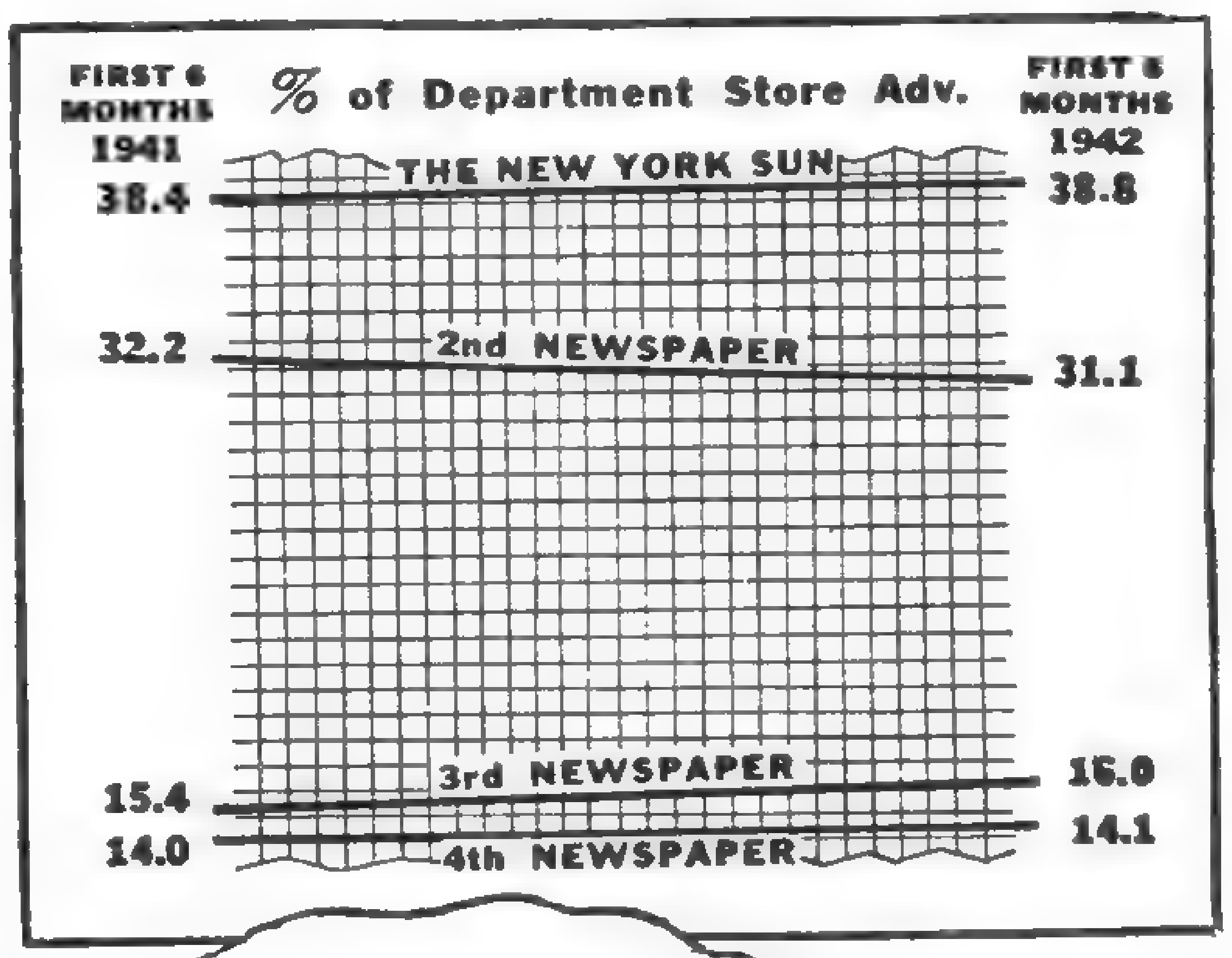
home furnishings or hustle

The American people want to know about all the available products and processes that affect their living—now and in the future. They also are particularly interested in knowing how businesses, converted from civilian pursuits, are progressing in the battle of production.

If your message is about a product that contributes to their comfort and convenience—if your story is about the way your firm is hustling production for the armed forces, so that better living for American families can once again be your major goal, tell the public and keep on telling them. It's the way to maintain and strengthen your position now and later.

Naturally, readership is indispensable. Readership like a well-protected convoy that delivers the cargo, the kind you get in The New York Sun. The Sun is one of the best read metropolitan dailies in America, with one of the highest ratings in readership of advertising among a representative group of the nation's leading newspapers.

That's why in Department Store advertising, The Sun for 16 years has led every New York week day newspaper. And why advertisers increased The Sun's share of this linage during the first 6 months of 1942.



The Sun
NEW YORK

LEADERSHIP BECAUSE OF READERSHIP

REPRESENTED IN CHICAGO, DETROIT, SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES BY WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE & CRESMER CO.

MARYLAND'S CHARMING AMBASSADOR OF GOOD WILL

. . . is available now in the top flight spots from coast to coast. The supply is limited because of rationing—but it pays to ask for it.

NATIONAL *Premium* *A pale dry* BEER

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY OF BALTIMORE IN MARYLAND

A new book of grand old time Maryland recipes is just coming from the printer. If you wish a copy, kindly send ten cents in stamps to partly pay for cost of printing and mailing.

The National Brewing Co., Baltimore, Md.

Hildegarde

At Dinner and Supper

BOB GRANT and his Orchestra

In the Newly Decorated

INFORMAL

Persian Room at the Plaza

COCKTAIL DANSANT

Saturday and Sunday

Persian Room Special Luncheon $1.50

Afternoon Tea in the Palm Court

YOUR HOME IN NEW YORK

THE PLAZA

Facing Central Park

Where Rates Are Reasonable

FIFTH AVE. AT 59TH STREET

Painting the Town with Esquire

THE THRIFT RIFT at Leon & Eddie's has been ironed out. Since Leon refuses to cut down on fresh tablecloths (each table gets five to six recostumings per evening), Eddie will have to be less wasteful with his pile of soap-kissed songs . . . For greater contrast with the dimout without, the urbanely chipper Coq Rouge (65 East 56th) has scrapped its long-loved Skyline décor in the Bar and broken out in Vernon McFarlane burgundy, chartreuse and silver, with a "sunset window." On beyond, chez the dine-and-sup department, Dick Wilson and his orchestra are contagiously diligent, with the Bela Bizony ensemble in-betweening Gypsy-like . . . Back and back to Hapsburg House (tucked away at 313 East 55th) goes anybody who has discovered its unique tongue-in-cheek charm, especially under the present régime of Charles Gundel, Jr., sympathetically understanding friend of your palate, with a good kitchen and cellar to prescribe from.

UNDER THE spreading Hotel Paramount, Diamond Horseshoer Billy Rose, whose billyroseate spectacles focus upon the foibles and frivols of yesterday, now vouchsafes "Mrs. Astor's Pet Horse," surrounded by lightsome delightsomes with fewer legs but better. If this blondacade, featuring terpess Harriet Hoctor, isn't the most beauteous ever floorshown in three tiers, John Murray Anderson's direction, packing poesy into every pose, makes it seem so. And for song, stunt and riot there's a reckless roster of Keith-Orpheum specialticians including harp-wrangling bull-fiddle battler Herman Hyde, as hilarious a virtuoso as ever blunderbussed a skunk in mid-sonata. Indeed, what with bands, board, and bar-wares, the beholders of history as it is giddapted don't do so badly.

HAVE YOU got the tempo? If not, take it from the Terry Sisters, bandstandees at the Stork Club, they and their crew swapping honors with able keyman Charles Baum and his . . . Playing both sides of the Atlantic, entertainment at La Vie Parisienne (3 East 52nd) includes sly amour songeuse Roba Malina and our native Sheila Barrett in new impersonations and devastations . . . Café Society Uptown (128 East 58th), treasured jive hive, has Teddy Wilson and his tootmen backgrounding the triumphal return of Hazel Scott, ye honey.

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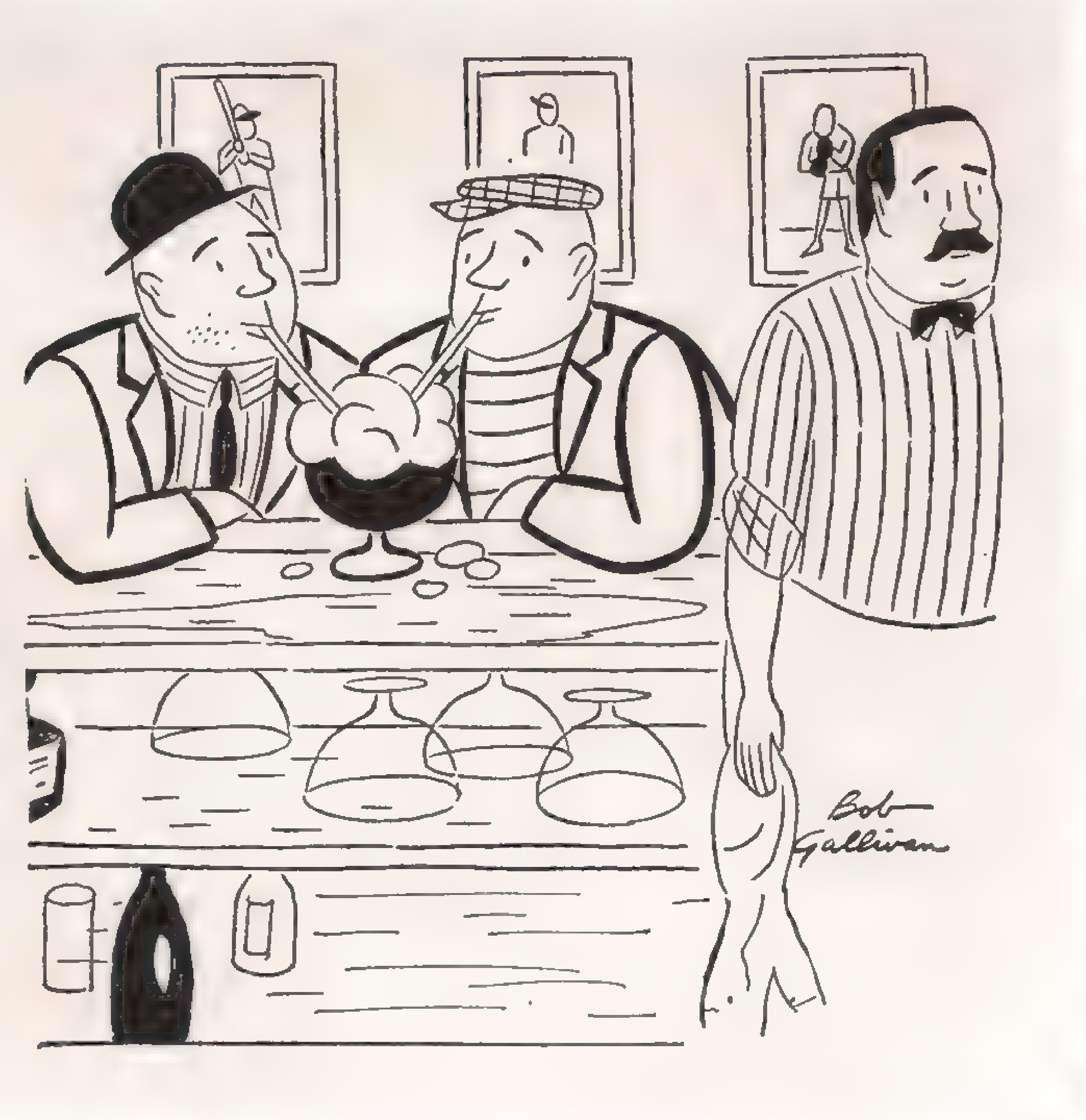

RABSONS presents a great ALBUM of songs from IRVING BERLIN'S Soldier Show

"THIS IS THE ARMY"

Recorded By The

ORIGINAL ALL-SOLDIER CAST

The record-scoop of the year . . . the big hits of Broadway's biggest hit show, recorded by the soldier boys themselves: **Overture; I Left My Heart At The Stage Door Canteen; The Army's Made A Man Out Of Me; I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep; American Eagles; What The Well-Dressed Man In Harlem Will Wear; Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning; How About A Cheer For The Navy?** You'll want an album for yourself, and one for that lad in the service! Four 10-inch records in attractive album, complete, postpaid in U.S.A., $3.00.

Write for FREE *Illustrated* PARTY RECORD LIST

RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET DEPT. 16, NEW YORK

DIVAN PARISIEN

Le Restaurant Par Excellence

CUISINE FRANCAISE

FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN & SPECIAL SALAD

FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS

17 EAST 45th STREET • MU 2-9223

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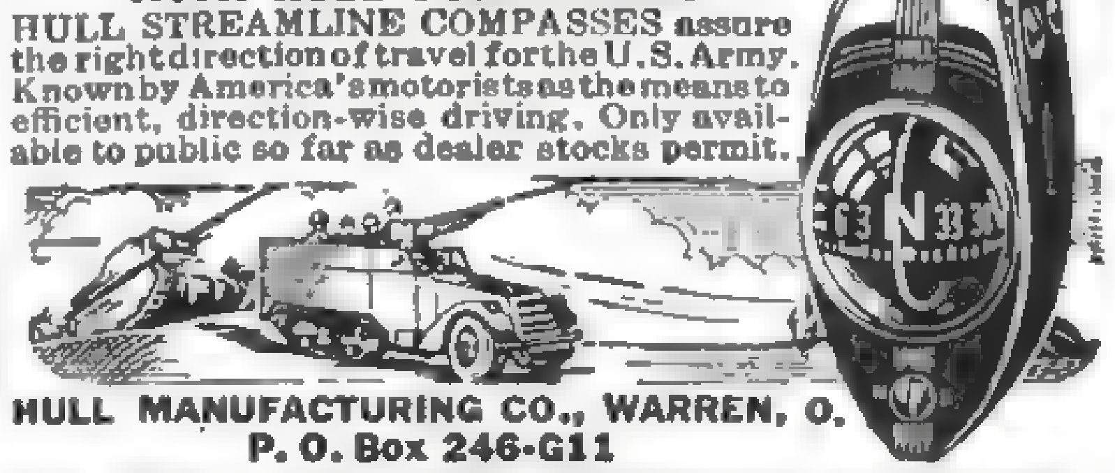
WITH HULL COMPASSES

HULL STREAMLINE COMPASSES assure the right direction of travel for the U. S. Army. Known by America's motorists as the means to efficient, direction-wise driving. Only available to public so far as dealer stocks permit.



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P. O. Box 246-G11

LEROUX *Liqueurs*

THE WORLD'S FINEST

LEROUX & CO., Inc. • Philadelphia • New York City

Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

HIS PERSONALITY MY EYE! IT'S THAT LONDON DOCK TOBACCO

AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC

2 Ounce Package

40¢

$3.00 per lb.

Sample 10c

Send 10c to London Dock Div. 128 Delmar Blvd. St. Louis, Mo.

London Dock
SMOKING MIXTURE

Christian Peper St. Louis

Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED *at the* SAVOY-PLAZA!

SAVOY SP PLAZA
NEW YORK

The Savoy-Plaza is now a "War Baby!"

We are filling a need the war has created for a new type of hotel in New York—where room prices are in line with restricted wartime incomes.

If you liked the Savoy-Plaza before, you will like it now because we have retained all its famous charm and atmosphere. We have brightened our guest rooms, stepped up the service to accommodate the wartime tempo and created a less formal, but altogether more inviting atmosphere.

We have made many material changes in our service. They are all part of a well-prepared plot to make you feel that from now on there is no other hotel in New York for you from the standpoint of downright comfort and value for your money.

We hope you will let us prove this to you the very next time you require hotel accommodations in town. You will find we are still busy building our reputation, not coasting on it.

Sincerely,

General Manager

A FEW OF THE THINGS YOU WILL LIKE ABOUT THE NEW SAVOY-PLAZA

WAR PLANT EXECUTIVES

Many executives visiting New York who find it necessary to do a month's work in a few days engage one of our new office suites. These suites combine an efficient business office with living quarters. Secretarial and messenger services are available on a part or full-time basis.

BACHELOR QUARTERS

Bachelor men or bachelor women can now enjoy the benefit of the Savoy-Plaza's accommodations. Special studio-type apartments at this smart address are now available. Complete hotel service without any of the cares of housekeeping.

SPECIAL SERVICE

For the duration of the war we are going to give Savoy-Plaza guests better service than they have ever received anywhere. Here's why:

Our staff realizes that a delayed telephone message, or telegram, a letter misdirected, a parcel lost—could interfere with war production, cause a ship to be sunk, or even a battle to be lost.

Alertness is our new watchword! No effort or expense is being spared at the Savoy-Plaza to provide guests with sure, swift service twenty-four hours a day.

STUDENTS

The college crowd has always favored the Savoy-Plaza. From now on we shall be seeing more of them because of the special overnight room accommodations we provide. Dormitory rates from $2.50—think of it!

SAVOY-TOWER

The Savoy-Plaza's location has always marked it as a preferred residence. Many choice suites, from 2 to 7 rooms, have been reappointed and are now available for rental by the month, season or year, either furnished or unfurnished in the exclusive Savoy-Tower. All have complete serving pantries with automatic refrigeration. No servant problems. Rentals are modest and may be arranged directly or through your own broker.

RESTAURANT PRICES

Savoy-Plaza restaurants are both attractive and moderately priced. The Savoy Room offers breakfast specials from 50¢, selective luncheons from $1.25, complete dinners from $2.50. In the popular Cafe Lounge luncheon and dinner entrees are a la carte. Table telephone service in both rooms during luncheon and dinner.

SERVICE MEN

Uniformed members of all branches of the military and naval services, regardless of rank, are entitled to a courtesy 25% discount on all regular rate room accommodations.

PERSONNEL

You will find no frock coats at the Savoy-Plaza. Service is fastidious without being high hat. This accounts for the friendliness you experience from the moment you register until you leave us.

MENUS IN ENGLISH

The cuisine is still the same, fine type that made Savoy-Plaza restaurants famous; but today the menus are printed in English to simplify ordering.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

It may surprise you to learn that it costs very little more, if any, to stage your social functions at the Savoy-Plaza. Our revised price scale is very attractive. May we quote on your next conference, dinner, luncheon, bridge, tea, dance or other social affairs? Excellent facilities for weddings, debuts and banquets.

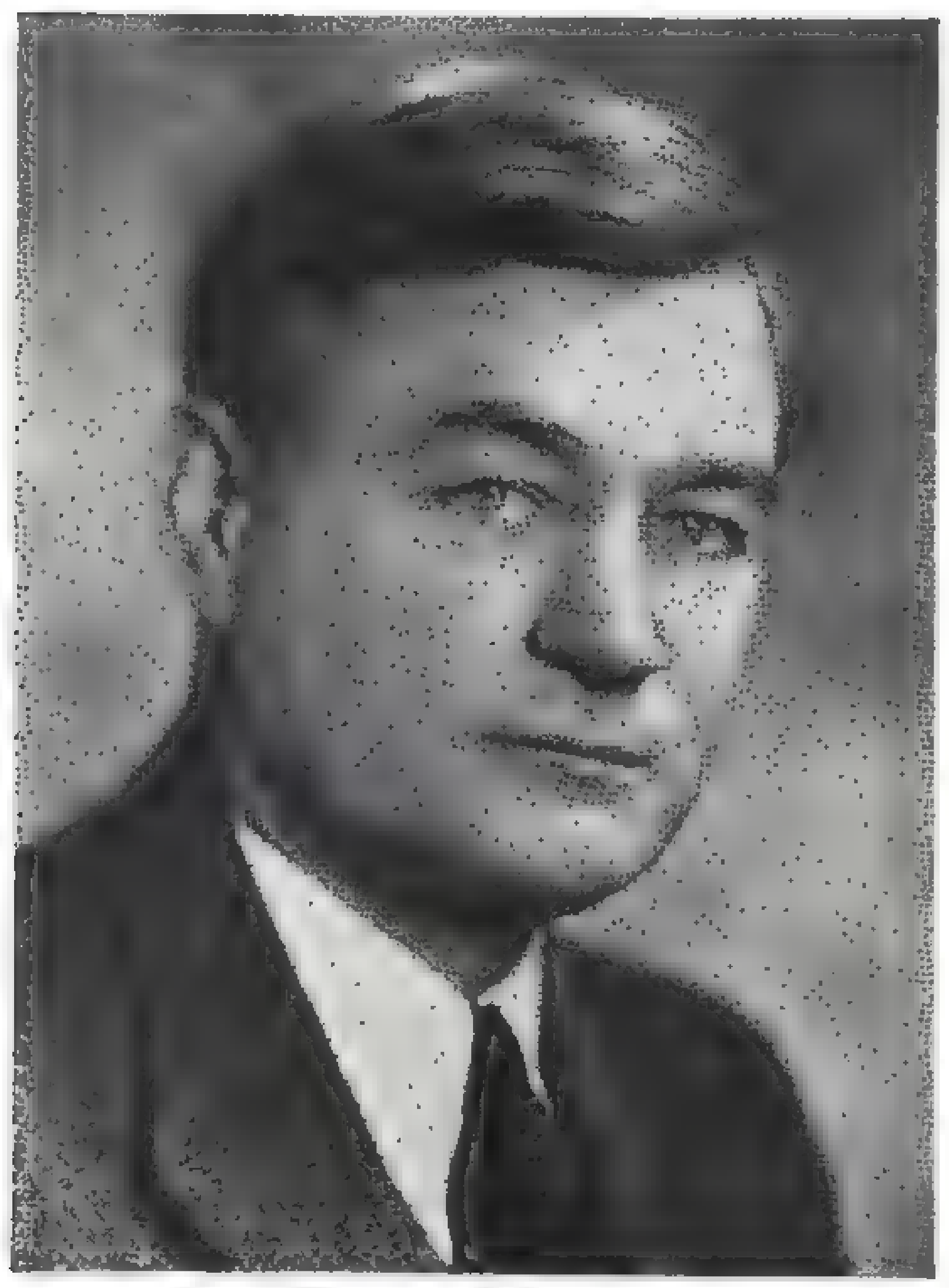
COMMUTERS

Here's a new Savoy-Plaza service many will welcome: *free guest kits!* They're designed especially for those unexpectedly required to stay in town overnight. Special kits for men and for women, complete with toothbrush and powder, brush, comb, slippers, sleeping clothes and other overnight essentials.

RATES: SINGLE ROOM FROM $5.00 • DOUBLE FROM $7.00 • SUITES FROM $12.00

A view of the Savoy-Plaza from the plaza proper at the entrance to Central Park. Drawn by Fred Freeman.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



John J. Schommer

John J. Schommer, who voices a loud squawk for all members of his profession with *Where's That Goat* (page 48), was for thirty years an official in the "Big Ten," last season officiated at most of the Chicago Bears' games, and serves as director of physical education at the Illinois Institute of Technology, in Chicago, and doubles in placement and industrial chemistry. He was graduated from the University of Chicago in 1909, that school's first all-letter athlete, with a B.S. degree, and got another B.S. degree in Chemistry at Illinois Tech. At Chicago he belonged to Phi Kappa Sigma, attained the highest student honor, Owl and Serpent, and was Captain of the Basketball team. He earned his tuition and a neat surplus of $3,000 during his student years by selling advertising.

•

Pete Norton, for fifteen years a leading southern sports editor and top boxing authority, has taken a look at boxing as a sport for soldiers and collegians (see page 55) as a means of developing them into fighting men, and finds it sadly lacking. His column in the *Tampa Tribune*, *The Morning After*, is the only illustrated sports column in the south. At the University of Florida he was a member of Phi Delta Theta. He is married, and has one son, Douglas, aged two, who, he says, will never pull on a boxing glove. Politically he's an oldline Southern Democrat, suh.

Pete Norton

•

Peter De Vries (*Teach a Child the Way*, page 87), is an editor of *Poetry Magazine* and the author of a novel, *But Who Wakes the Bugler*. He has another novel, *Angels Can't Do Better*, scheduled for publication this winter. During the lecture season, he's on the women's club circuit.

•

Murray Teigh Bloom, who contributed *Plymobile to the Rescue*, page 90, says "1B eyes have kept me out of the army so far, but it won't prevent my getting a private pilot's license. I've lived mostly in New York, went to Columbia College and got a B.A. in 1937. In my soph year was publicity director of the Columbia Varsity Show, written by a glib, whacky poet named Treville LaTouche. Later Treville became prosaic John and scribbled a business called *Ballad for Americans*. He left Columbia in his junior year to join a ballet company doing one-night stands. He still owes me two bits. I went to the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia on a scholarship. I made expenses as Chief Statistician of the New York State Commission for the Revision of the Tax Laws. The worst Saturday in my life was one in March, 1938 when I found that somewhere, somehow I had lost $6,763,000 in my statistical columns. New York taxpayers still don't know what a close call it was. I found the dough on a total sheet in the wastebasket. Right out of school I got a publicity job with Remington Arms, left that to be police reporter, feature writer and Harlem reporter for the *New York Post*. The city editor and I disagreed about why I was ten minutes late on a hung jury story and I lost. Later he disagreed with the publisher and he lost. He is now in Philadelphia in a special cemetery where only city editors are buried. I wrote radio scripts and was General Manager of Gags, Inc. . . . the only gag was the size of my salary. Now I free-lance."

Murray Teigh Bloom

•

Dan Steele says: "I left the University of Wisconsin to attend the 1st Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan and served in North Russia for about a year as First Lieutenant in the 339th U. S. Infantry. From this experience, and from a considerable study since the War, of Guerrilla and Commando tactics, comes the material for *The Red Can-Can* (page 31) as well as a novel, *Snow Trenches*." Aside from his fiction writing, Mr. Steele, who lives in Chicago, does market research, sales planning and advertising.

•

Frederic S. Marquardt (*The Fighting Filipinos*, page 29), will be remembered as the author of *Balance Sheet on Bataan* which ran in our August issue. He was born in Manila, has spent much of his life there, and was caught in this country by the outbreak of war during a vacation from his job on the *Philippines Free Press*. He is now on the cable desk of the *Chicago Sun*.

•

Walter E. Bohl, who has been painting the series of sporting prints (currently, the *Ring-necked Pheasant*, page 96), wrote last from the blind he had built at a water hole twenty miles from Williams, Arizona, while waiting for a wild turkey gobbler to hove into sight.

•

Esquire's youngest Discovery of the Month is Elmer Grossberg, author of *Black Boy's Good Time*. He will soon be sixteen. He has written some forty-odd stories, which he calls "developers," and encouraged by his high school English teachers, entered and won several contests, including one conducted by *PM*. A born and bred New Yorker, he was editor of his high school magazine but somewhat discouraged when he couldn't sell his staff anything but a patriotic essay and a measly poem. His business experience consists mainly in peddling ice cream and lollipops on the beach and shining shoes on the boardwalk. He says: "I have been to California by rail and back by vibrating thumb. My favorite writers are Saroyan, Steinbeck and Sholam Aleichem: I can fall into deep moods with the best of 'em with classical music, and good swing makes me jump-happy. Sliding safely into third base with the girls watching is my best Sunday. I dress like a tramp, my English is very poor and my vocabulary ragged. The only sad note was the death of my father when I was eight. I then vowed that if I would ever get published it would be with the name 'Grossberg.' Just one more thing: Will somebody please make a suggestion that students upon entering Brooklyn College receive a typewriter—especially if their names are Elmer . . .? Any junky, old, two-bit typewriter that can pound out words on a sheet of paper would make this Elmer fight for God, for country and for good old Brooklyn."

Elmer Grossberg

•

Jesse Stuart (*The Hangin' of Willard Bellstrase*, page 44), is the author of a baby girl called Jessica Deane, born in August, and a novel called *Magic Moonshine*, slated for publication this fall by E. P. Dutton and Company.

•

Albert A. Ostrow was an editor of the *Daily* at the University of Texas, announced on the local radio station and broadcast football games. He left school in 1931 to join a traveling stock company and since then has worked short hitches on various newspapers, radio stations; has had a short play published, directed his own stock companies, taught acting, tennis and contract bridge and written for radio. At the moment he's free-lancing and in this capacity, wrote *After Gin Rummy—What?*

Albert A. Ostrow

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Painting the Town with Esquire

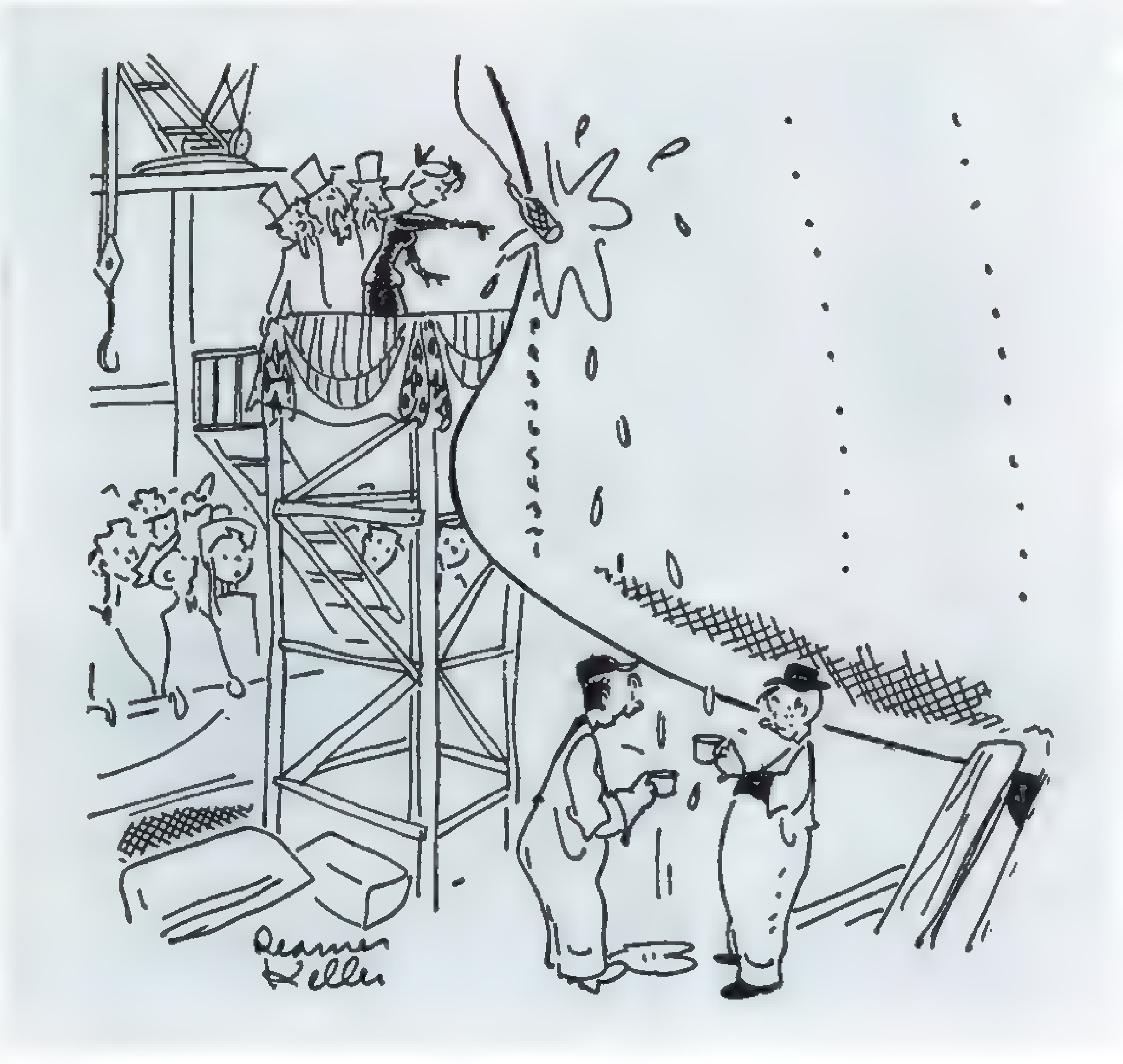
IMPATIENT AWAITERS of Hildegarde's triumphal entry into the socially cherished Hotel Plaza's Persian Room have been marking time with the aid of a specialty of the hostelry called Commando Cooler, made with Private Cellar California Hock . . . Orphans of the dimout who barge into the festive brightness of Féfé's Monte Carlo are apt to call for a Life-guard as dispensed by bartender Gene: Sweet and Dry Vermouth, 50-50, with lemon peel, served in a pre-chilled cocktail stemmer . . . Fragrant are the casseroles of Henri the Confiseur (15 East 52nd) and Bacchus could tell you why.

AT COMMANDER Vincent Astor's Hotel St. Regis, the ultra-sumptuous, smart uplift is apt to take the form of a St. Regis Pick Me Up, comprising sweetened juice of 1 orange and pony of Brandy, highballed with American Champagne instead of seltzer. F. Petiot, head bartender, also takes bows on St. Regis Cup and St. Regis Peach Bowl, each grandiose . . . The epicurean Brussels Restaurant (26 East 63rd) where host André Pagani welcomes his Park Avenue flocks and herds, is the scene of Cup rites to the tune of 1 pint subtly delish Napa Valley Hock (aged in bottle), 2 jiggers American Brandy, 1 jigger Curaçao, raspberries, blueberries, 1 piece cucumber hide, ½ pint seltzer. Tea for two (or luncheon or dinner) never seemed cheerier.

VICTORY VEGETABLE nestlers at Rockefeller Center's Promenade Café dip contented bills into a white wine concoction (intricate) answering to the hail of "Promenader." Maître Jacques Bonaudi himself was the idea man . . . With the irreproachable Champagne Cocktails it serves, the Latin Quarter couldn't help being a success . . . That patrician overlooker of Central Park, the Hotel Pierre (Head bartender: Oscar), assembles Sauterne and Grand Marnier with fruit and mint trimmings, entitled Pierrot . . . At the piano-tinkled, gin-rummy infested Barberry Room the big sensation is Finger Lakes Jorum (white wine, Brandy, accessories), served in 7½ oz. goblets.

THE HOTEL Commodore's vast bar is wine hectic with the Depth Bomb and the Main Battery . . . Evenings at the Belmont-Plaza's glitterous Glass Hat are effectively primed with the Flying Fortress Cocktail, brain child of Maître Rodriguez: equal parts Sherry, Dry Vermouth, Champagne. A few of these and your rhumba suppleness will vie with that of Maraca-iste Anita Rosal.

For further information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



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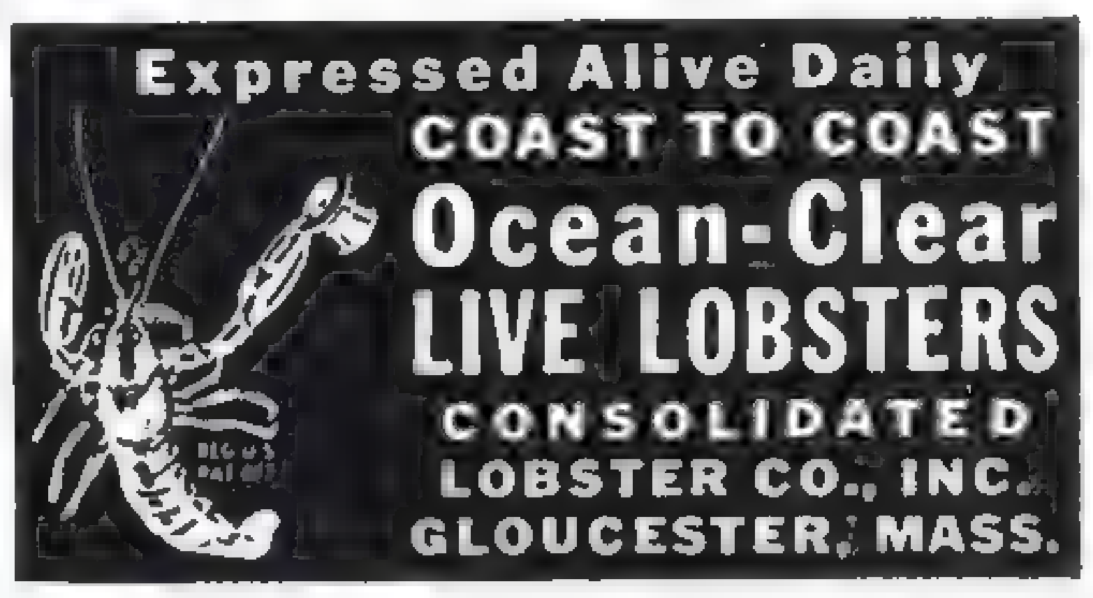
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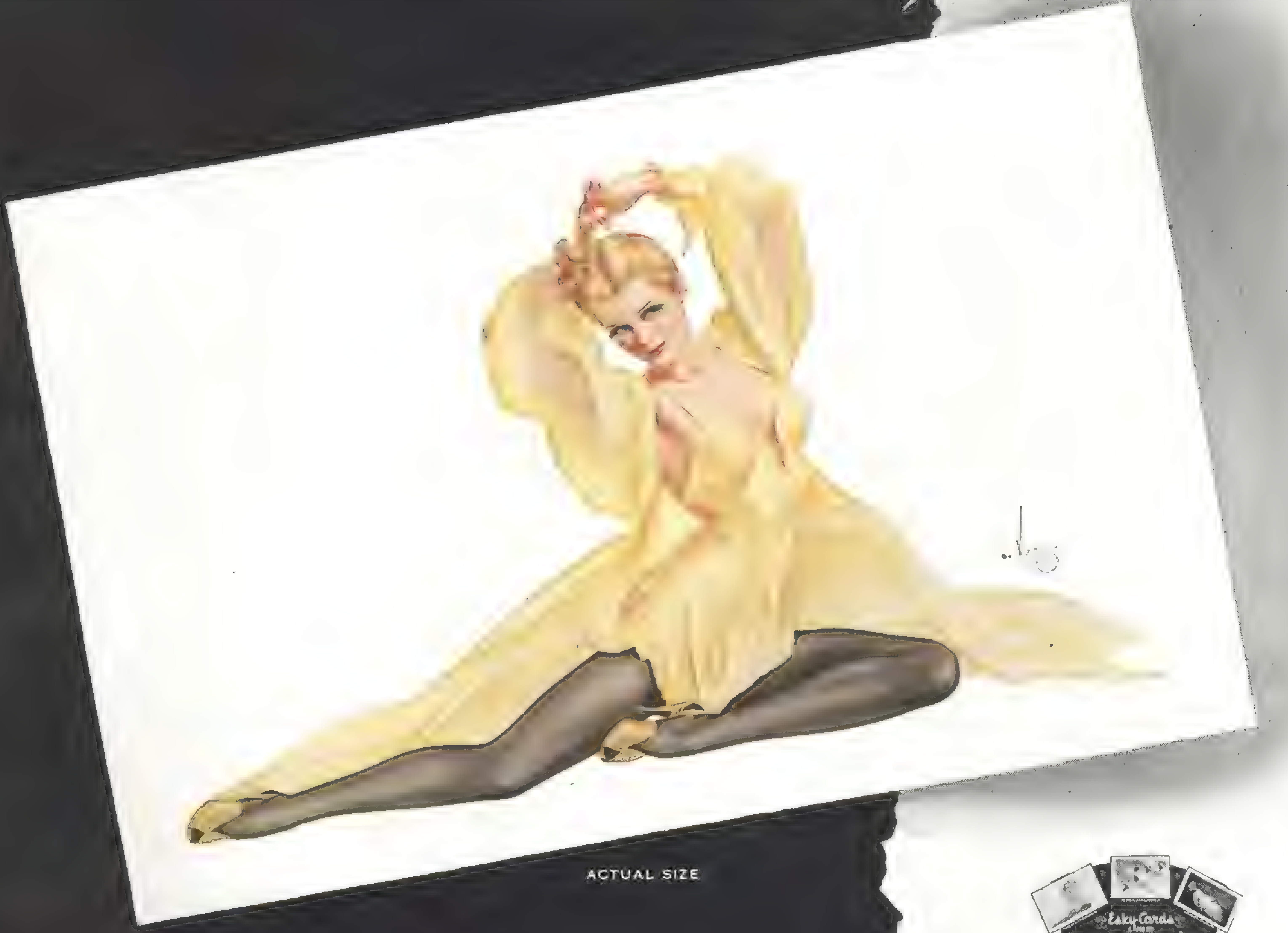

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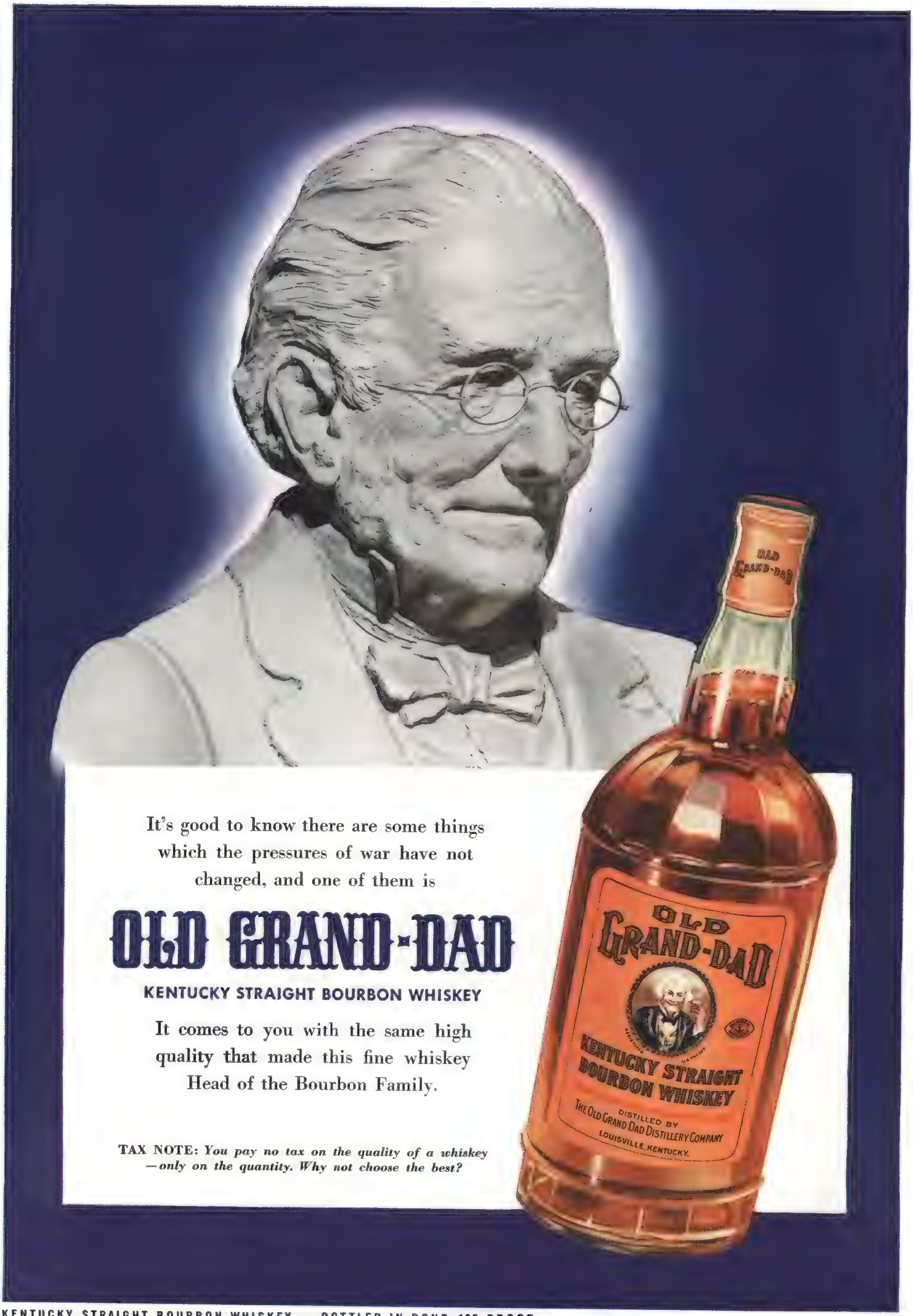
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The Fighting Filipinos

They know no fear and nothing can stop their continued resistance to the Japs through guerrilla fighting and sabotage

by FREDERIC S. MARQUARDT

• ARTICLE •

Of all the native peoples overrun by the Japanese, the hardest to conquer were the Filipinos. They haven't quit fighting yet, and when American troops reconquer the Philippine Islands they will find guerrilla warfare, organized sabotage and open defiance of the Japs on a scale entitling the Filipinos to be called "The Czechs of the Far East."

Six months after the fall of Manila, when there had been ample time to win over the Filipinos, the Jap-controlled radio station was forced to announce that eight persons in the Philippines, found "guilty of printing and distributing anti-Japanese booklets," had been executed. Three others were given long prison sentences for "violating military laws."

None of those convicted by the drumhead courtmartial were identified, but since all able-bodied Americans had been interned at Santo Tomas University, it appears certain that the victims of "Jap justice" were Filipinos. The fact that they would dare to print and circulate pamphlets against their conquerors shows how little headway the Japanese had made in "pacifying" the Philippines.

In March, according to a Filipino who was on the island of Luzon at the time but whose name can't be revealed because his family remains in Manila, thirty-two Philippine Army reserve officers were taken to Manila's La Loma cemetery, made to dig their own graves, then shot in cold blood by the Japanese authorities. The architects of the "New Order in Asia" realized that these Filipino officers, who had not been called to active duty because of illness or official duties, would never forget the Fascist doctrines brought to Manila on the ships that transported the bandy-legged butchers from Tokyo.

This same Filipino told me that the books in the Library of the University of the Philippines, nursing ground for Philippine nationalism, were burned by the Japanese, and the university buildings used as a concentration camp for Chinese residents of Manila. In China, the Japanese always bombed and destroyed universities. In the Philippines, however, they showed a utilitarian streak and turned them into prisons.

Early in the Philippine campaign, according to a well-authenticated story which I have checked with several sources, the Filipino principal of a private school near Vigan, in Northern Luzon, was ordered to pull down the American flag flying in front of the school building, and replace it with the Rising Sun. The maestro, with the quiet dignity of his kind, refused to follow the commands of the Jap officer. He was given the alternative of obeying the order or being killed, and he chose the latter. The mayor of a town in Ilocos Norte was told to pull down the American flag which flew over the Tribunal. When he refused to do so, he suffered the same fate that had befallen the teacher.

The Japanese did their best to keep news from leaking out of the Philippines, and months after General Wainwright surrendered at Corregidor they would not even allow the Swiss Consul in Manila to exert his "good offices" in behalf of the United States. But these few well-founded stories indicate that the Filipinos are living up to their reputation for fighting.

American sports fans shouldn't have been surprised at the fight put up by the Filipinos. For back in the roaring twenties an American showman named Frank Churchill proved to the world that the Filipino is a tough little boxer, small, fast and game as they come. He also proved, involuntarily of course, that the Filipino prize fighter has an amazing tendency to die with his boots on.

Churchill promoted Pancho Villa to a world's flyweight championship, and at the height of his career, on June 4, 1925, Villa died on the operating table after a fight with Jimmy McLarnin in Oakland, California.

Churchill started Denico Cabanela on his way to the top, and the plucky little Filipino looked like a cinch for the championship until he dropped dead in the fourteenth round of a fight with Eugene Criqui in Australia.

Churchill brought Clever Sencio to this country, and established him in the hearts of ring fans as a boxer who never quit fighting. Sencio died after a fight with Bud Taylor on April 19, 1926.

Many others are to be found in the list of brown-skinned keen-eyed lads with dynamite in their fists and the love of battle in their hearts. There was Ceferino Garcia, who came within a whisker of the middleweight championship of the world two or three years ago. There was Small Montano, whose claim to the world's featherweight title was recognized in many states. Pete Sarmiento and Speedy Dado and Elineo Flores and a score of others demonstrated in a thousand rings that the Filipino need tip his hat to no one when it comes to courage, stamina and sheer lust for combat.

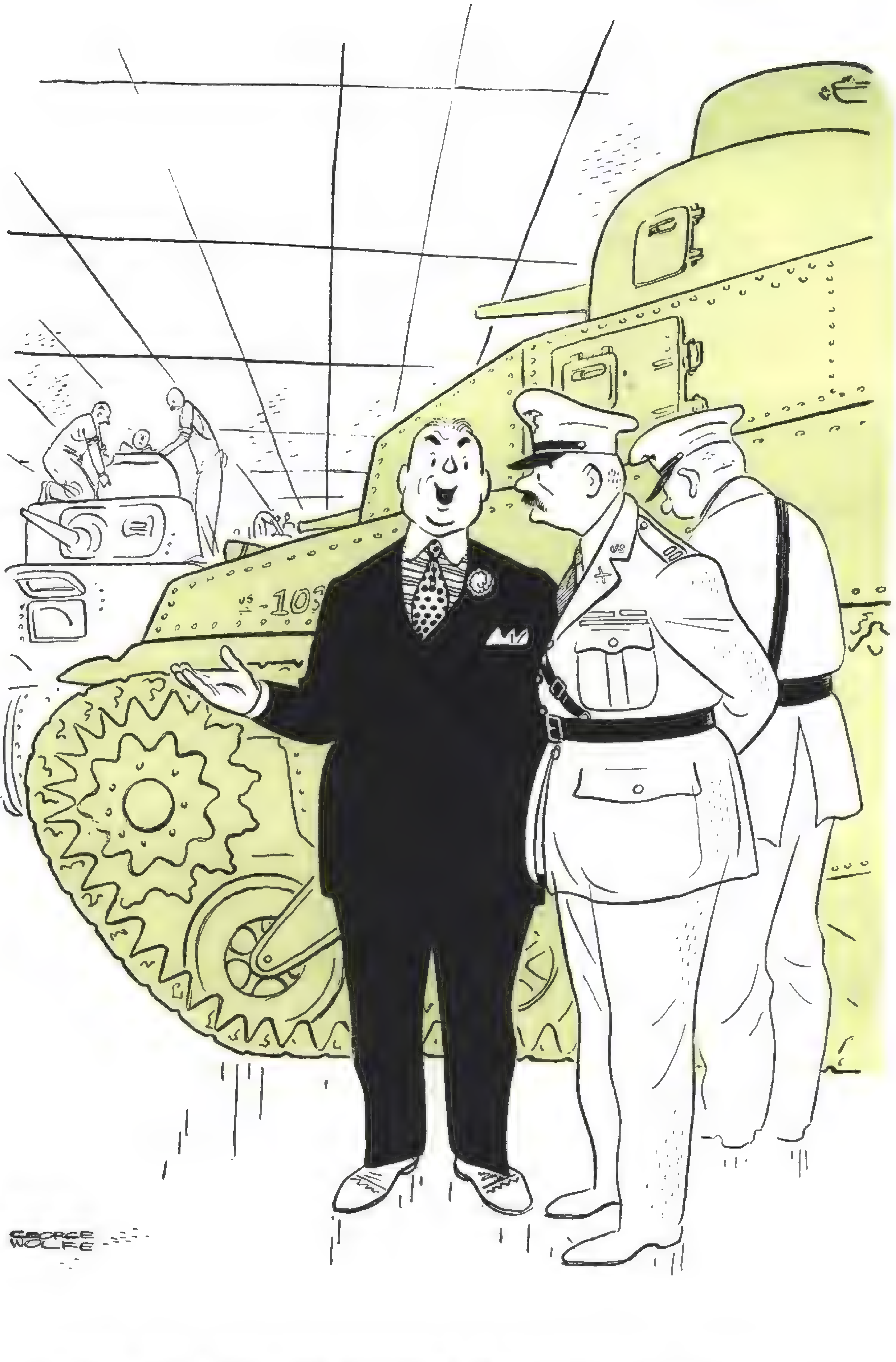
In the fearsome forties, Gen. Douglas MacArthur did for the Filipino soldier what Frank Churchill had done twenty years earlier for the Filipino boxer. As the bombs began to land on Luzon last December, and the Japs started swarming ashore at Legaspi and Aparri, MacArthur threw his Filipino troops into battle and the world realized that a tough breed of fighting men had arisen to defend American interests on the far fringes of the Pacific.

The grizzled American veterans of the fighting Thirty-First (we used to call them the Thirsty-First in Manila) welcomed MacArthur's green Filipino troops as brothers-in-arms. But it wasn't until the War Department

Continued on page 98

SUPPLY ROOM
Pvt. Bob Galliven
Walla Walla Air Base

"Kreineckzawicz, with two z's"


US
103
US
GEORGE WOLFE

"Now, this model comes in Autumn Rose, Dusty Sepia and Chartreuse!"

The Red Can-Can

The Nazi Colonel said if Marya were true to Finland she would expose the Reds and besides there were ways to make her talk

by DAN STEELE

• FICTION •

The Staff Captain reported: "This woman was picked up by our patrol on the Russian side this morning. We have examined the village, as you ordered, and it is known that she skipped out after we arrived. She is the only one who could have carried information of our troop movements to the Red bandits that attacked our column."

"Very good, Captain," said the Nazi Colonel. To the girl standing before him, he said: "What is your name?"

"Marya Saari."

"Are you a Russian?"

"I am a citizen of Finland."

"What were you doing in Russia?"

"I went to visit a friend who was ill."

"You have friends among the Bolsheviks? You condemn yourself, *fraulein.* Who is this friend?"

"Will you tell me, please, by what right I have been seized by German soldiers?"

"Silence! You forget that you are accused of treason—"

"But we are not enemies of Germany."

The Captain slapped her face. "Are you deaf?" he shouted.

"You quibble, *fraulein,*" the Colonel went on. "The military jurisdiction of Finland and Germany is clearly understood. Our operations here are with Finnish sanction. Now then—who was this friend?"

"A girl with whom I went to school."

"A Russian girl?"

"She was born in Finland . . . right here, in Lieska."

"Then what is she doing in Russia?"

"She married an American who was working there before the war."

"It is a filthy American," the Captain exclaimed triumphantly, "who is ringleader of these swine. He fought with them in Spain."

"Describe this American," demanded the Colonel.

"He is of middle age; short, heavy-set, and clean-shaven. His hair is black. He wears glasses—"

"That's a lie!" the Captain interrupted. "He's not over thirty, and is tall and thin. He has *red* hair, and when last seen affected a beard, to make himself the more like these unshaven dogs."

"There must be more than one American in Archangel Province," said Marya quietly.

"Where does he live? Where did you go?" asked the Colonel.

"I went to Magovitz—a village in the Kutno Lakes district."

The Captain slapped her again. "That's another lie! You were seen in Rugozersk. And Rugozersk is a nest of these Reds. Do you deny you were there?"

"Why should I? One passes that way in making the trip. Your map will show that."

"When did you leave here?" the Colonel continued.

"On the fourteenth, early in the morning. It was not known then that soldiers were coming. How could I have told the enemy?"

"You left here on the sixteenth," the Captain said. "No one else could have told them."

"You have proof of that?" the Colonel asked.

"Yes, sir. A man named Eliel Rysto, who lives next door to her, remembers talking to her about the men billeted with him."

"Poor old man! He's over eighty, and his memory is gone. Could you find no one in Lieska willing to lie about me?"

The Captain raised his hand—

"Wait!" The Colonel stopped him. "Do you live alone?" he asked Marya.

She hesitated.

"Well?"

"No, I live with my brother."

"Where is he? . . . Have you a report on him, Captain?"

"No, sir. He must be away, too."

"My brother works on the railroad. He is seldom here."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. He may be on the line south of here—or he may have been transferred while I was away."

"You will look him up, Captain, and have him brought here."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a school teacher, although at present I have no class."

The Colonel sat back in his chair, and looked searchingly at Marya. He fingered the lobe of his right ear, and pursed his fat lips. Then he glanced away and stared out of the window. Finally, he appeared to have reached some conclusion, and faced her with a loose smile.

"You are a pretty girl," he said. "We would prefer to be lenient with you. But treason is a nasty business; it forbids mercy. I'm sure you would do much to prevent being disfigured. If you had ever seen a woman after we had used this 'persuasion,' you would not waste our time."

"Speak up!" the Captain barked.

"I have told you the truth. There is nothing more I can tell you."

The Colonel took another approach:

"If you are loyal to Finland, it is your duty to help us stamp out these partisans that are raiding and pillaging along the border. You have come right through them; surely you learned something about their activities. Come now, where do they meet? How many are there?"

"Do you think, Colonel, that they would reveal such information to a girl from the enemy?"

"Damn it! they would to you, because you're one of them. I'll give you twenty-four hours to refresh your memory. You know

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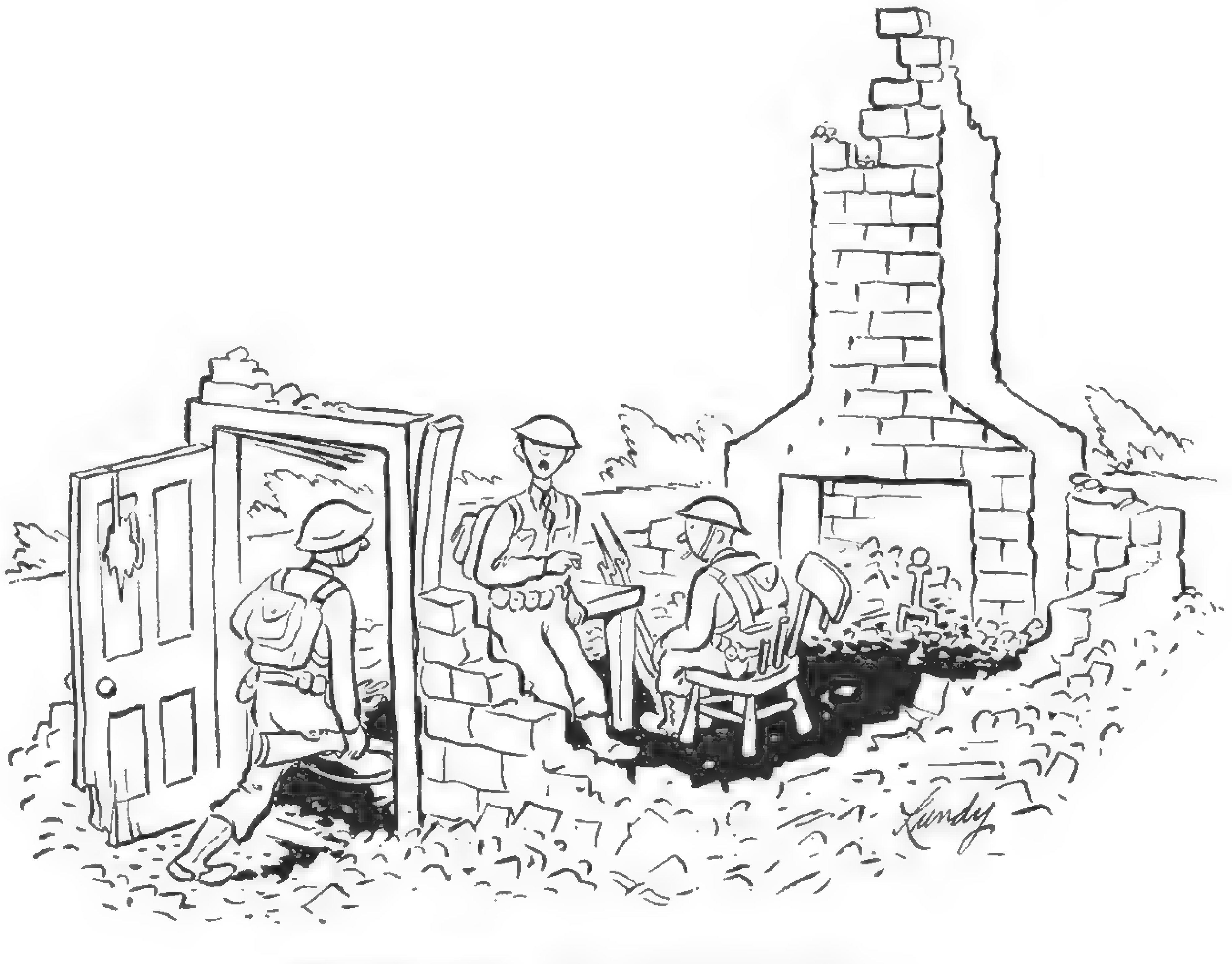


"Shut the door, Joe, there's a draft"

Woman Into Wife

Musing on the awful, chemical change that comes over the best of fiancées right in the middle of "Promise Me"

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

℞

WHY are there so many attractive women in the world and so few attractive wives?

The woman-into-wife transition seems to take place along with the wedding ceremony and is accomplished with such slight-of-hand dexterity that before a bridegroom can say "Jill Robinson," he has put the ring upon the finger of a girl he doesn't know. She looks the same. But she has exchanged the personality he fell in love with for an entirely different one that she must have run up in those few blurred moments between the clergyman's "Dearly Beloved" and his "I now pronounce you."

Why this superwoman effort on the part of fiancées to turn into something phony? Why must each bride make this last minute leap into her particular interpretation of a musty old role known as "a good wife"?

It never was box-office.

Promotions and kisses

Bruce married a career girl. He fell in love with Pat because it was stimulating and satisfactory to discuss an advertising campaign with so delightfully kissable a person. It was time-saving not to have to separate his business and private life. And at the day's end when his mind was still filled with deals and promotions, to linger over dinner with a composite business mind and understanding heart.

Bruce married his Patricia and presto a metamorphosis. Pat, up with the lark, in crisp pink slacks, plied Bruce with prunes and hot cereal along with a flow of orders of the day.

Rule Number 1 was that no business conversation must cross the sacred domestic threshold. Her husband's home, Pat said, should be a Shangri-la where cares of the day were shed at the garage door. She declared all their former favorite little restaurants out-of-bounds. And, from four o'clock on, Pat labored over assorted pots and pans whose contents seemed never to synchronize into a hot meal. She notified Bruce's adequate bachelor laundry to abstain from further repairs and spent those cozy home evenings she had decreed, producing burgeoning wart-like protuberances on the heels of the last of his English socks.

Pat became such a housekeeper that the place soon looked like a model home, lacking only placards reading "Do not sit in this chair." A cushion off center or a vase out of line caused her to lose the thread of the conversation. She gave up smoking, seemingly to be the freer to spring upon used ashtrays and carry the disgusting things away.

Then Pat decided Bruce should have a night off a week. He must have a life of his own, she argued.

On one of these compulsory nights off, Bruce looked up his friend Pete and, after a number of highballs, asked him how his new marriage was going . . .

Vine into Step-mother

Pete had married a clinging vine. Always he had dreamed of a wide-eyed unquestioning child-wife and had been overjoyed when Ivy Mae appeared on his horizon. He loved having his opinion asked about her diverse harmless little projects. He had never been too sure of himself. Now he was Authority.

With the marriage vows came the transformation of Ivy into oak. Pete's ears now reverberated to "I don't suppose you remembered to bring the tickets" and "Why can't you ever have something smaller than a five when we take a taxi?"

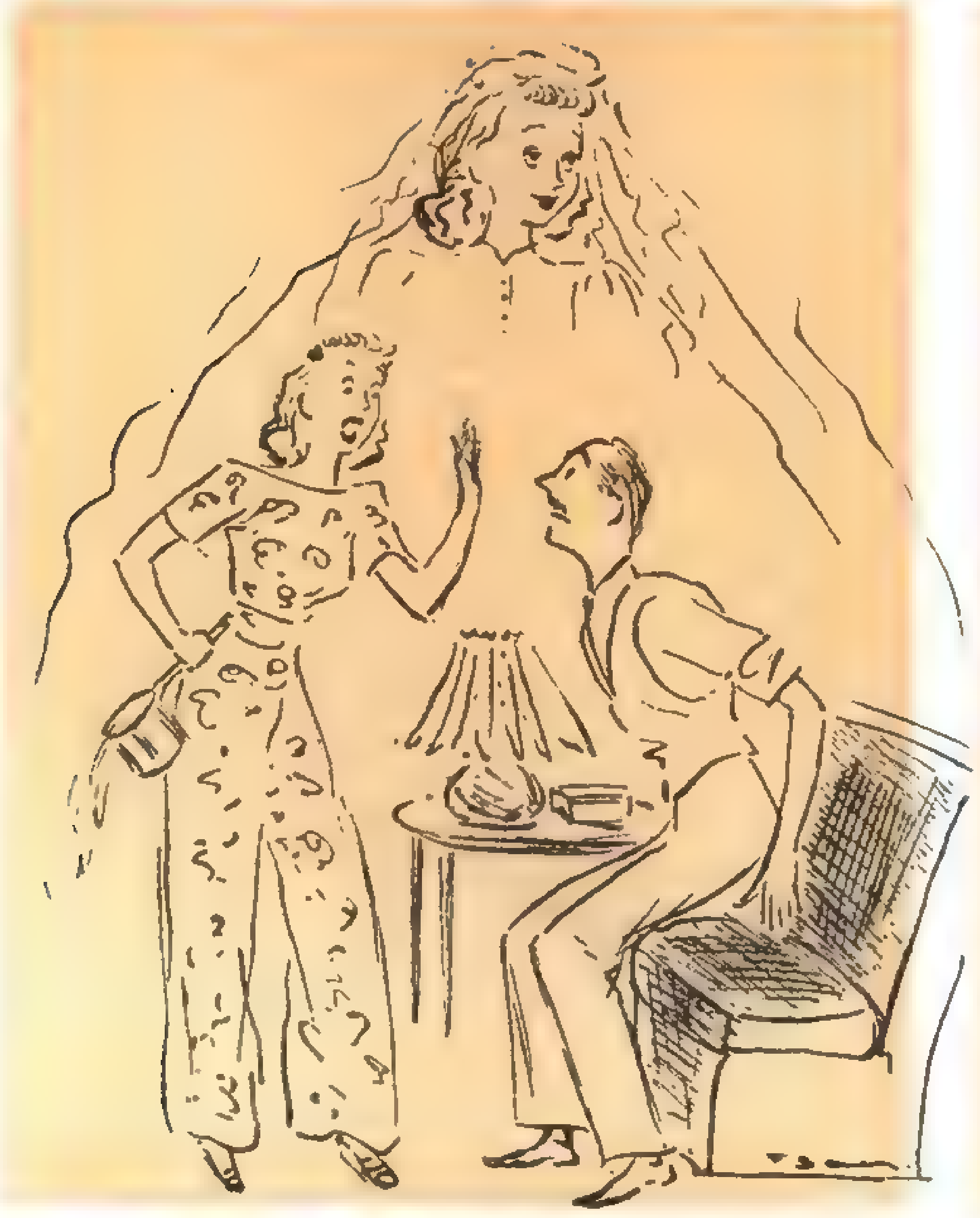
Ivy began to step-mother Pete using the it's-for-your-own-good approach. Her reorganization of his personal habits included persuading him to sleep without a pillow and insisting that he learn to like turnips. Evenings she would tune off his favorite sports commentator and treat him to a full outline of how to handle his boss. She, who before her marriage, had never asked questions, now expected—and got—a minute-by-minute account of his day.

Pete began to have recurrent dreams in which he figured as a devastating marine, trim, bronzed and SINGLE.

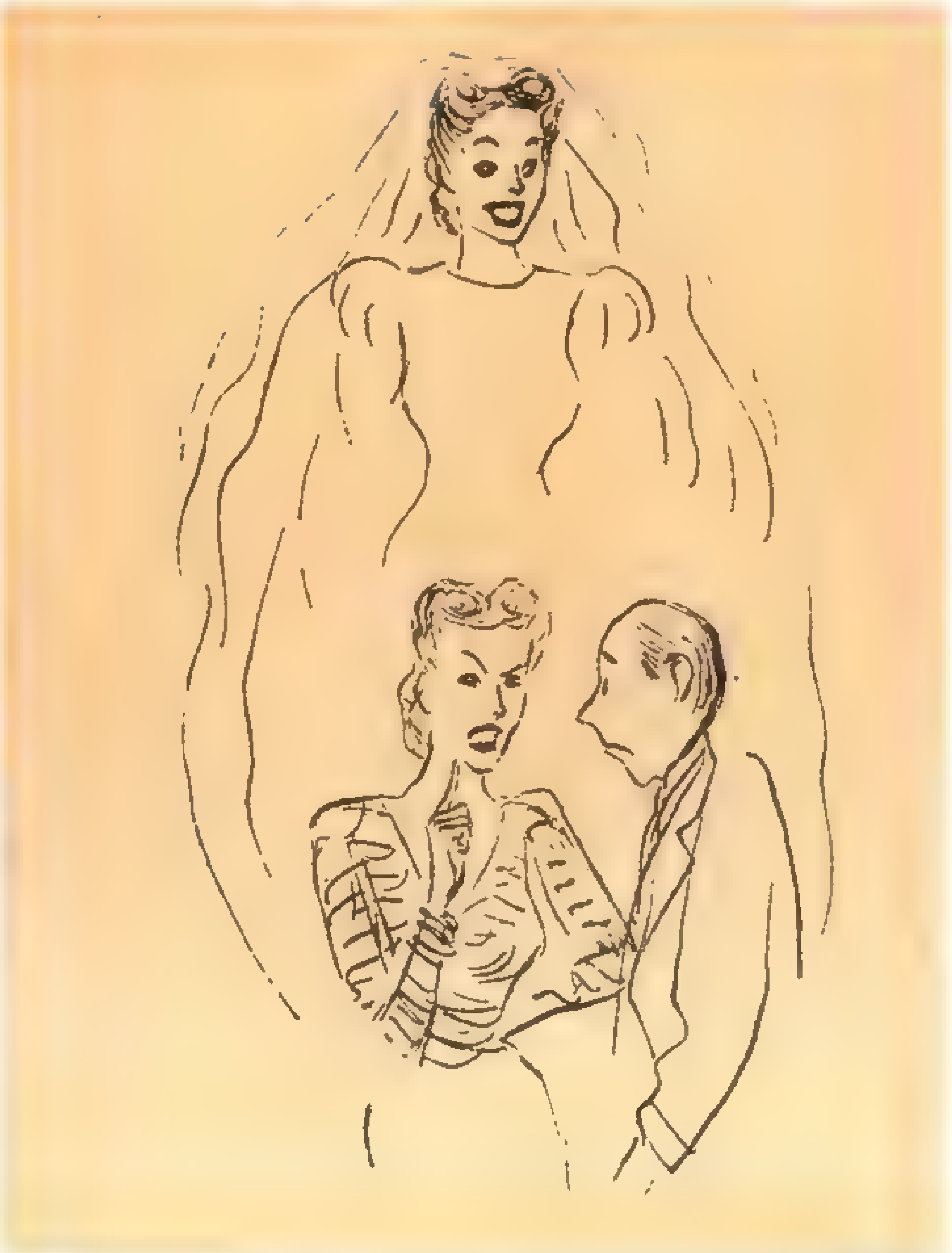
Beauty and Adult Education

Michael was a brain, a mental dynamo. As a little boy it was apparent he would make management material. He went to work young and climbed high. He not only knew his chosen business but his intellectual curiosity made his views on world affairs news.

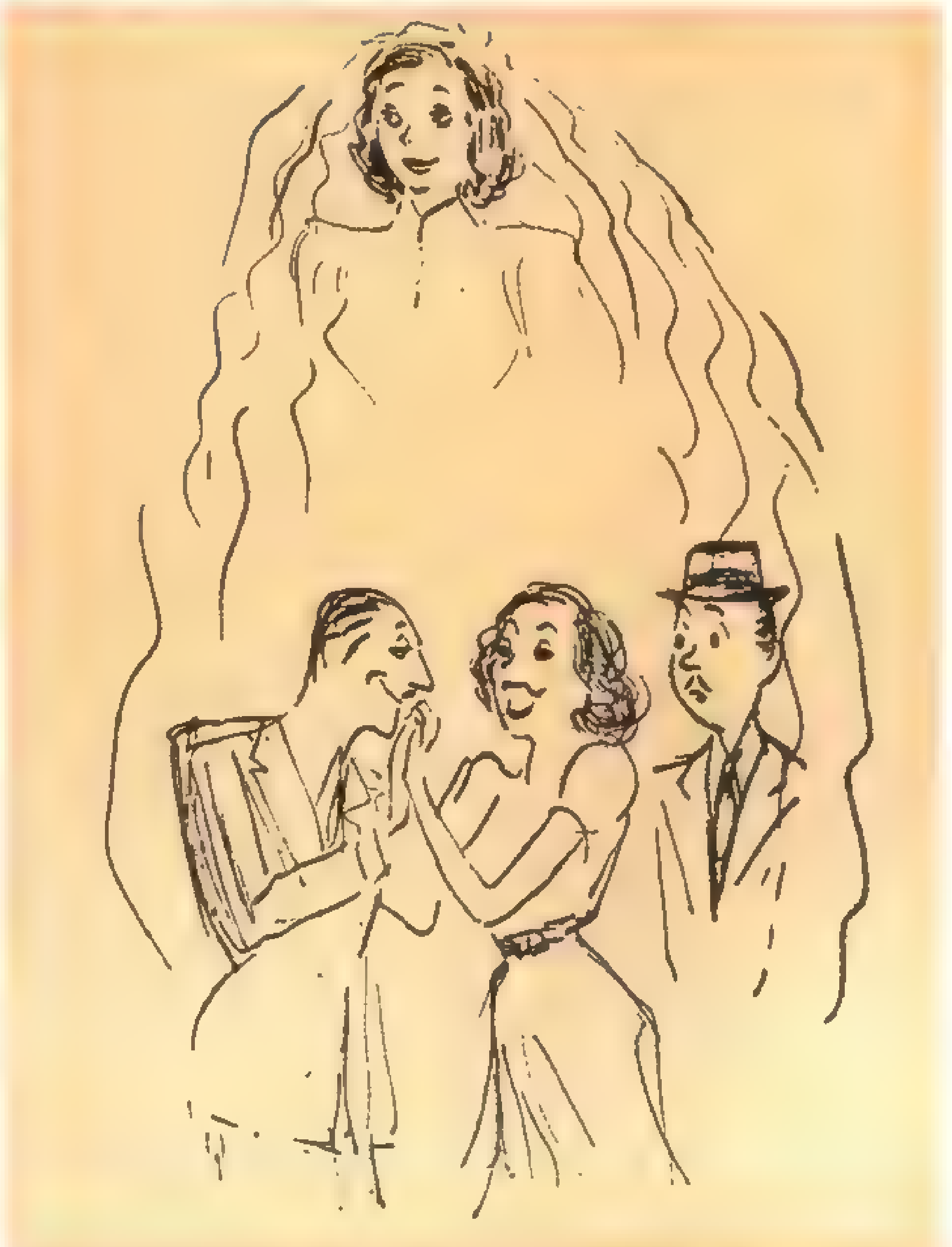
Mike married Janey because he loved to look at her. Her blessed serenity, he said. Her blessed serenity, what a sedative! During their engagement, tense and wound up, he would fly to this heavenly girl, and Janey would listen while he talked—more to himself than to her. With Janey, Mike could begin a story sure of never being interrupted by "Who is Donald Nelson?" or "When



The strangest part of marriage is
The woman's metamorphosis . . .



The bride who seemed demure and placid
Turns out to have a tongue of acid . .



The gal whose character was spotless
Begins to stay at home a lot less . .

were you in St. Louis?" Her knowing so little about what was going on in the world didn't bother him. There were plenty of people who did.

On the honeymoon it began—Janey's self-imposed course in Adult Education. She took to reading the newspapers and firing numerous unrelated questions at Mike.

"Why is that man Murray feuding with the bushy eye-browed man?" and "What *are* confiscatory taxes?"

The minute they were "at home" Janey registered for an eight o'clock extension course at the University, walking both ways to save tires on determined low heels. In six weeks she wasn't asking; she was telling. Mrs. Janey's opinions were factual to be sure, but the facts she tossed together had slight bearing one upon the other. Moreover, she looked so serious and frowned so much in marshalling them in support of her underdone theories that her listeners—his hand-picked dinner guests—were reduced to courteous embarrassed silence.

Mike was touched by Janey's efforts to approximate certain well-known women commentators, until she lost that lovely unfurrowed brow. And until she didn't listen any more.

Someone else did, eventually. She had ash blonde curls and reminded Mike of someone he used to know. Of Janey, in fact, until she got so damned informed.

Jersey Bounce to Rockabye Baby

If anyone had ever accused Gus of being gregarious, he would have resented it and declared he had never had a fight in his life. Gus played the trombone at the Casa Manana and was crazy about Fanya because she was tops with the boys. She knew all the latest dance steps and invented new ones which found their way into the routine of the Manana's current professional team.

Gus told everyone he never thought he'd find a girl who, when he turned up late with two pals—all of them nice and high—and to hell with the plans for the evening—"when do you find a girl," Gus asked, "who, when it breaks like that, not only takes it but loves it? Any friend of mine," Gus bragged, "will be a friend of Fan's, that's how it is and that's how it will be."

Fanya, after the rabbi had pronounced them man and wife, made it all too clear she would not have friends, any friends—old or new around. Friends ran up telephone bills; friends ate and drank too much; friends had a way of out-fumbling Gus for the check.

"Those wolves," Fan said. And threw every ounce of her five feet two into holding them at bay.

After the twins came, Gus left the band. His father-in-law took him into his music store. Gus lets the boys have sheet music and transcriptions at cost. Fan doesn't know this.

Colonel Thelma

George came from Back Bay but had always wanted to draw. When Thelma, who painted in the manner of Diego Rivera, crossed his path, he felt justified, completed. Thelma was unburdened by any of the conventions of life and few of the amenities. She said what she thought and there was nothing undernourished about her mental processes. And at her parties no one knew anyone and everyone sat on the floor. Thelma favored George with her entire attention or ignored him completely. He knew he could take her or leave her. He took her.

At Thelma's eventual and very correct at homes, there were plenty of chairs and everyone knew everyone.

Came the Women's Air Auxiliary and in nothing flat Thelma was a colonel. George breathed a sigh of relief when she went off to camp leaving him to himself with his flat feet and his sketch book.

Helpmeet onto Merry-go-round

Karl's mother had devoted her whole life to Karl. Chaperoned his every mouthful and reversed his cuffs even before the first sign of any fray. So when Karl, on his own for the first time in his life, found Hilda, she reminded him of his mother and he asked her to marry him. When Hilda thought it more sensible to wait until they had some money saved, Karl began to depend upon her judgment even as Mama's.

Karl was bewildered at the change marriage made in Hilda's budgeting habits. She blew four furniture installments on a silver fox chubby. She nagged him into signing up for a series of conga lessons. She insisted they weren't seeing enough people and produced friends who made his hair stand on end.

Karl's emotional chart for the next few weeks looked like the Russian advances. But the strange new life into which Hilda's matronly caprices catapulted him was the making of him. He could now meet situations and influence them.

Eventually Karl divorced Hilda and married a strong-minded girl whom he completely dominated.

The Good Ship "WE"

Rolf fell in love with Diane at first sight of the slim strong creature handling a spinnaker in a quartering wind. A sailor himself since the age of six, Rolf was convinced that with such a first mate, he was guaranteed a long straight matrimonial course.

The honeymoon on Rolf's internationally known ocean racing yawl was glorious. Like a Viking daughter, Diane seemed part of the ship. Ashore, she immediately turned on the most incredible propaganda.

"Our sailor's snug harbor," she mused in her salty contralto, running a mauve duster dreamily over the big brass ship's compass on the mantle-piece, "how strange to be putting down roots. No more playmates of the wind."

"Why not?" Rolf asked. (He still doesn't know.) "Unless, of course you're tired of sailing."

"Oh no," breathed Diane, "how could WE be!"

Rolf thought that surely after the children came . . . and Diane did concede a catboat for the boys. "Your father and I adored sailing," she told them, "how we hated selling *Glad Tidings*."

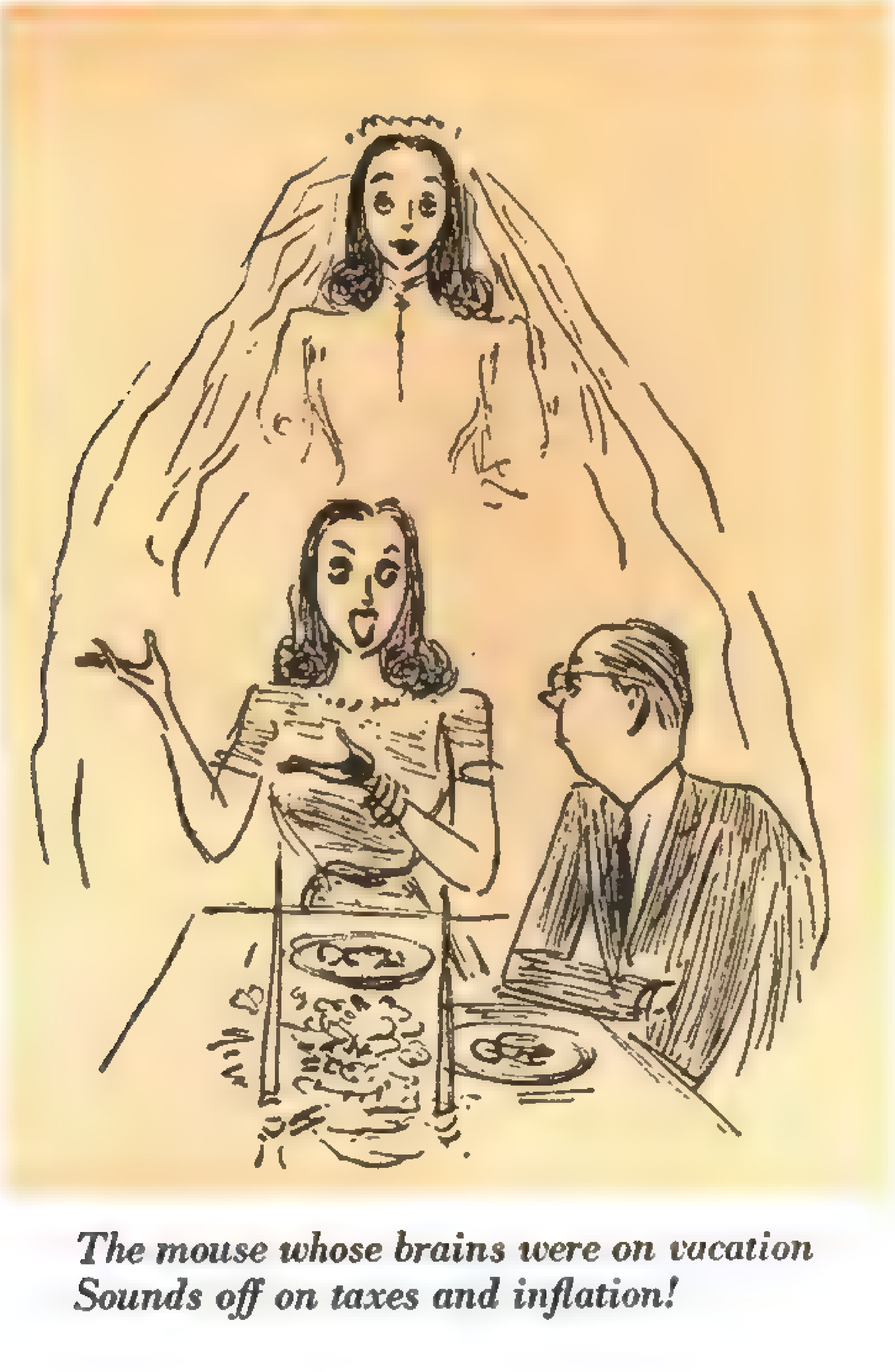
Rolf named the catboat WE.

* * *

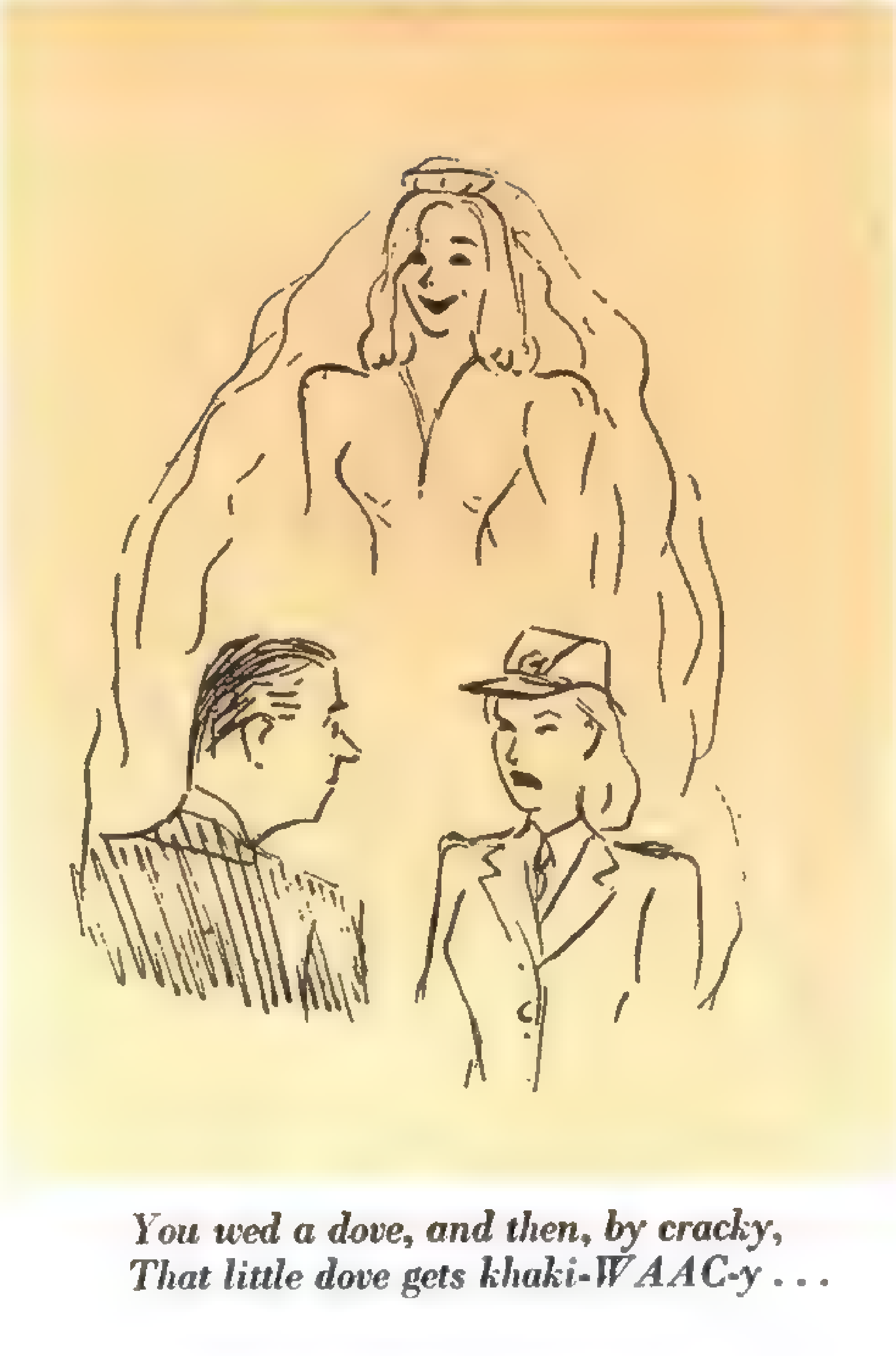
It's all pretty perplexing.

Because if SHE changes, you have to change. And then where are you?

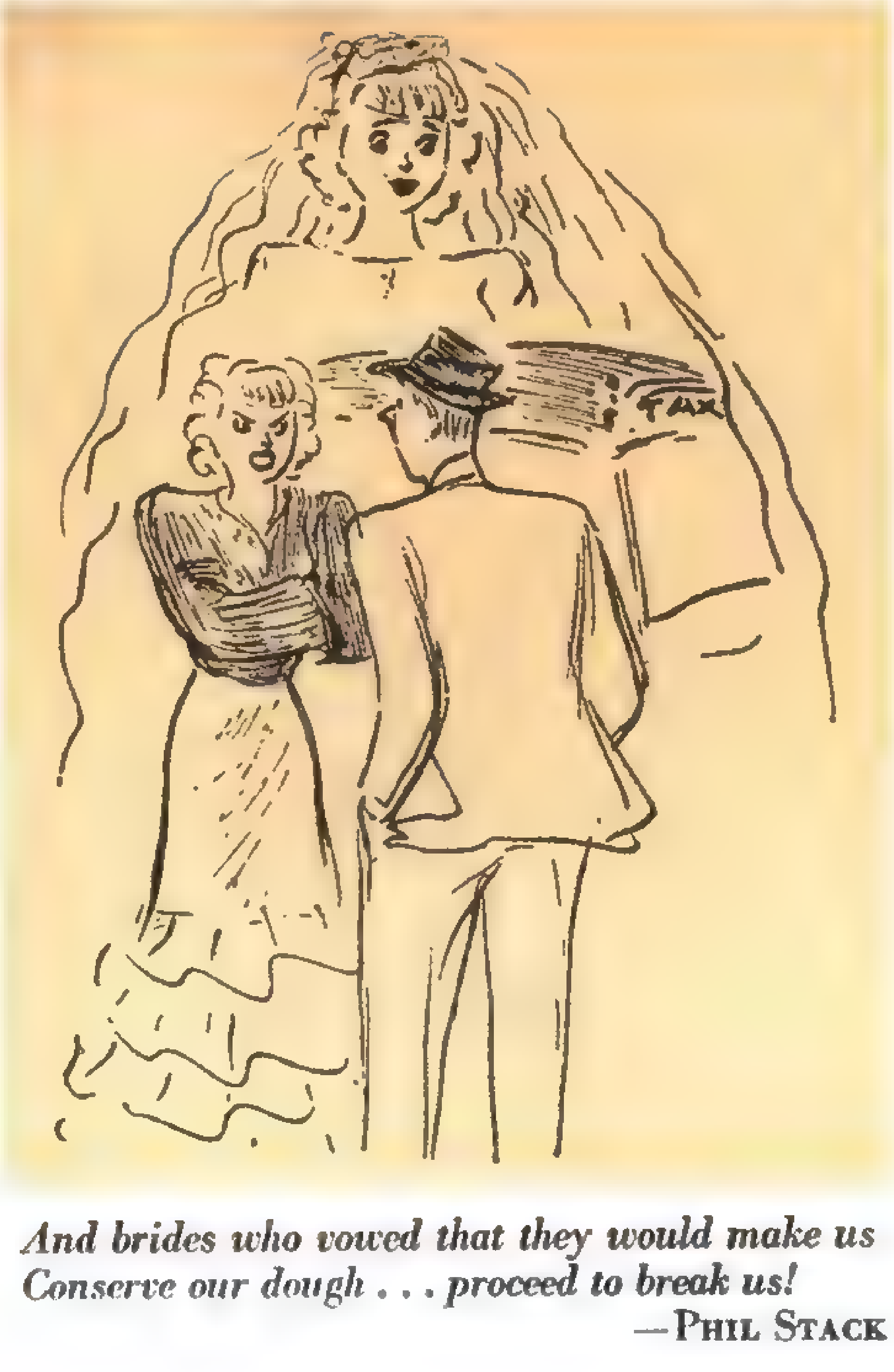
No, our wives must go on being the same people we picked out. Bachelors (temporary or otherwise) must unite, like consumers in demanding that the goods delivered to them at the altar conform to the picture on the package. Men must end, for all time, that so-familiar grouse heard wherever there are bars or cracker barrels, "She's not the girl I married." #



The mouse whose brains were on vacation
Sounds off on taxes and inflation!



You wed a dove, and then, by cracky,
That little dove gets khaki-WAAC-y . . .



And brides who vowed that they would make us
Conserve our dough . . . proceed to break us!

—Phil Stack

Celestial Touchdowns

Grid stars have a long lead in the valor and co-ordination needed to win the vitally important air game

by AVIATION CADET TOM HARMON

• SPORTS •

WAITING in the cockpit, your airscrews throwing long vibrating shadows, you kick the rudder impatiently from side to side. You are anxious to go. You feel in a hurry. That's the way you feel once you've slipped on your helmet which covers all your face except your eyes and nose. Inside the helmet are earphones and a white aluminum disk into which you can talk like a microphone. With these instruments we can communicate with one another, and in this way the squadron leader gives his orders when in formation. Also pilots can warn their mates when they see an enemy on their tail.

Where are all the others? What are they waiting for? You glance down at your controls; you feel over the various cocks, check the cylinder-head temperatures, the hydraulic brake pressures on the many instruments on the panel. Then you push open the throttle; the noise rises until it packs the little compartment densely, drowning out the scream of the hydraulic gear. Then you begin to move, slowly at first; and then faster. With a gush you shoot away, following one another closely on the take-off; then forming in an echelon of V's. We climb in a wide spiral. Soon, to the watchers on the ground, we are only small dark flecks like finger nail clippings in the sky.

The air is clear today. But you do not appreciate that—the clean sky all around you and the bright sun. Your plane is bright and shiny. It is your companion, your pal. You are partners with it; one must not fail the other. You pat the controls gently, talking as if to an animate thing, a pet: "Good boy! Good boy!"

All the boys make friends of their planes, admiring them for their power, maneuverability, and wickedness. You become interested in the technique of the game, more than anything else. You find safety for your thoughts in the complex mechanism.

Around you are the others—the symmetrical formation. Now maneuvers! There is sweat and vehemence in the very nature of your maneuvers. I admit it is kind of beautiful . . . sport—except for the job, the mission, the work. The roar of the wonderful motors gives you a feeling of security. Its shimmering vibrations seem to coat the plane with scales of metal, like a coat of mail, interwoven mesh of metallic chips protecting you. The noise itself somehow seems solid. You feel safe in this steel cylinder. There is this close relation between the pilot and his plane. It would fight for him, he feels—personally, as a friend. There is teamwork between the two. There is mysticism in the relation between the pilot and his plane. This relationship is accented and augmented in the tough moments.

You do not feel afraid up there because of this comradeship with your plane. You feel safe in this superb machine, and in your own practiced competence. You learn how to be both daring and cautious and controlled; for the game is not only to get the other fellow, but also to bring back your plane, your great mechanical friend. It is good, best, to think only on the surface—the technology of the business.

Dimly you can see 11,000 feet below tiny dots of towns and quilted fields. There is a blur between you and the earth—like glasses that don't fit. But you do not think much about down there; you think about your own technique, the tricks of the trade. Combat in the air can never become old, second-rate, commonplace. Maybe your mouth feels dry, and you keep wetting your lips with your tongue.

But you don't worry, much; or feel afraid. You've got to feel that nothing can hurt you in the air; nothing can happen to you up there. You've got to believe that. You've got to trust. It has to become fixed in your mind, that thought, like a compulsion neurosis. You really feel that way up there—safe, at home. You don't really believe any enemy is good enough to tag you—even by accident or luck.

In the air your thoughts are not much on yourself; they are on the others, and the tricks of maneuver and combat. Your only anxiety is this feeling of hurry. You feel a sort of sheen in your accomplishment. You feel a satisfaction that you are accomplishing something, doing something worth doing, good work. That's the pay-off. That's what counts. That's your satisfaction.

A man is what he does, and nobody, nobody—and that takes them all in clear up to Roosevelt and Churchill—is doing any more for civilization and humanity than our flyers. That is something you carry along with you up there, in the sky; you have to.

It is not all clear sailing, however. There are days of clouds, like flying through a dirty mattress. And at times you break through above the clouds, and they lie below you like an arctic waste . . . mile after mile, a ruffled, snow plateau. Again we are up at night; there is a lot of flying to be done at night now—navigating by the instruments. Up there all is cool, aloof, peaceful, and the war and crowds of men seem far away, almost forgotten. Wisps of damp clouds whisk by the speeding plane like streamers of dirty lace. You feel aloneness at night, more than any other time. You feel separated from all you have known. Up there at night, it is a small war in the vast universe of eternity.

The new planes are about three times as fast as the old World War crates, which means that contacts in the air now are very much briefer, with the result that a flyer seldom gets a second chance at his man. Nevertheless it is the same dog-fight effect—although maneuvering and fighting at three times the

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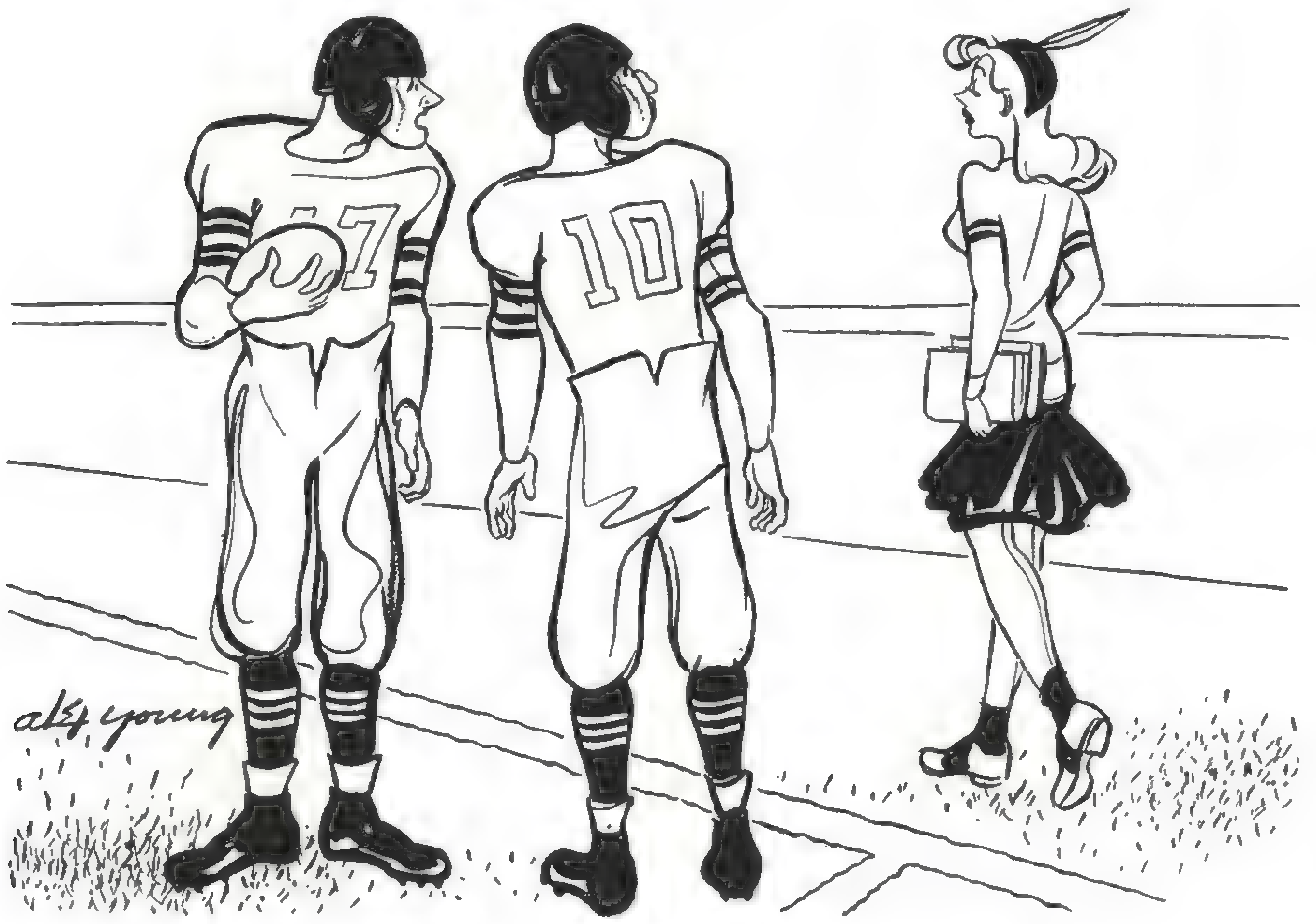
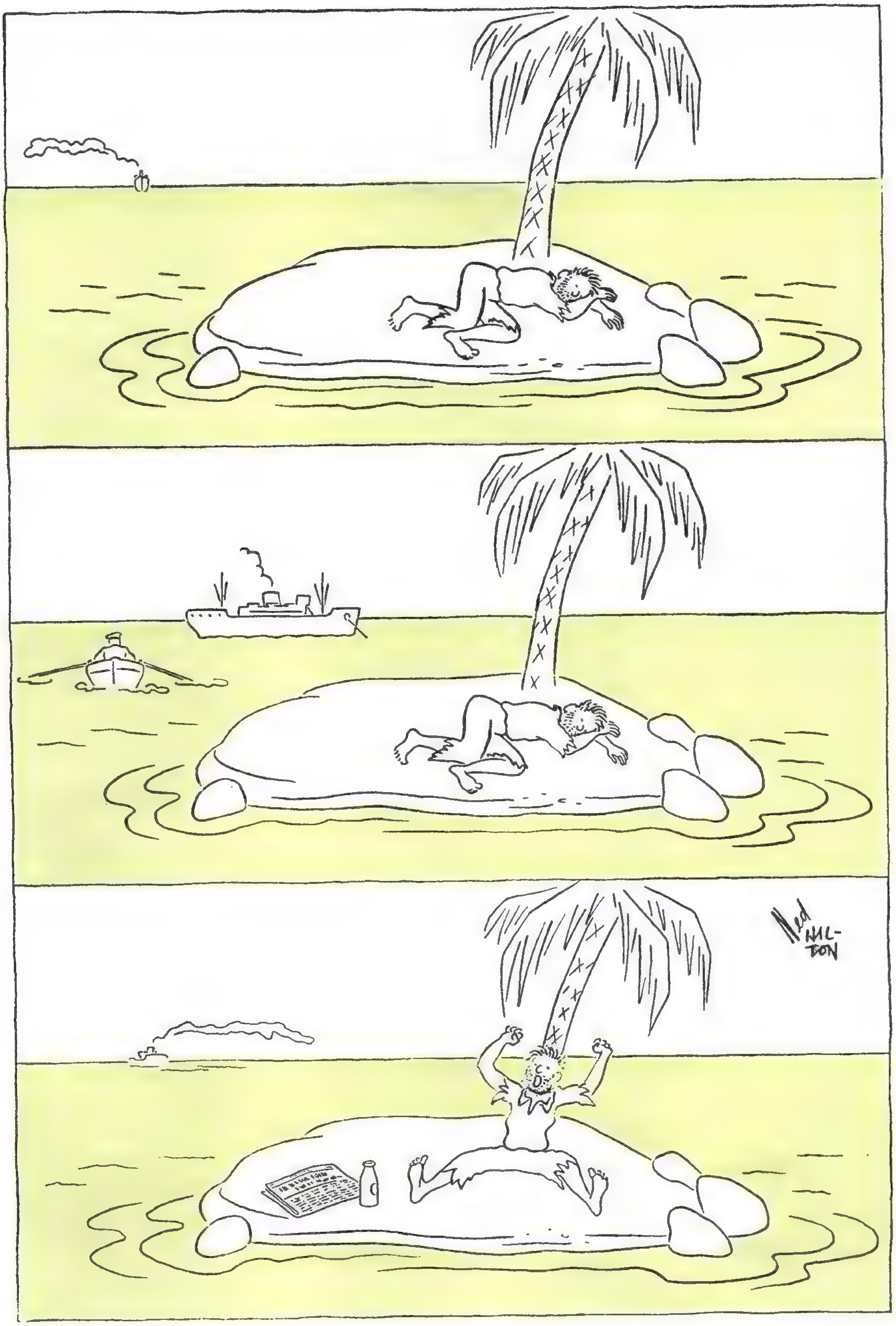


"If I could block like she can I'd be All-American!"


Ned Hilton

Are Women Jurors?

Considering, at one fell swoop, two of those three famous uncertainties of life: a woman, a jury and a mule

by WM. SCOTT STEWART

• ARTICLE •

When the police arrived, they found that Beulah Annan had been playing the same record on the phonograph for hours, as she sat looking at the dead body of her lover, lying at her feet. Later, at her front-page murder trial, she dramatically told her story. Both she and the married man who planned to walk out on her had, she said, reached for the gun at the same time. Beulah Annan, called by the newspapers "our most beautiful killer," was acquitted by her male jury.

A similar triangle trial before a jury composed of twelve men was that of another redhead, a poor little single girl whose clothes were anything but dazzling, whose beauty appeal was nil. She had shot and killed, *with his own gun*, the man, proved to be a true stinker, who was going to break all his promises and leave her with her illegitimate child still unborn. When arrested she acted like a trapped animal, refused to *tell* her story, let alone dramatize it. The twelve men, good and true, convicted her.

If those juries had been composed of women would the verdicts have been exactly opposite? Would women have seen past Beulah Annan's dazzling redheaded beauty and her expert play-acting to the sordid disgrace of the clandestine affair, or would they too have condemned the man who gave his life in exchange for breaking up his home? Would women, in the absence of any show, have understood the other girl's predicament better than the mere males?

My wife, who knows a great deal more about women than I, insists that women would have reacted exactly opposite to the men in these two cases, but I confess that after more than thirty years in court on both sides of the counsel table—three of them spent addressing *ladies* and gentlemen of the jury—the one thing I'm sure about when it comes to jurors is that you "never can be sure." That goes double for women jurors, for no matter how you figure and plan, add and subtract, no one woman is ever exactly like the next woman in her jury-box reactions . . . and no one woman's jury-boxing this week can be expected to be the same as her jury-box reaction last week.

Part of the reason for that may be that women don't care much for abstract theories and, as jurors, are concerned only with the case at hand—not with far-flung social problems, not with justice as a word to be inscribed over doorways, but merely with whether or not what this defendent did is so bad, after all, and whether it's going to do anybody any good to punish him. Some people might call that emotional. I like to call it sense. But no matter how you slice it, it makes the women-jurors a tough problem.

From experience I'd say that women on juries are actually *less* swayed by emotion than men on the same juries—especially if the attempt to play on emotions is an obvious one. Women seem to have a knack of seeing through sham, particularly the lawyer variety. When women were first okayed for jury service in Illinois, lawyers seemed to be pressing their pants and waving the flag more often, making grandstand plays for feminine approval.

FROM
PVT.
TO
MR & MRS
alex young

"Jokingly I said to son, 'Send me back a Jap!'"

Some of them still haven't caught on to the fact that a woman in a jury box is suspicious of high-sounding oratory and Apollo-like strutting. The same woman who goes to a movie and sighs over a screen mugger will immediately dislike and distrust a foppish lawyer who plays up to her in court as a woman. Maybe it's because she's read too many novels and seen too many crooked-lawyer movies, but she gets suspicious the minute she steps into the jury box. The rub is that where a man might discount the ravings and rantings of the lawyers and try to put the case together for himself, a woman is apt to decide that if the lawyer has to put on that kind of show he can't have much of a case. From there on in, as likely as not, her mind's made up. Perhaps she lets personalities enter into her judgment too much because of this, but who's to say she's wrong?

From the lawyer's point of view—and, more particularly, from the prosecutor's—women jurors are a problem because you can't tell a good one from a bad one. The prosecutor stands to lose most by taking a lemon, of course, for he has to have *all twelve* jurors agree with him to win. Just one rooter for the defendant ruins his verdict. When he's examining prospective men jurors, he can get a fairly good line on the type of man he's accepting by the answers to his questions. You find out a man's business, his environment, his station in life and his past record, and your sense of human nature may tell you what you're getting. But when a lawyer questions a woman, he's stuck. "Occupation?" "Housewife." And that's the end. You can't quiz her on her morals, on her friends, on her pet likes and dislikes, and even if you could, her answers wouldn't be worth anything. Most of the time even a woman's closest relatives and friends don't know what's going on in her mind, if anything, so a perfunctory examination in a courtroom isn't going to do any lawyer much good. Because he can't ask searching personal questions without the risk of offense, the prosecutor is always likely to accept a juror with a bias or prejudice against his side of the case, or one who associates with the wrong sort of people or entertains notions not in accord with his own viewpoint. Women are controlled in their thinking and their actions so much by their personal experiences, and their current problems, that you take a gamble every time you accept a

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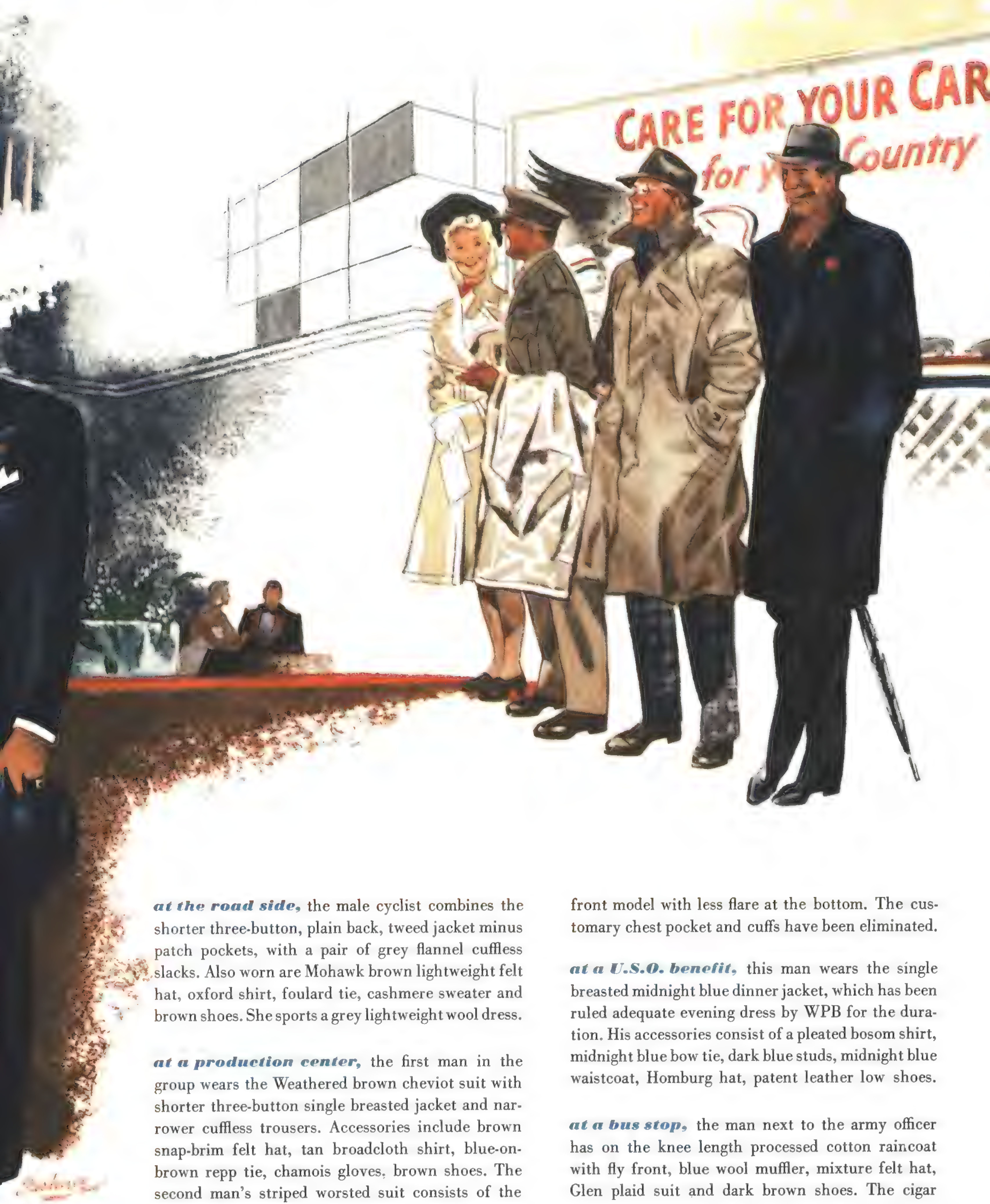
Keyed to W
US

PB by Esquire



at the road side, the male cyclist combines the shorter three-button, plain back, tweed jacket minus patch pockets, with a pair of grey flannel cuffless slacks. Also worn are Mohawk brown lightweight felt hat, oxford shirt, foulard tie, cashmere sweater and brown shoes. She sports a grey lightweight wool dress.

at a production center, the first man in the group wears the Weathered brown cheviot suit with shorter three-button single breasted jacket and narrower cuffless trousers. Accessories include brown snap-brim felt hat, tan broadcloth shirt, blue-on-brown repp tie, chamois gloves, brown shoes. The second man's striped worsted suit consists of the shorter double breasted jacket and cuffless trousers. Also worn are the dark blue Homburg hat, white shirt with attached collar, checked tie and black shoes. The third man's topcoat is the shorter wool fly-front model with less flare at the bottom. The customary chest pocket and cuffs have been eliminated.

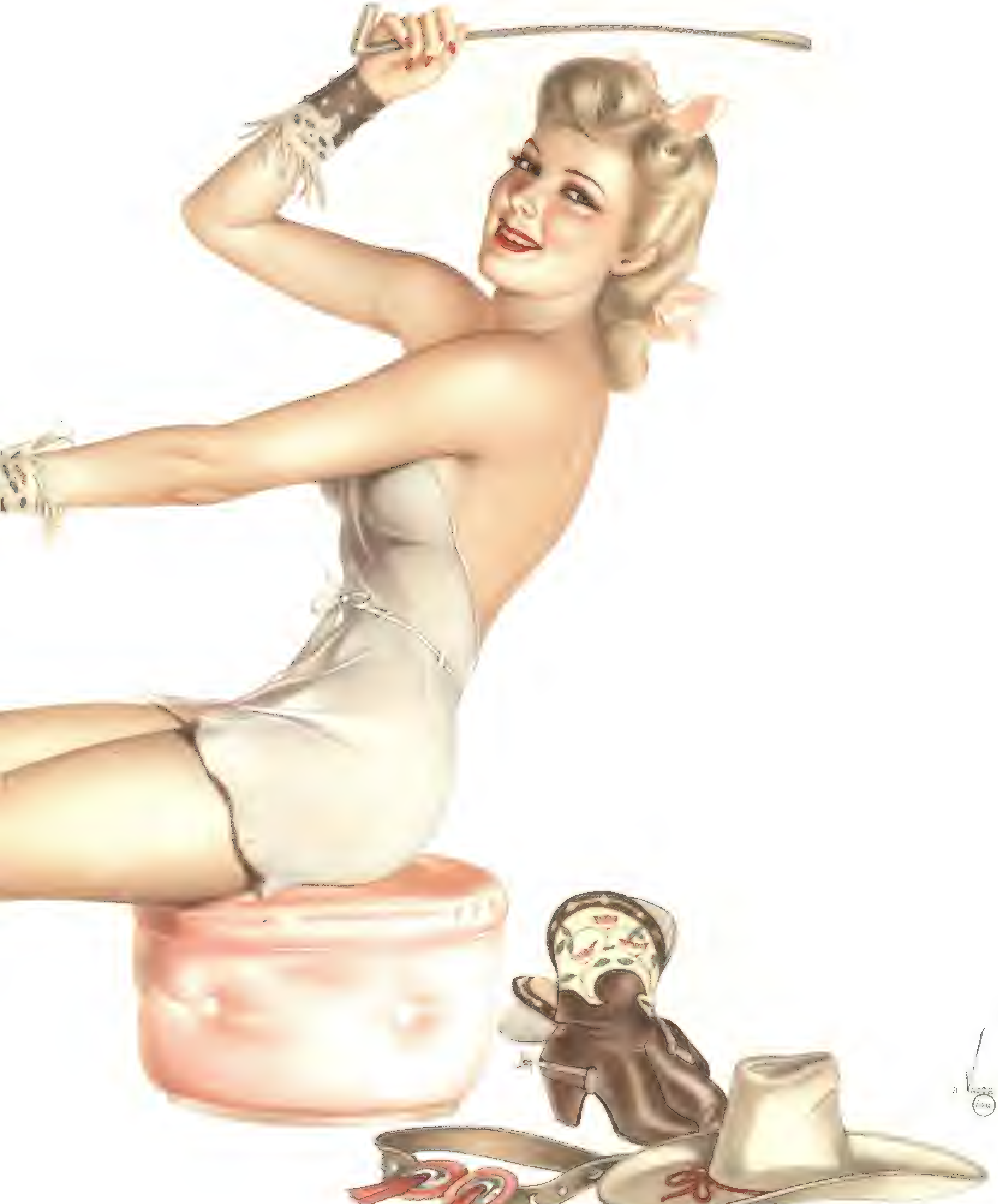
at a U.S.O. benefit, this man wears the single breasted midnight blue dinner jacket, which has been ruled adequate evening dress by WPB for the duration. His accessories consist of a pleated bosom shirt, midnight blue bow tie, dark blue studs, midnight blue waistcoat, Homburg hat, patent leather low shoes.

at a bus stop, the man next to the army officer has on the knee length processed cotton raincoat with fly front, blue wool muffler, mixture felt hat, Glen plaid suit and dark brown shoes. The cigar smoker is wearing the new dark blue double breasted overcoat of shorter length with narrow cross-wise spacing between buttons, striped blue suit, silk and rayon muffler, turned-up-brim hat, black shoes.

BEAUTS AND SADDLES

Here's a pretty Prairie Blossom
And she isn't playing possum
But you'll find her in there "punchin'" in a jam,
For her cowboy, tall and lanky,
Is a patriotic Yankee
And he's roundin' up some rogues for Uncle Sam;
So this little cactus cutie
Will be proud to do her duty
And she'll wear his pants until he wins the war . . .
Then with hearts in sweet communion
They will stage a western union
And I bet she wears the pants forevermore!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK


a Varga
Esq

It Ain't Misterarily So!

This North American gal who also knows her Latins from a brief encounter (and likes them) berates *Mistera Goes South*

ANONYMOUS

▪ARTICLE▪

A FEW months ago a boil appeared on the fair complexion of the Good Neighbor Policy. It was an anonymous article in the June issue of Esquire, called *Mistera Goes South*.

That article was as impartial as a Hitlerian plebiscite. Its theme was that North American girls who travel in Latin America are beautiful but distracting good neighbors. That Latin men, accustomed to shy, dumpy, man-ruled Latin women, are blinded by the glamorous self-willed North American, and after a few clumsy passes retire in confusion. Latin men think a great many things about North American girls, the anonymous author stated, confusion arising when they find they cannot put them into practice.

There are undoubtedly one hundred Esquire readers below the Rio Grande mad enough to dissect Miss Anonymous, June Issue, and drape her entrails from the nearest banyan tree. But I think it fitting that I, another North American girl, should answer her, proving that someone with the same handicaps—too short a visit, too little knowledge of the language, too North American a point of view—does not come to the same devastating conclusion. It is obvious that a long stay in South America would have changed June Issue's opinion, but this implies that Latins, like roquefort cheese or Greek olives, are strange and disagreeable when first experienced. Liking Latins is not simply a matter of getting used to them. I met Latins hastily, and left quickly. I met none who were totally uncongenial. I liked them—right away.

I won't, as our southern neighbors are bound to do, accuse the author of "Mistera" of bad manners. Manners are a Latin grace. I also am North American and don't know truly good manners from a picket line. I won't even bother to point out that six weeks in Latin America, even for the most perceptive, is little enough time to come to any conclusions, especially about relations between men and women which are as changeable as a tiny cloud in a high wind, as delicate as the memory of an expensive perfume. For fear of having June Issue wrest my limbs from their sockets I will not add that she must have been born in a dust storm and weaned on a pickle.

To paraphrase Nietzsche: Every North American girl traveling in Latin Americas gets the Latin man she deserves. A wink is worth a pass, both in Rio and Keokuk. No matter what the latitude, earnestness and polysyllables attract men with horn-rimmed glasses and a purpose—if any. A sisterly manner makes brothers of the very men who ordinarily study female curves like a geologist with a topographical map. In short, whatever June Issue's experience, sacred or surly, the Latin men played with the cards she dealt them.

I do not believe the misunderstanding (when it exists) between the blue-eyed "emancipated" Norteamericana and the brown-eyed gentle-mannered Latin American springs from the fact that Latin men are accustomed to less "emancipated" Latin women. If North American girls find themselves misinterpreted it's because Hollywood made the introductions. Thousands upon thousands of feet of celluloid are shipped south every year. Jostled in the rowdy bunch of Class C and B-minus pictures, a few fine movies yearly fight their way south. Very few, very few indeed. It is inevitable that from this moving picture invasion, Latin Americans get one clear and lively impression—Hollywood's graphic, colorful, sensuously concrete caricature of the North American girl.

Hollywood has sold Latin Americans three ideas: (the men, not the women, for you can't tell women anything about each other, ever.) That the North American girl is beautiful. That she drinks like a man. That her morals are as drifting as the first light snow but hardly as white.

When the three-dimensional Norteamericana finally blows in, she is of course less beautiful, less high-powered, and more virtuous, than her two-dimensional portrait. She has saved her money for a year so her clothes are new, her confidence bolstered, and her cosmetics complicated. Besides she is playing a six-weeks billing, and with nothing on her mind but her hair and no plans but pleasure, she can do a brilliant sprint as compared with the local girls' year-round marathon. But despite these advantages—which incidentally Latin American girls enjoy on a six-weeks' trip to New York—the North American girl is no Lana Turner. She will bulge in August if she bulged in December.

And she is less high-powered. Americans are the least cosmopolitan of all people when caught in somebody else's country. We lack self-confidence. We know fewer foreign languages than anyone else and pronounce them worse. We are less adjustable to strange climates, strange social customs, and particularly, to strange food. The unbeatable brass, the rip-roaring self-assurance which is such a loveable (and irritating) Yankee quality, too often dissolves into confusion on foreign soil.

As to the liquor question. I polished many a bar rail below the Rio Grande, doffed everything from tequila to champagne, and I found men's attitude toward women's drinking exactly what it is in the States—bluntly, "Give 'em as much as they'll take." When a woman smiles prettily and says "Yes, thank you," I do not call it being plied with liquor. Neither do I believe that North American girls traveling in Latin America—or North American girls anywhere—can drink like men. Girls drink like girls and when they

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Frank BEAVEN.

"Very good, McChesney—better pull out of it now!"

I Pick a Candidate

John Dope makes an honest attempt to look into all of the 137 names that appear on his primary ballot

by HART STILWELL

ARTICLE

"THIS man Spigglefoot would make a first-rate governor," I said to my wife. "I think I'll vote for him."

"I would never vote for a man named Spigglefoot," she replied. "Imagine, 'Governor Spigglefoot'—why it's worse than Governor Hogg."

"Well, Governor Hogg was one of the finest governors Texas ever had. And you ought not vote that way, Baby. Voting against a man just because of his name is downright childish."

"Oh, it is? Well, what makes you think this Spigglefoot is so good?"

"Judge Anderson told me he was the class of the field."

"And how does Judge Anderson know?"

"He keeps up with public affairs; that's how. He's studied this out."

"I don't believe it. I don't think he's that bright. Why just the other night when I jumped to three hearts over his one spade he passed and left me there short . . ."

"Now, Dear, bridge has nothing to do with the question. Judge Anderson makes a business . . ."

"That's just it. He makes a business of politics."

"Well, somebody has to."

"And I'm not in the business of politics. I'm going to keep right on voting like I have been—as long as they run things the way they do."

"Well, I won't argue with you," I said. "But I wouldn't go around telling people that you pick the candidates who are named Terrell, and Culbertson, and Sheppard, and Mayfield. . . ."

"Not Mayfield," she cut in. "One of them was a Ku Kluxer."

"Well, anyway you pick out the nice sounding names, and who could think of a sillier way of voting?"

"You could."

"Don't exasperate me."

"You just vote for the people some old ward heeler tells you are good men. How about the time you scratched all the names on the whole ballot except one? That's what I call silly voting."

"Well, I won't vote for somebody just because of the name. I've got to know something about him. And how about the time there was a man named Houston and one named Austin both running for governor and you wouldn't scratch either name so they threw out your ballot. How's that for silly voting?"

"Ah, what a shame," she said dreamily, "there are no Houstons or Austins on the ballot this year, and we ought to have some every year—keep the names of the fathers of Texas alive."

"You vote for a man named Austin and he might be a barber."

"What's wrong in voting for a barber?"

"He just isn't qualified to be governor."

"No? Well, maybe he is. We've had farmers and hog raisers and flour salesmen and lots of two-bit lawyers. After all, a barber has time to listen to people and he picks up a lot that way."

"There's no use arguing with you."

"Anyway, I vote the way I want to. I'm independent. I don't vote for somebody just because Judge Anderson tells me to. Why don't you go and find out something about the candidates yourself, if you must know about them?"

"All right, I will."

"Fine, and I'll bet you see I'm right. You'll find the people with the good Texas names like Stevenson and Houston and Terrell and Sheppard will be the best men. That is, if you find out anything at all, which I doubt."

"You just wait."

One good look at that sample ballot and I began to regret my decision to find out about the 137 men whose names appeared thereon.

There were fourteen candidates for governor, seven for lieutenant governor, sixteen for attorney general, nine for land commissioner, eleven for treasurer, and so on down the list, including judges of the higher courts, state superintendent of public instruction, comptroller of the currency, etc., etc., and then a hatful of district and county officers.

How was I going to find out? Well, the first thing I did was to go to the newspaper in my home city and make diligent inquiry. There I was given a fair picture of the local situation and a little honest light on some other candidates.

I decided that the newspapers were my best source of information. I would simply write the editor of the newspaper in the home town of each candidate on the ballot—those newspaper boys knew a stuffed shirt when they saw one, and they could tell me about the men they knew personally. It sounded like a fine idea.

In the cities where there were two or more newspapers I decided to write all the editors, in order to get a balanced report on the candidates.

It was quite an undertaking. I had to hire a stenographer and lay out a budget for postage, including stamps on return envelopes. But I dug in with enthusiasm and had things moving quickly, which was necessary because the Democratic primary was only a few weeks away. In our state, where the people have not made up their minds yet that the Civil War is over, the Democratic party nomination amounts to election.

I went home and made a big chart, about two feet wide and four feet high. On this I wrote all the names on the ballot, and left room for reports on them. I had a little space marked off for favorable comments and a

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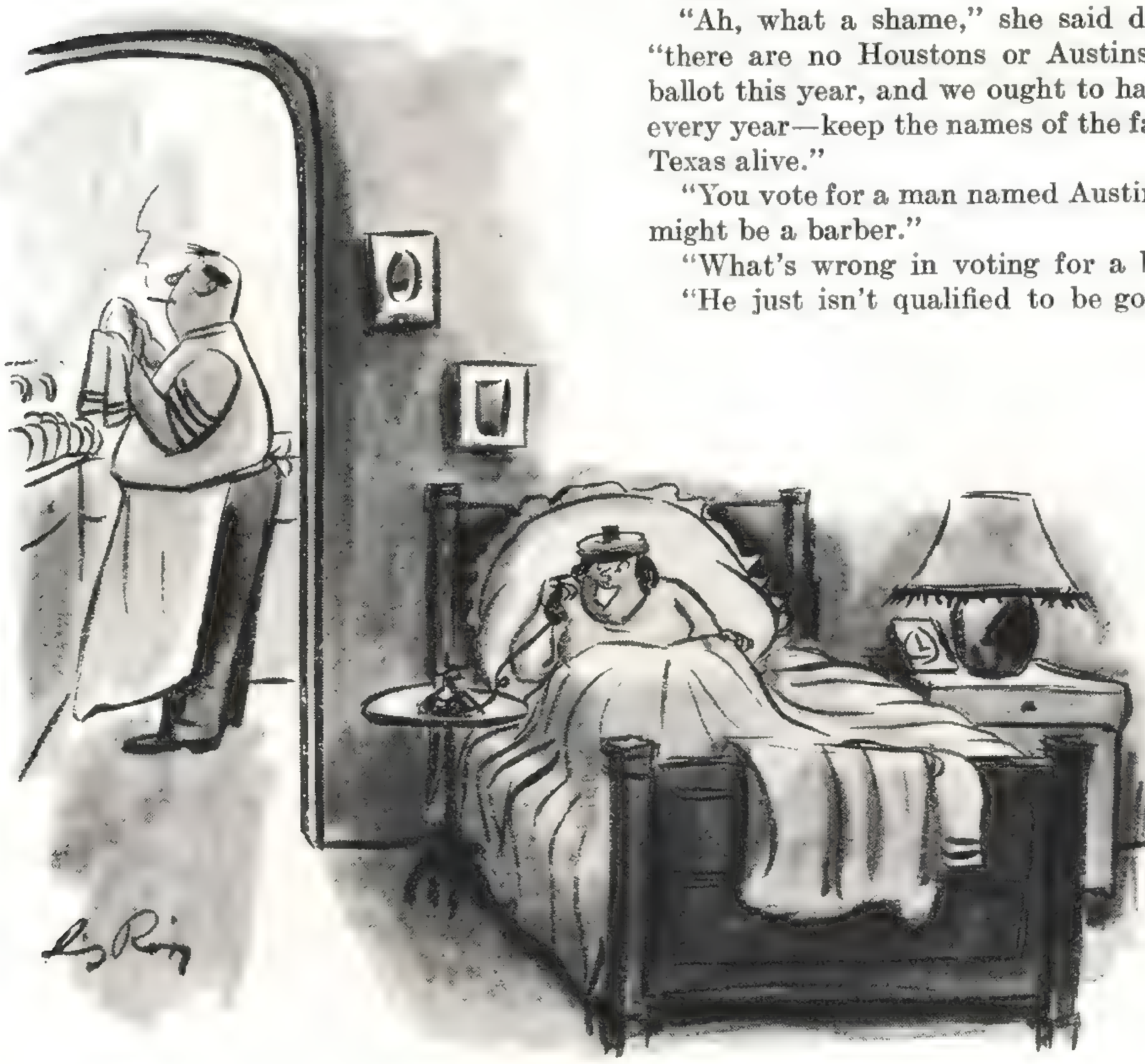
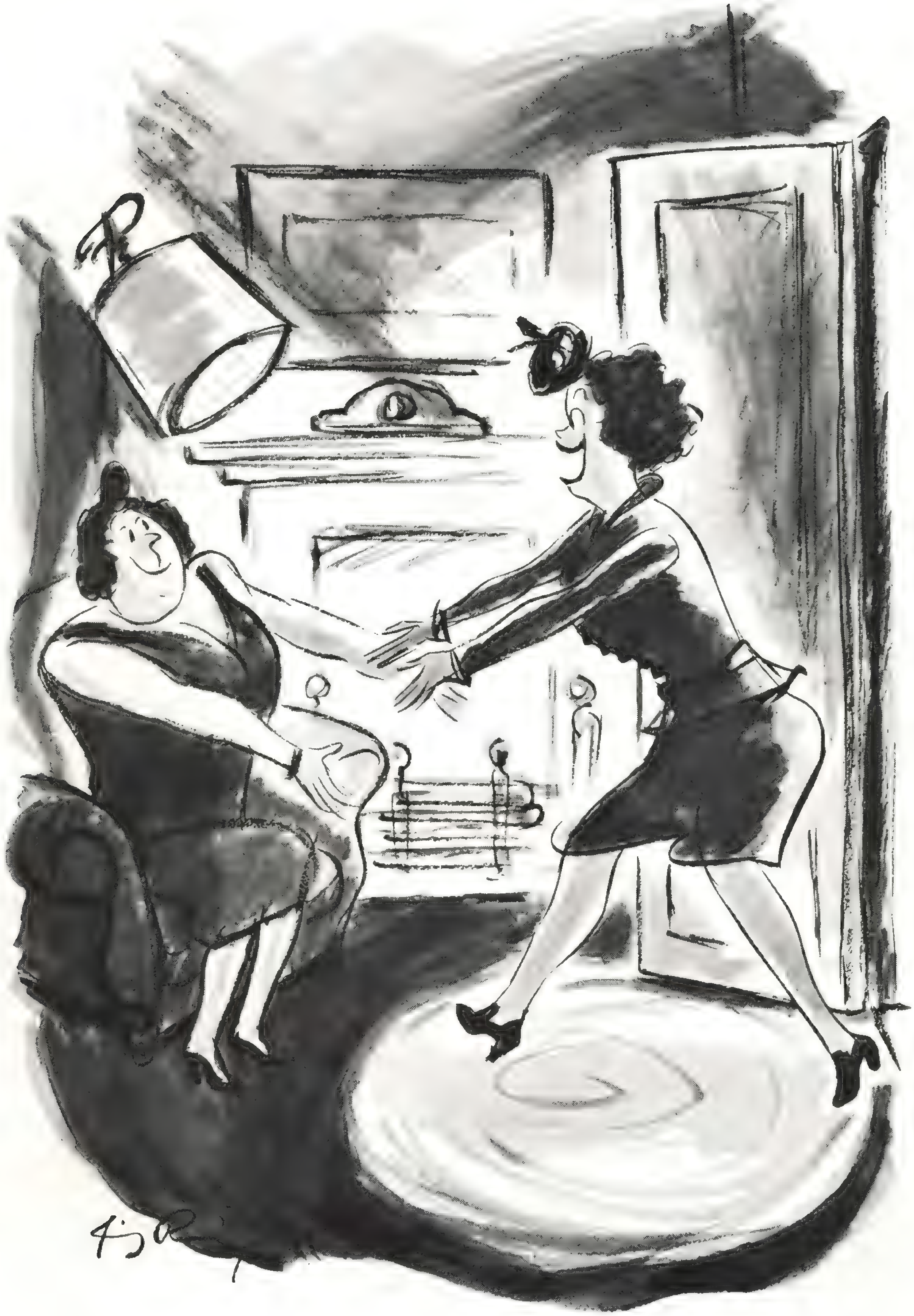


"Hello, Mabel! I've discovered a way to prevent dishpan hands"



"Mama, I hooked me a sailor!"

The Hangin of Willard Bellstrase

Who could ask for more than a brand new suit, a full May moon, a pretty girl, a lively crowd and a hangin?

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

I'll remember the Bellstrase Hangin to my dyin day. We've had our hangins! We've had the Sizemore Hangin, the Dimmer Hangin, Dillmore Hangin, Perkins Hangin and the Reeder Hangin. We never had a hangin that would come up to the Bellstrase Hangin in 1903. It was one of the best hangins this country has ever seen.

I was a boy in school then. We heard about Willard Bellstrase cuttin' old man Gullet's throat with a razor. It was with a big black handled razor he pulled on Pa once. "Willard, you're goin' to pull that razor once too often one of these days and you'll be worse off'n a chicken thief," Pa said. "You'll go to the gallows. You know there's a law here agin razors more than anything else. When you pull a razor it's a dangerous thing in Kentucky. The people won't stand for a razor."

Willard shut the razor and let Pa be. He tried the same thing on Blaze Gullet. Blaze couldn't hold his temper. You know the Gullets. He hit Willard around the temple with a ear of corn. Willard yanked his razor and cut Blaze Gullet's throat. He left 'im on the hill where they were gatherin corn till the next day. Folks at home thought Blaze was just galavantin around—maybe fox huntin. His boy found him dead the next day on the hill with frost all over his whiskers. His throat was slit from ear to ear. When John Keene and Amos Blair went over to see Willard about it he said, "Shore, I cut his throat. I cut it with a razor. What about it?"

"W'y we're goin to take you to the sheriff," John said.

"Take me with you," Willard said. "I want to go. Blowed out the lamp last night and there were devils just a-crawlin around my bed. Skeered me to death. I've been skeered all night. Take me any place."

Pa allus said Willard'd cut somebody's throat. It kindly tickled all of us when we heard about it. Tom, Big Aaron, Little Ed and Zulus—I wish you could a-heard 'em. "We'll get to leave school. We'll get to go home for the hangin. It'll be the biggest hangin we've had in many a day! We'll get to go home! We'll get to go home for the hangin!"

And they ran all over the school yard and hollered. It made me feel ashamed of myself and of the folks at home. I know a man that pulls a razor there or steals chickens can't last long. Too many trees around there and too many ropes. I felt sorry for poor old Bertha Bellstrase, there with seven little youngins. Just to think she married a man always pullin a razor! He packed it with 'im to cut somebody's throat. He packed round rocks in his pocket to throw at men in a fight. He could throw a rock harder and straighter than some men can shoot a rifle ball. I never could be nice to 'im atter he jumped on Pa that time over two little white oaks on the line fence.

"Eif, poor old Willard's had a hard time," Pa told me. "He's one of sixteen children. Used to fight like dogs and cats in the family. He was one of the oldest children. Had to dig and hoe around on these old poor hills and try to help keep grub for the rest. Used to work him all day hitched to a plow."

Pa used to tell me this over and over and he tried to make me like Willard's youngins. I used to chase around with 'em before I went off to school. Didn't care nary bit when I heard old Willard was going to hang by the neck. It tickled me for I thought he was gettin what was comin to 'im. I never said much to the kids around school since they were already makin plans to go to the hangin. All gettin new suits of clothes for the Bellstrase Hangin. "Boys try to look better than I do at the hangin'," I thought. "I'll show 'em who looks good and who don't."

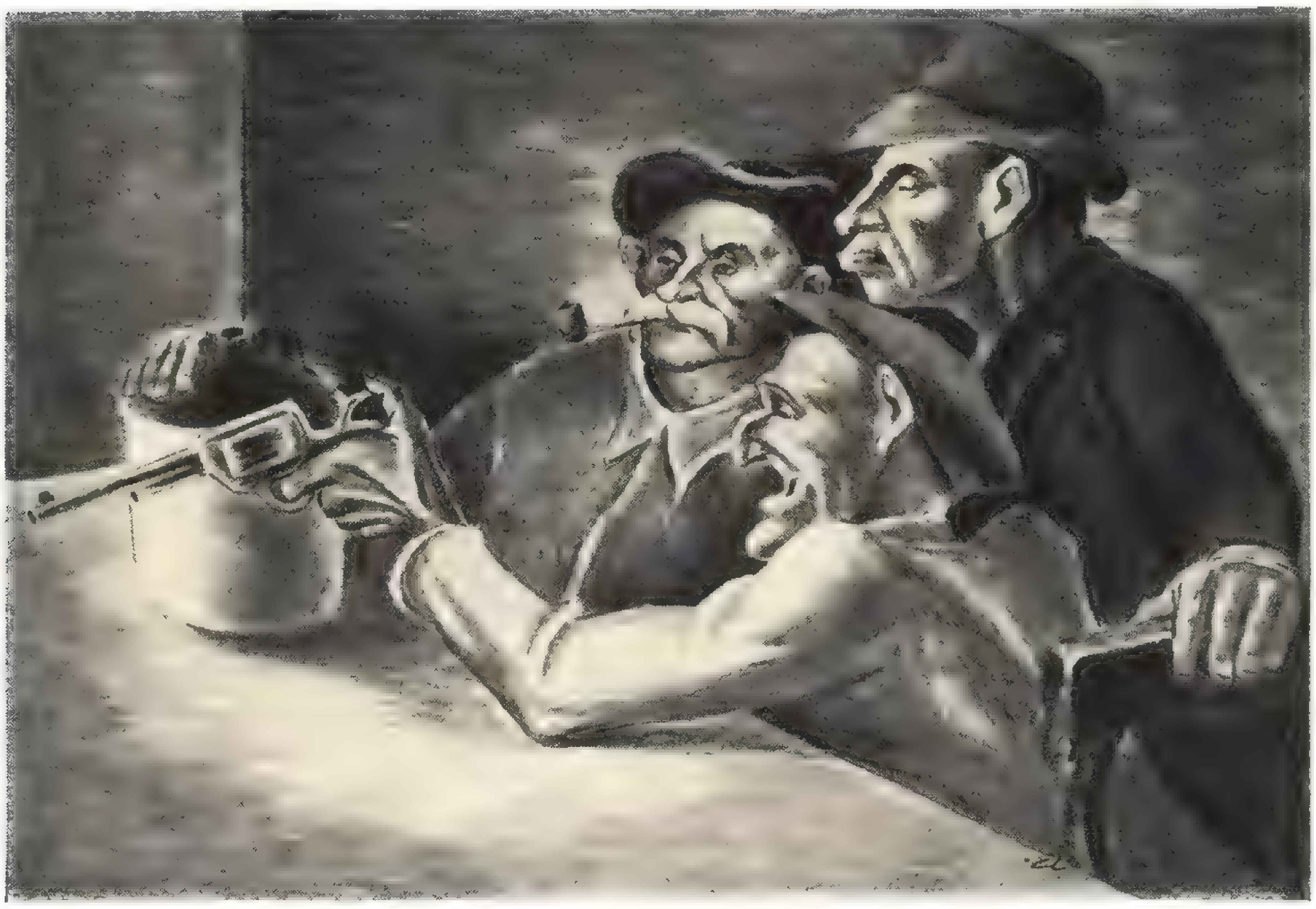
While they were gettin their new suits, I just went a step further. I got a pair of high-heeled button shoes and one of the finest hats there was in the store. My suit was powder-blue, double-breasted with peg-legs. I'll tell you when I got on my new shoes, suit and hat on, people around the school didn't know me. I just wanted to let 'em know that I hadn't been away to school for nothing. I wanted to let 'em know I had somethin on my body as well as somethin in my head. And when the excursion train got to Bear Branch at the Eight-Mile Station, I wanted the crowd gathered there goin to the hangin to see me. I intended to be one of the first to get on the train after I bought all my new clothes. I wanted to show some of the Burton boys at home who could dress and who couldn't. They could talk all they wanted about Pa trappin for muskrats, polecats, coons and minks and buyin my clothes. I just wanted to show 'em that I could come dressed better than anybody at home that ever come out to one of the hangins.

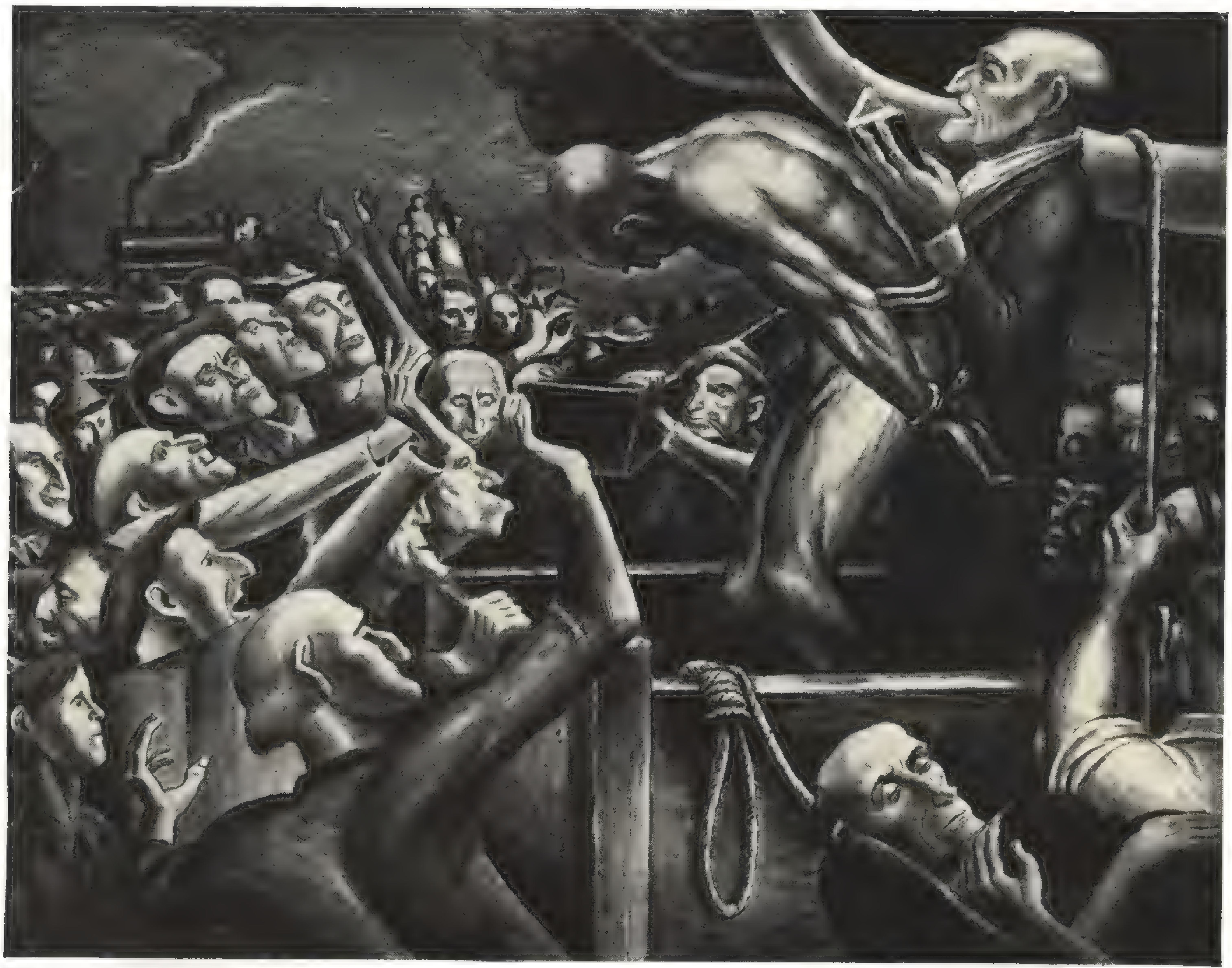
I'll never forget what Professor Brady Strickland said to us scholars, "The whole school is goin on the excursion to the hangin. I'm goin to dismiss school and go too. Durned if I stay here and teach an empty schoolroom."

Well everybody at school was gettin ready for the hangin. It was to be on Saturday at sunrise. You'd a thought sure as the world it was a baseball game. Just a-runnin wild to get the train that night. Lanterns and pine-torches all lit up. People came in from the hills all rigged-up to catch the train at White Rock and ride it to Bear Branch to the hangin. I never saw so many people in all my life.

"W'y the Old Line Special won't hold 'em all, will it?" some man said. "They've put on a couple of coaches and a couple of boxcars extra. Guess that'll hold 'em all right."

The crowd was just a-goin wild around the depot! Poor old Professor Brady Strickland was all dressed up and talkin to the girls. Professor Brady was not married. He was a bachelor, we'd heard. We'd heard he'd been married five times and all his women were in the West. He'd come out'n the West, to teach our school. People thought it was funny he'd





TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

come from the West to these forsaken hills to teach school for forty-eight dollars a month. A lot of the boys were wantin girls and a lot of 'em had 'em hangin on their arms.

"Wait till I get to Eight-Mile Station at Bear Branch," I said to Big Aaron. "I'll get the best lookin girl at the hangin. I'll have more than three counties to pick the girls from." And Big Aaron laughed at me. He thought I was funnin.

I was goin to show the folks at home I was somebody. I would see Pa and Ma and all the family there. They always come to the hangins. Big Aaron ran up and down the railroad tracks with me at White Rock. Where all that patch of ragweeds is along the railroad tracks, the people had that tramped flat as a board. All goin to Eight-Mile Station to the hangin! Just like a thousand wild geese right above your heads. All just a-goin on and a-hollerin and cryin till you couldn't hear your ears. Screamin louder than the train could whistle!

The moon came up over the railroad tracks and the ragweeds. It was time for love. I was without a girl for the first time in years. I told Big Aaron we'd better wait and get us a girl at the hangin. I was dressed to catch a girl too. Didn't know who she'd be and didn't care, just so she was good lookin.

The train came up the tracks, a-huffin, a-puffin and a-blowin, and it was about midnight. The train was loaded and the passengers were a-hollerin like a lost flock of wild geese. Passengers were wavin handkerchiefs—and the boys were standin on flat cars huggin the girls. A thousand wonders to me some didn't fall off and break their crazy necks the way that train came rockin around the curves. When it pulled up, we loaded on. Some of the boys were drunk as all get-out and had their pistols out. Their sweethearts were hangin on to their arms tryin to get 'em to put their pistols in their pockets—a-cryin and a-beggin to em! Men were tryin to fight on the train.

Professor Brady got on the train. He loaded on with the crowd. He was surrounded with a boozin crowd of men singin wild songs. We happened to get loaded in one of the coaches they'd kept for the school. The flat cars were to haul the hill men on—the kind who get boozy every time they step outside of the house at night. It's a wonder that some didn't fall off the flat cars and break their necks—back there tryin to fight and cut one another with knives, tryin to break jugs over each other's heads.

"Everybody on B-O-A--R---D," the Conductor shouted!

"Just a minute," some fellar said. I saw them throw a couple of drunks on a flat car like you'd throw on a couple o' sacks of cracked corn.

"Okay," one of them said. They hopped on the flat car. And the train started jerkin, and tearin out up the track under the moonlight. The night wind was a-blowin in at the winders. When you ride the Old Line Special you are jerked around and the wind hits your face. You get chilly and want somebody to stand close to you.

I'll tell you a night in May with a lively crowd on the train and a hangin almost in sight is wonderful! Professor Brady's face was all lit up with joy. Pretty girls were all around him! The train was rollin into the night! It was one of the prettiest nights I ever saw in my life. No wonder boys and girls were lovin on the train. Arms were around one another's necks, and their cheeks against one another's cheeks!

Right up the track, huffety-puffety, huffety—puffety, and the smoke rolled in black rock-cliff mountains across the moon. Great streamers of black smoke, and the train's lonesome whistle against the cliffs on the sides of the river and the train awindin up around the rock-cliffs above the river like a snake, all headin for the biggest gol-darn hangin that ever took place along the Old Line Special!

"I just feel like the train might jump the tracks," Big Aaron said. "I've got to the place I don't care if it does. Let her jump the tracks and throw us into the river!"

"I'll tell you this is a night," I said. "It is the greatest night in all my life."

Hootie, toot-toot—right up the track! Hootie—toot—and we rolled right up the track! Professor Brady walked over and said, "Girls how about me sittin down here by you and gettin warm? This wind o' May is a

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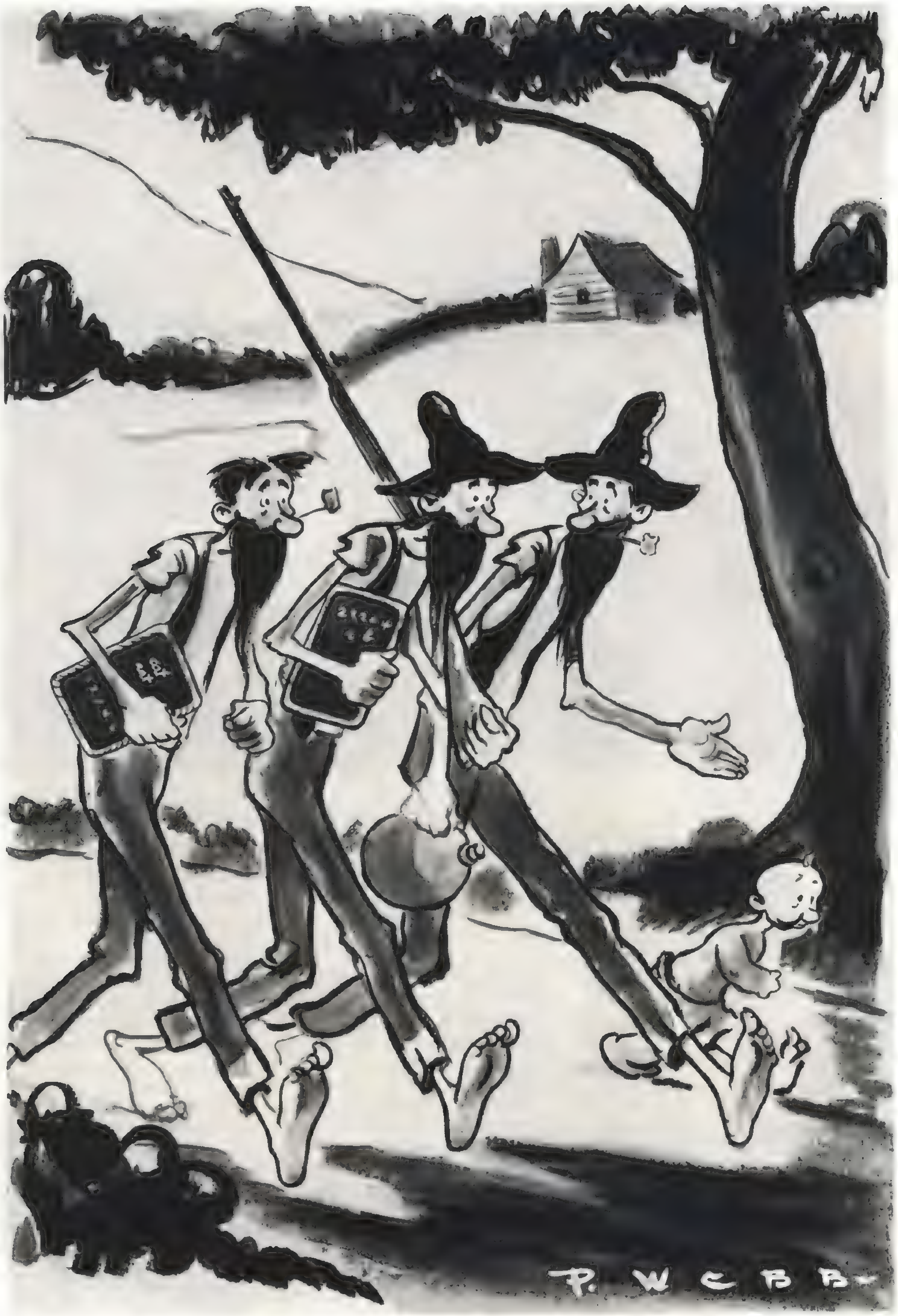

"By Gad, ef fourth grade is any harder this year than 'twas last year, Ah'm sneakin' mahself right back into third grade!"

Lo, the Poor Cowboy

Offering raw material to any historian wanting to write a book on the lively beginning of movies called horse opera

by SIDNEY CARROLL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

℞

It wasn't very long ago that I was toying with the idea of writing a history of the horse opera. The horse opera is, in the broad sense of the term, virgin territory, absolutely undefiled by the grimy hand of anybody from Grub Street. I toyed with the idea of immortalizing it in a special limp-leather edition—something, perhaps, for Haldemann-Julius—but I dropped it because my busy little brain was soon wrestling with what seemed like bigger and better notions. During the brief period of my infatuation for the idea, however, I did manage to scratch its surface. I found out a few things. I found out, for example, that—contrary to the beliefs of the boudoir-and-bath school of the cinema—the horse opera is the most glamorous part of the history of moving pictures in America. I found out, too, about Leland Stanford.

It's anybody's guess, stranger, but I reckon the whole thing started with Leland Stanford. And that would be about 1877. It was this way:

Leland Stanford had an idea that when a horse went racing all his four feet left the ground. There were others who thought a horse would be more level-headed than that, would always keep at least one foot on the ground. So Stanford made a little bet—25,000 dollars to be exact. He hired a photographer and an electrical engineer. Together they rigged up a battery of still cameras and they photographed a horse in action. Stanford won his bet, but he didn't have the faintest idea of what he was starting. No man could have visions that big. He was starting the whole cockeyed business of photographing horses and men in action.

Now that part of the story has been told a few times and so has the rest of it—the whole crazy rest of it. But never in one piece, never in one piece exclusively devoted to the horse opera. I am not being generous in a literary sort of way when I pass the suggestion on to some aspiring Plutarch of the Plains. It is simply that, being fully aware of the fact that I am of a hot and eclectic nature, I am not the man for such a sustained and scholarly effort. I can only scratch surfaces, clean out my fingernails, and pass the stuff on to some more inquisitive scholar.

What I mean is that I can pass on a few facts and wait for somebody else to write the book. I would like to read such a book.

At any rate, here is what I found out.

In the course of my slim researches into Western lore I knocked on the door of Mr. George Marshall. If anybody can be properly considered an authority on the subject of horse operas, Mr. Marshall can. He is a slight, soft-spoken man who has been directing western epics for twenty-five years. In his time he has made ten thousand times more Indians bite the dust than Custer did at Little Big Horn. He is a mellow man, is Mr. Marshall, but in the course of his professional duties he thinks nothing of unleashing murderous hordes of screaming Sioux and ordering them to wipe out the garrison at Gopher Gulch, every last manjack of them. That's his business.

Mr. Marshall, to my way of thinking, is a distinguished looking fellow. This despite the fact that his nose is practically a duplicate of the one on the other side of the buffalo nickel. This nose had a great deal to do with the fortunes of George Marshall. When he first came to Hollywood he wanted to be a star in cowboy pictures. The nose, however, was too big for heroics, so his superiors painted it, as well as the rest of Mr. Marshall, in gay colors and made him play Indian roles. In time he got tired of that sort of thing and became a director. I delve thus into Mr. Marshall's past because people are often curious as to how motion picture directors become motion picture directors.

Marshall talks about Westerns as a farmer talks about crops, quietly but with a passion. He is, like any other director worth his salt, an all-around man. He will direct any kind of a picture—a Bob Hope comedy or a Musical—but in the front offices of Hollywood he is known as an "action" man. That is, a specialist in wide-open-space stuff. "When I broke into this business," he says, "we made nothing *but* Westerns." And they made them fast. One a week, one every two weeks. A man got to learn a lot about Westerns—and the West—in those days.

"Funny part about hoss operas," he says. "Every once in a while the exhibitors get fed up with them and tell us to cut it out. 'Too many Westerns!' they holler. 'They're a drug on the market!' And so we cut down. But it's never for long. The public starts yelling for more Westerns.

"Hell, Westerns started this business and they'll be in at the kill. 'Drug on the market.' I guess I've heard that phrase a few times. Well, two, three times I know for sure. You have to go back, way back."

To 1903. To West Orange, New Jersey, where Thomas A. Edison made a picture called *The Great Train Robbery*. It was the first great motion picture success in America. It was the first real Western ever made. It had all the standard ingredients. It had a great locomotive pounding pell-mell into the camera and frightening those innocent audiences into hysterics. It had a train robbery, and a fight, and a chase. It had a capture, and a just reward for the trespassers of the law. The movies have played variations on that theme ten thousand times since, but they have never improved on the basic concept. That is, on the fight, and the chase. Substitute a stampeding herd of cattle, or a tribe of whooping Indians, for the

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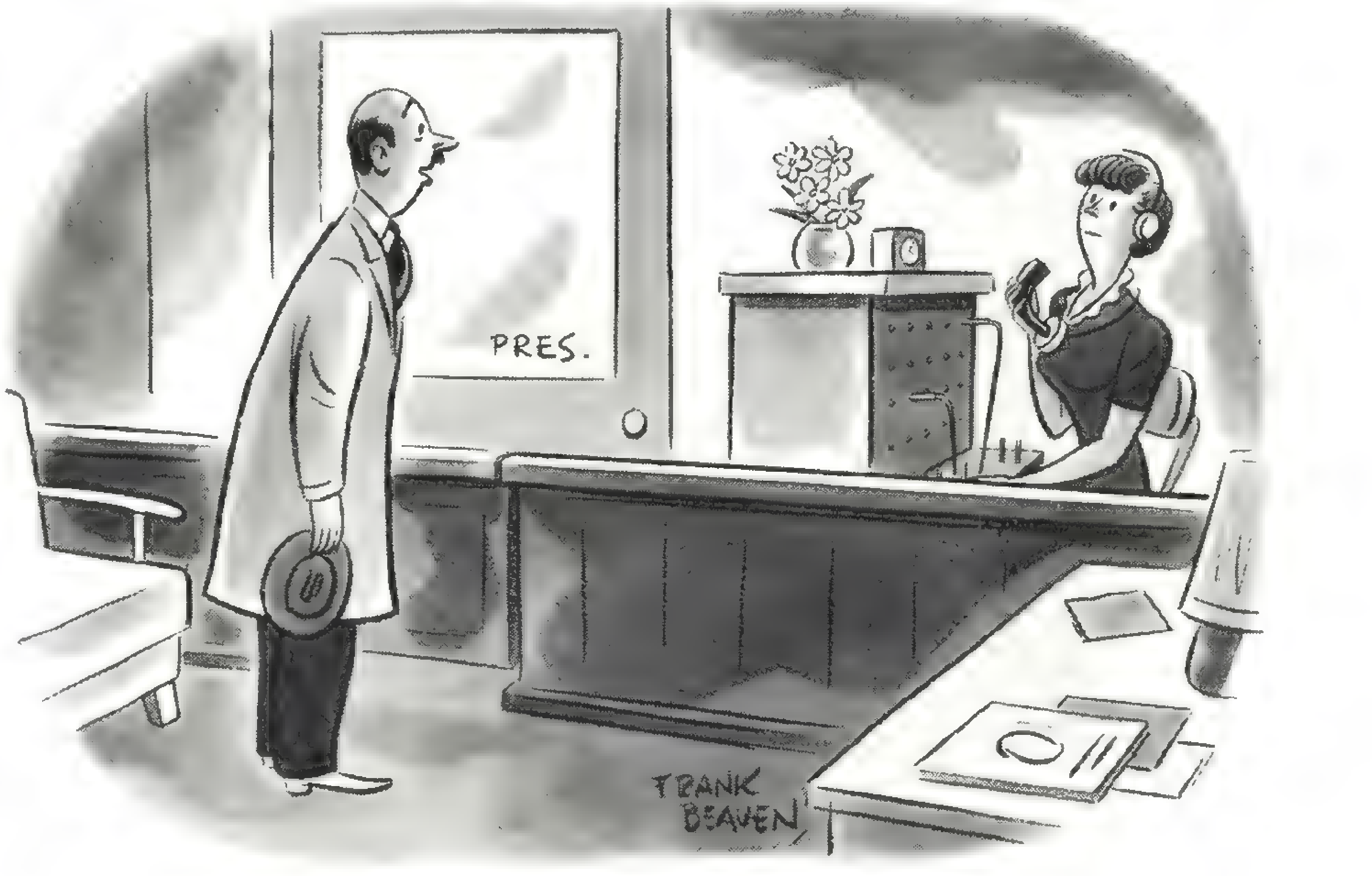

"I've waited three hours already—just tell Mr. Wynkoop his house is on fire!"

Where's That Goat?

Football officials get paid mostly for taking the rap from sports writers, fans and coaches for making honest decisions

by JOHN J. SCHOMMER

•SPORTS•

THOUGH not tabulated on the sports pages, goat hunting is one of the great American manias. The open season is the year around. The hunters may be anybody, even another "goat." When events occur which the average American does not like, the President is to blame, or Congress, or, perhaps, the governor, the mayor, the judge, the policeman, the wife's relatives—it's always the other fellow.

The open season on the white, hairy beasts of football is now on. These whistle-tooters are not carnivorous, but they thrive on "foul." Every year they hibernate for eight or nine months, then appear on weekends in the autumn on green fields surrounded by solid walls of brick or concrete. They are easily distinguished by their covering: white on Saturday, variegated on Sundays, and somewhat blue on Mondays. These three days, regardless of weather conditions, afford the best time to shoot.

The best shooting may be had by climbing the concrete trails to the top, where one may take his stand in a coop or in a booth. When hidden in these cold vantage points, the hunter is within cannon shot of the game field. Other hunters, composed of the general public, the "frenzied alumni," the betting "business man," and the students, hunt nearer the game field. Still others, most of them clad as though entering a jousting contest, take their positions closer to the hunting ground.

These latter, too, may be hunters, and all of them are potential foul producers, on which the goats thrive. If these gentlemen produced no fouls, there would be no goats to hunt in this particular area. The most deadly hunters are the coach and his assistants, who take their stance within signalling distance of the game.

What starts all the shooting? Somebody will win! Somebody will lose! Maybe the game will be a tie and somebody should have won! So the somebodies will become aroused to forensic murder. Goats have been called jackass, snake, thief, crook, gutless, cheese, cocky, bull-head, homer, bonehead, autocrat, smart aleck, skunk, and the gamut of fancy has run the appellations through the alimentary canal from anterior to posterior.

They have been threatened, jostled, and slugged. They have been insulted and hanged in effigy. They have been chased out of town and have been escorted to trains by the police. They have had to hide and be sneaked out of town by automobile. They have had their clothes and money stolen in college dressing rooms and have never been reimbursed. They have been short-changed on expenses; and have agreed to set fees for games with a coach, only to have the fee reduced by some athletic director or auditor. The scenes in some dressing rooms for officials after games have been like an insane asylum which is being run by its inmates.

On what to blame the love of goat hunting it is hard to say. It is not the result of college education. Perhaps it is merely the fierce desire of Americans to win at any cost, and when they are thwarted the right of free speech asserts itself.

Who are these discordant musicians who hold band practice on Saturdays and Sundays in private parks? These white woolly orchestras are usually successful in their gambols as they frisk about their business throughout the year. Some administer to the sick for their fodder. Some shear the wool from the goats that nibble on the grass that looks green on Wall Street. Some thrive on other goats, who become involved with one another over a set of laws that nobody ever mastered.

To become a football musician, one must pass muster. The hairy carcass of a goat may not be forced down the throat of any coach without his permission. The candidate must be in good physical condition and must have an alert eye, a thorough knowledge of the rules (which have but seventy-five to ninety-five per cent coverage of all the things that might happen in a football game), courage, and the personality to get along with the players, coaches, alumni, other officials, newspaper men, and many others. Miracle men are wanted, and there are none. However, if there were, they would soon be goats, too!

Who strives to be a miracle man at fifty to seventy-five dollars a game for eight dates per year? There are those who strive for the sheer hell of it. Football is like malaria. Once it gets in your blood, you never eradicate it. The symptoms are: You play it, you coach it, you see the games, you join the Monday Quarterback Club, you officiate.

Not being miracle men, officials make mistakes. They are *not* infallible, though they must of necessity be considered so. If they were not so considered, near touchdowns, near field goals, questions of interference on passes, and so on, certainly could not be settled by two coaches or two captains, or two partisans in the stands. There is too much rivalry, too much tradition, and, of course, too much money involved. A single shrill toot of a horn or whistle may blast all these personal ambitions, and all these pecuniary returns out the window.

And don't forget the crowds opposing each other. Many desires are blighted and many bets are lost. No wonder in America as football is played today, when games are lost on decisions, goats are stalked, found, and slaughtered. And, as I said before, we officials are not infallible. Last year, in the "pro" football written examinations of many hours' duration, no one passed one hundred

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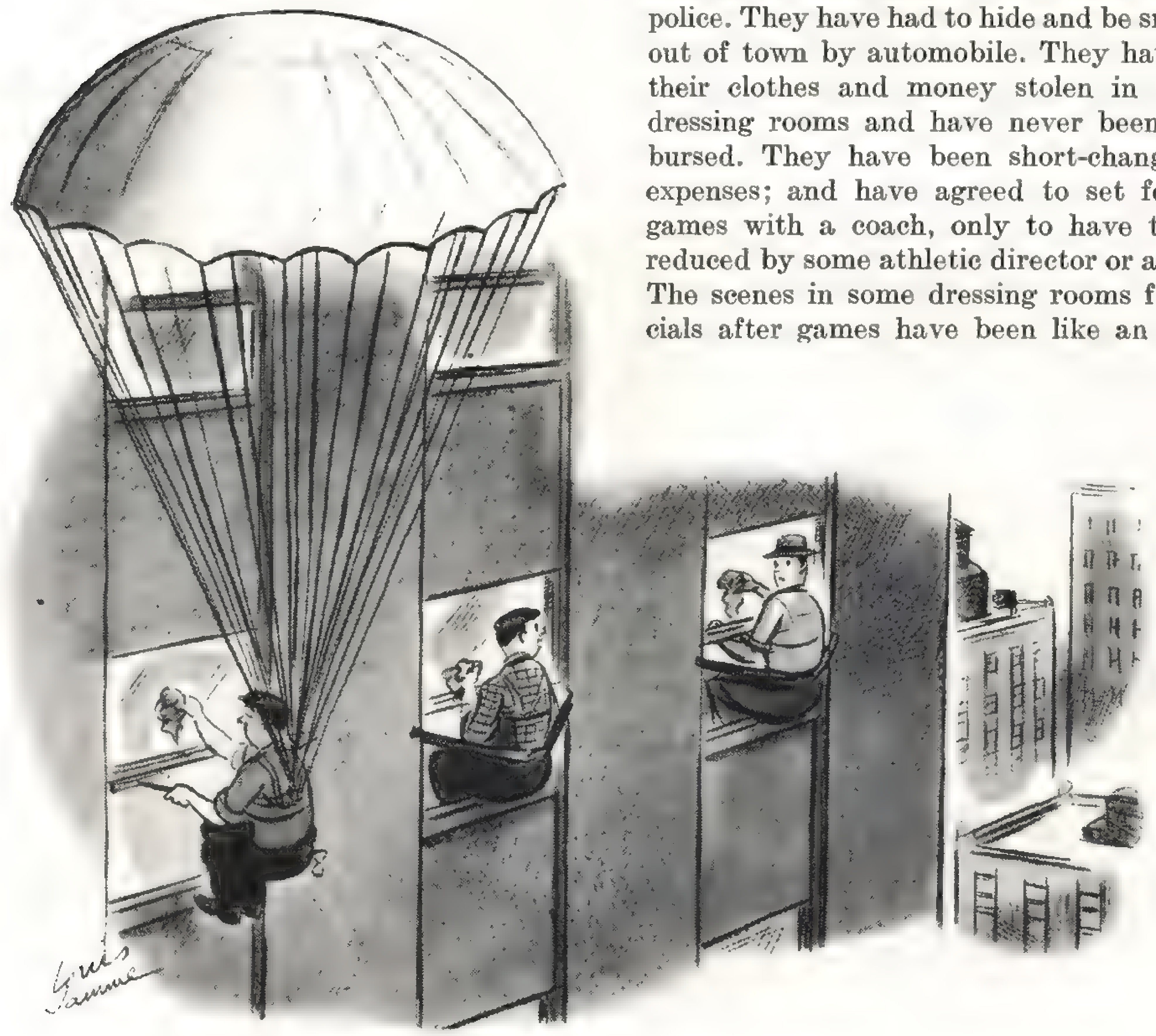
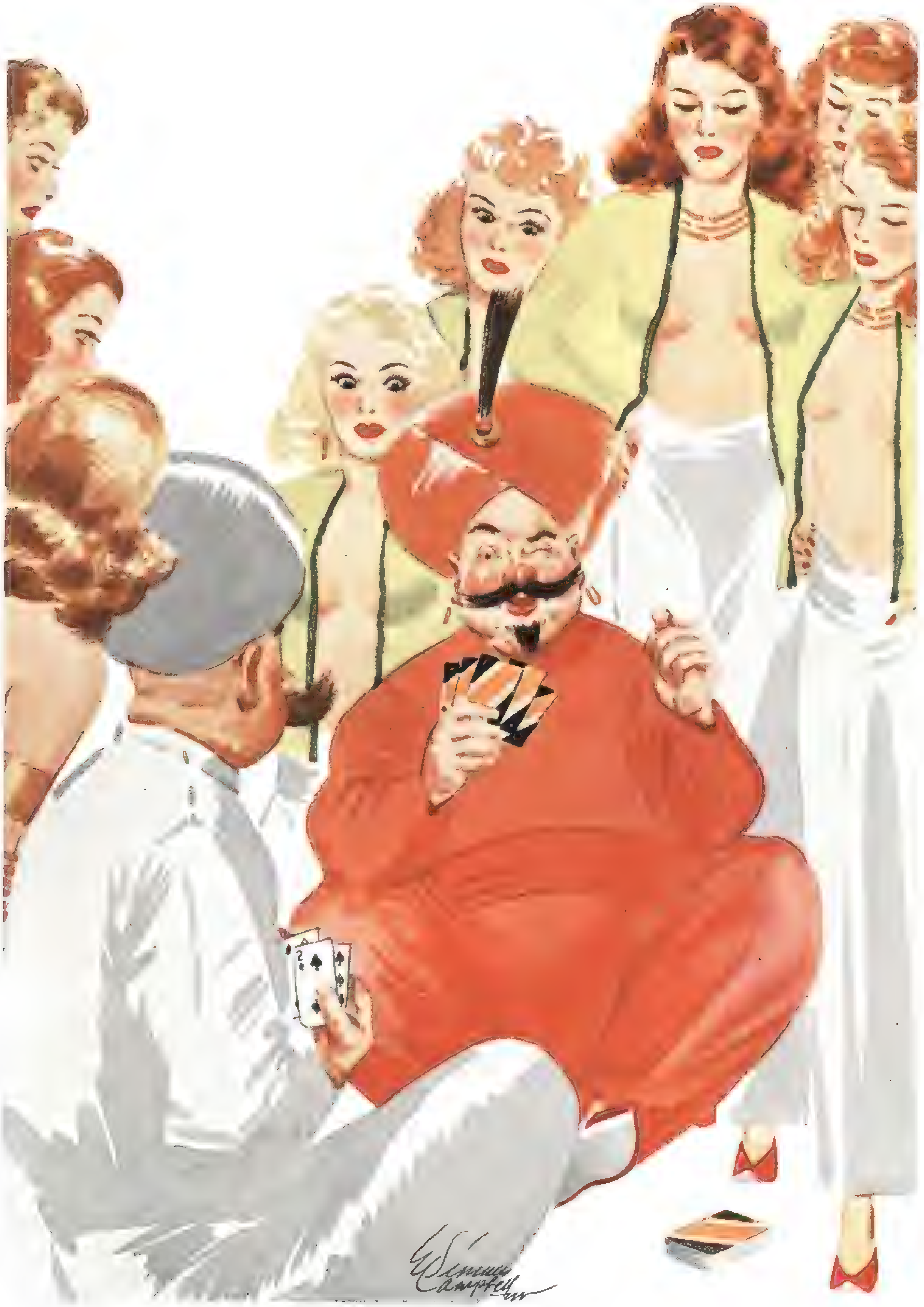


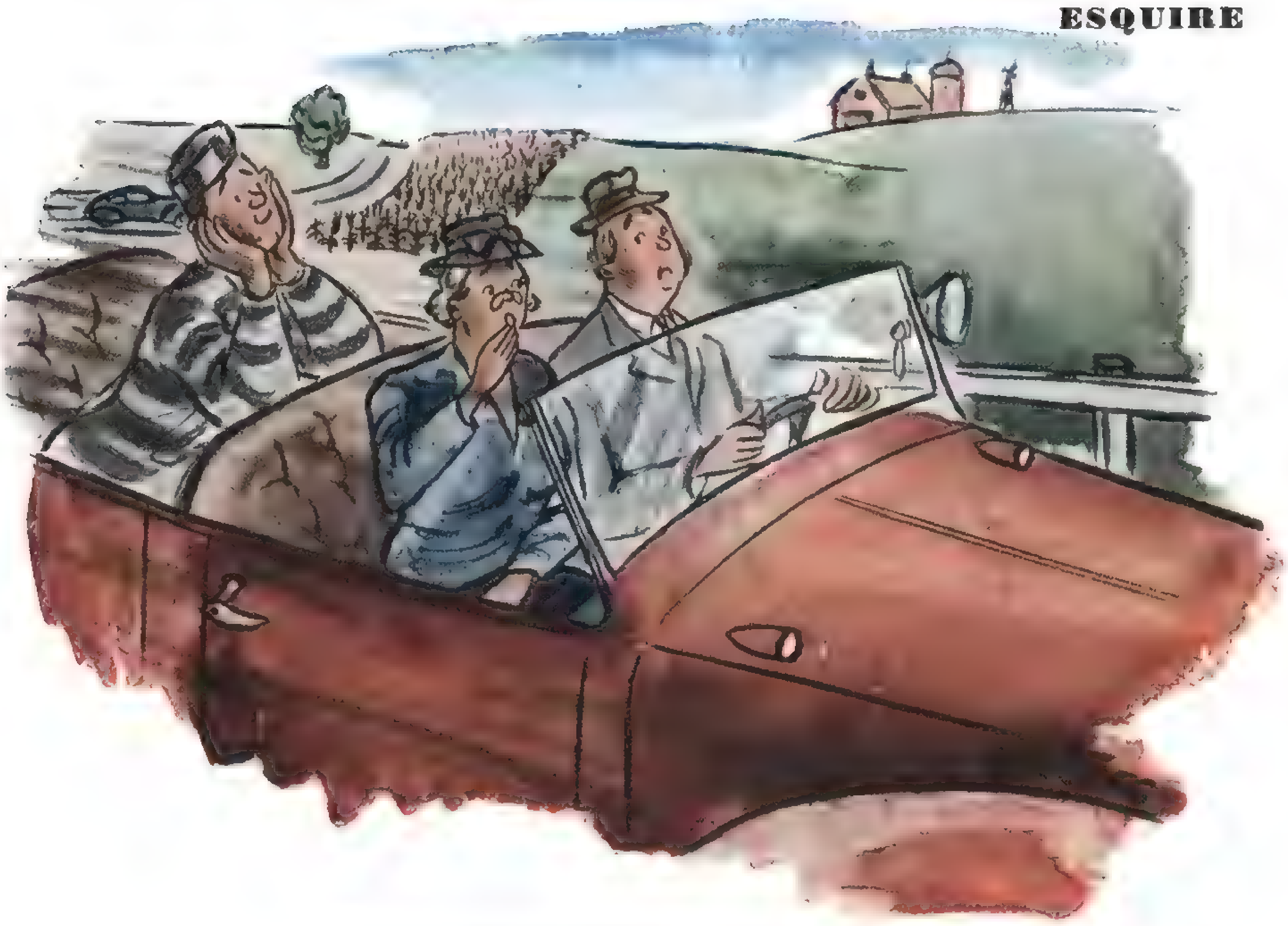
"He says it's much faster that way"


E. Simms Campbell

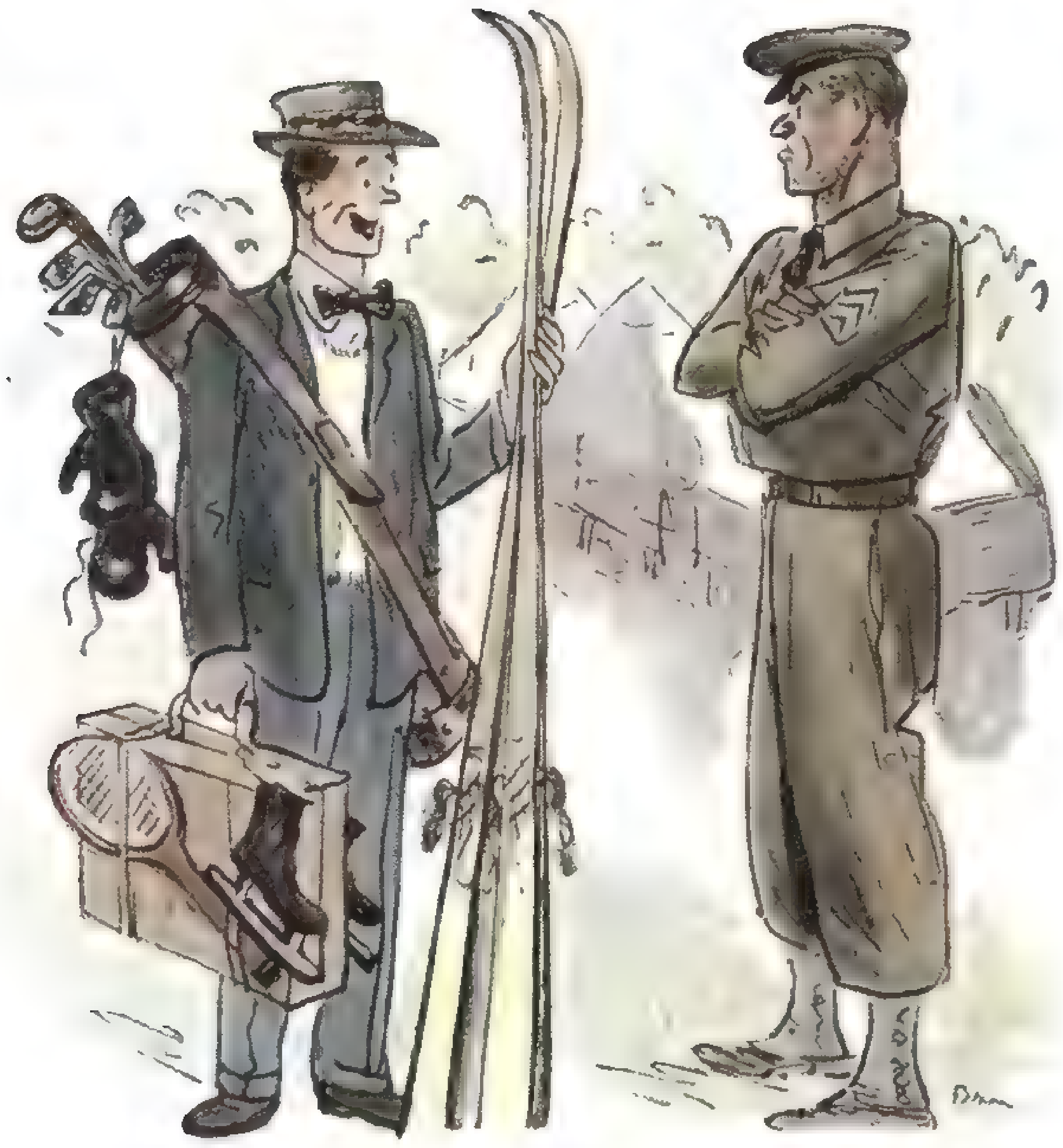
"I open for three red"

Philosophical Note

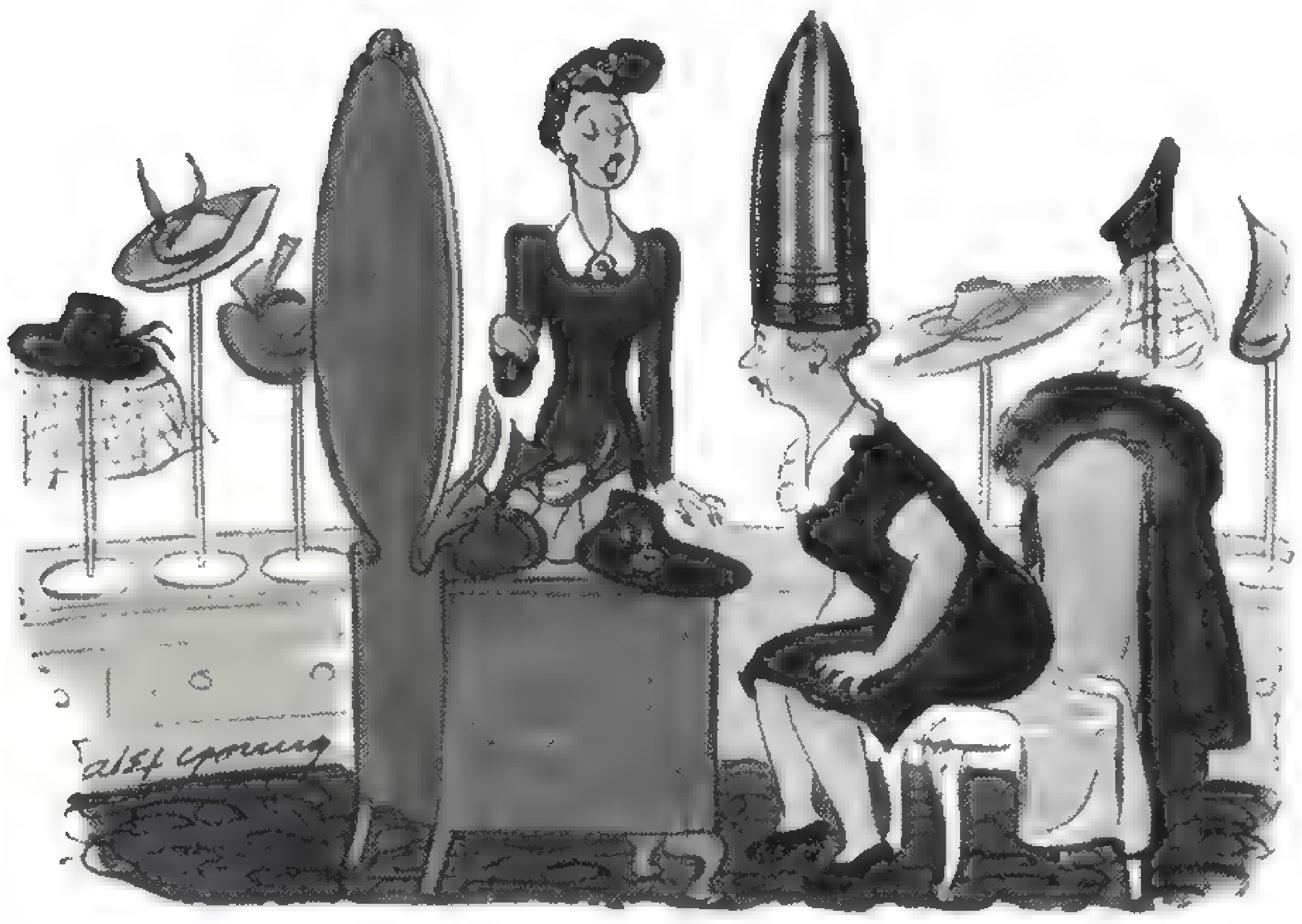
We humans shouldn't question God's wisdom even if He did make mosquitoes, hurricanes, earthquakes, leprosy and Hitler.



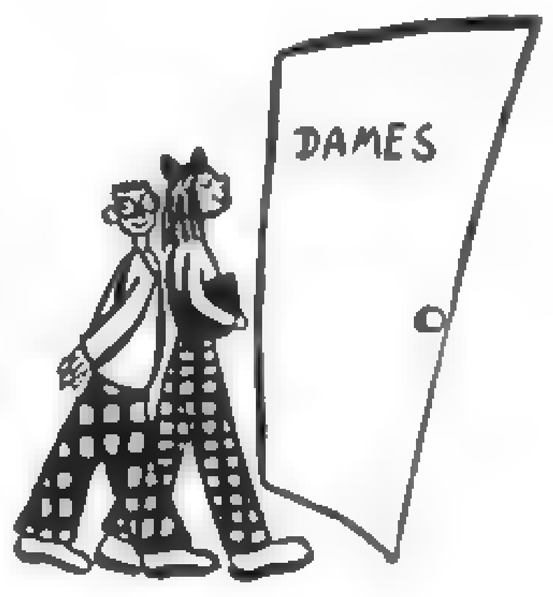
"He looks suspicious to me, Henry!"



"I want to be sure I'll keep in condition while I'm in the army"

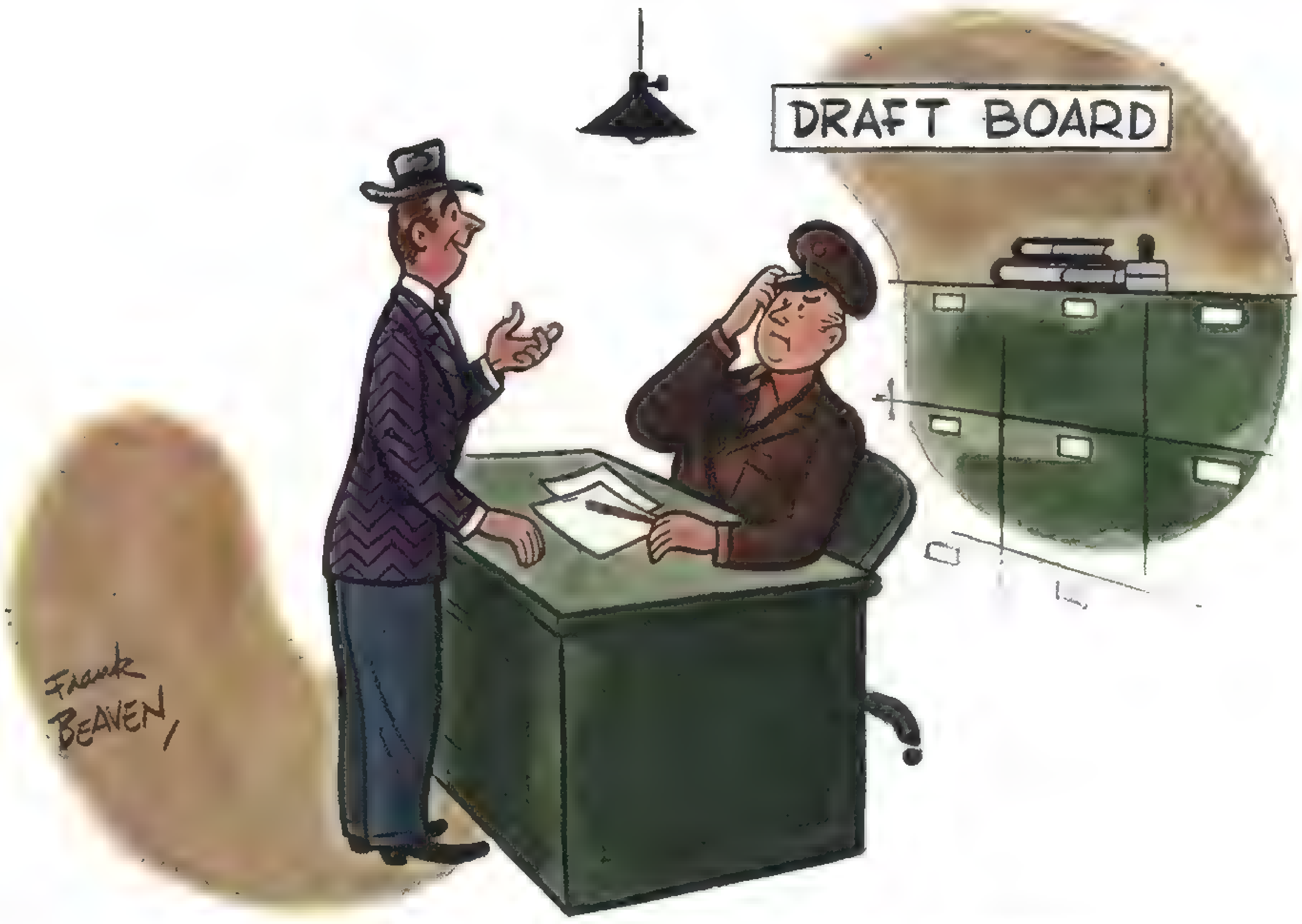


"It's our 'Bomb Tokyo' model!"

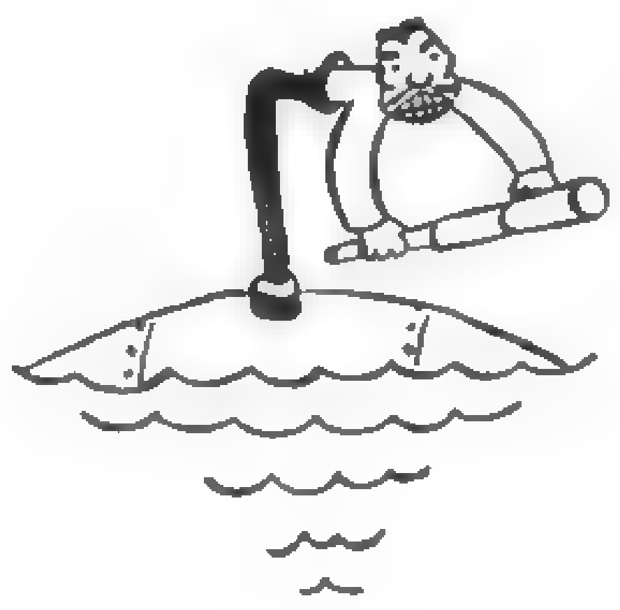


It Could Happen to You!

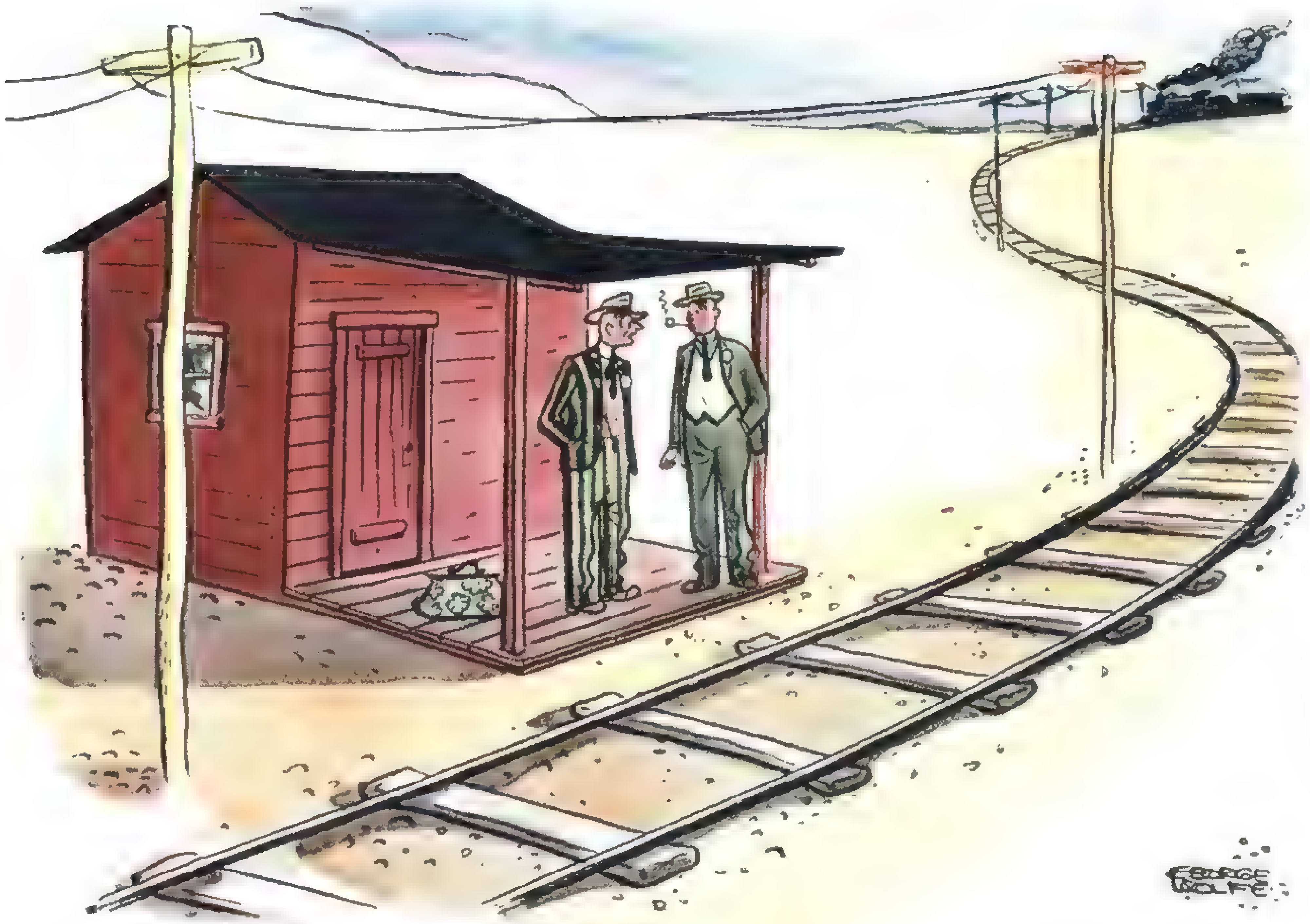
Absent-minded Hiram Hall
Made some cuties fume
By following a Gal with slacks
Into a Powder Room!



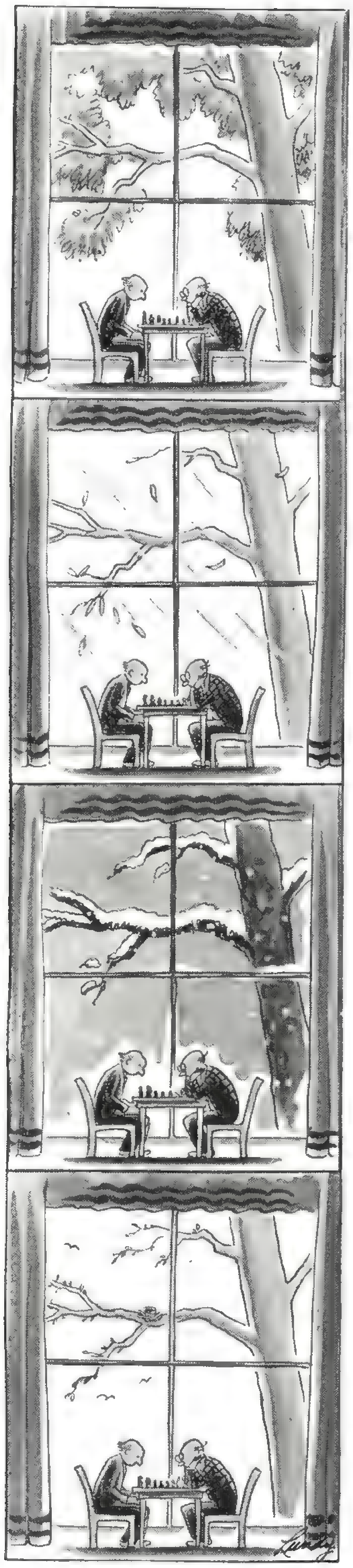
"I was born Feb. 29, 1916—so I've had only six birthdays!"



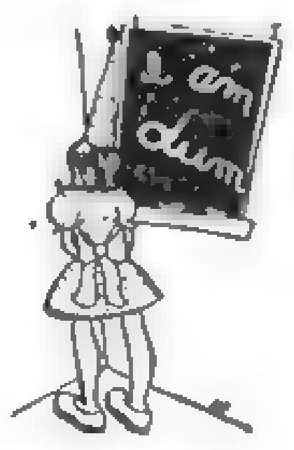
It is claimed by some that Hitler feels that Japan is not to be trusted. At last!—Something America and Hitler can agree on!



"I told them we'd be wearing gardenias so they'd recognize us!"

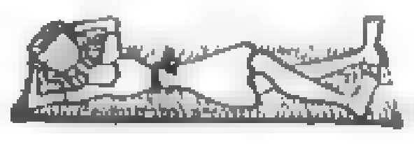


Feints at the Fair



It takes a man years to acquire the low opinion that a woman has of her own sex.

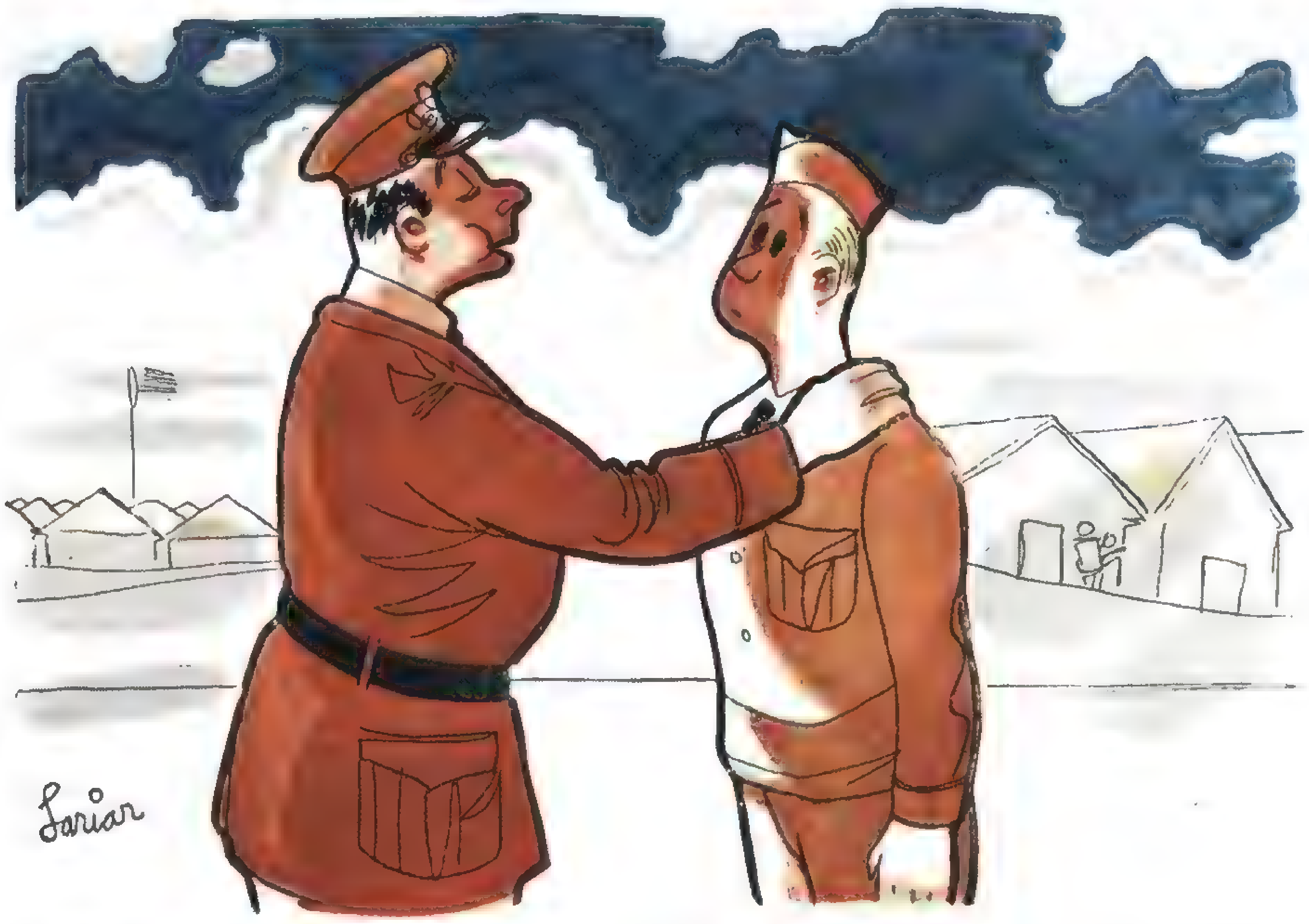
Women surrender in love . . . and then proceed to make their own terms.



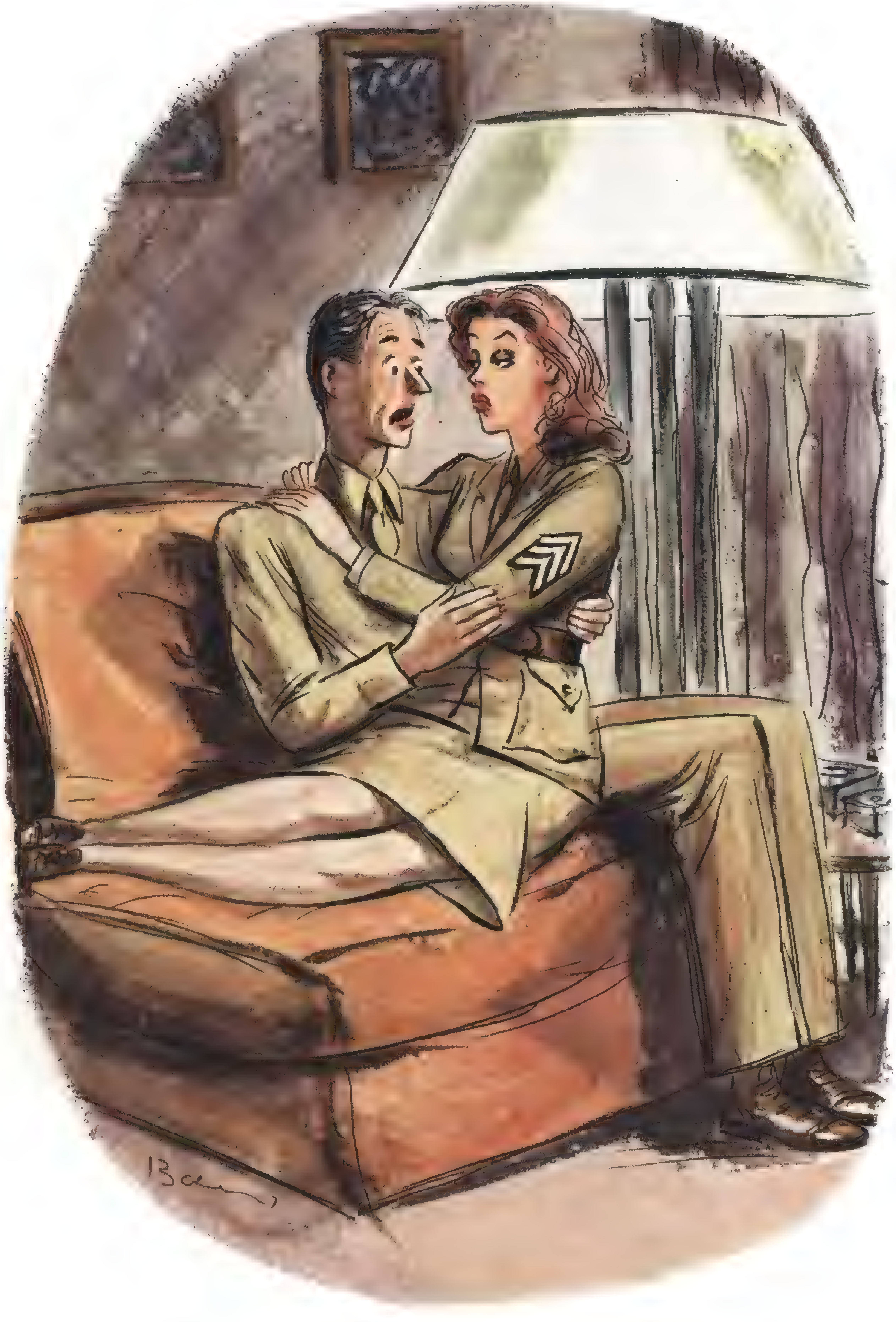
In courtship a woman is apathetic . . . a man just pathetic.

Men marry for a number of reasons, but seldom get a reasonable number.

Assertive women often wind up talking to themselves.



"Work hard, do what you're told, show them that you've got the stuff, Loomis, and some day you, too, can be a lieutenant and date the nurses!"



"I know you're my wife, but I still feel funny kissing a sergeant"

After Gin Rummy—What?

For card players seeking some good two-handed games here are three good bets: Spade Cassino, Kalabriasz and Build-up

by ALBERT A. OSTROW

•ARTICLE•

THAT sound like a drawn out Bronx-Raspberry is the hot air leaking out of the gin rummy craze, and it's music to my ears.

I was one of those who said it couldn't last, and I stood my ground through the days when the gossip columns carried daily communiques on the mounting toll of converts in Café Society and Hollywood.

I used to shake my head over items such as, "The other a.m. Diane Barrymore beat Producer Joe Glotz for the gin rummy championship of the Stork Club in a hotly contested session that left the spectators limp." The spectators may have been limp, I thought, but not from watching a session of gin rummy. Great stuff for the gullible, but wait till the ninety odd million card players of the nation really get hep to gin rummy. They'll spot it for what it is—an over-ballyhooed plater out of Knock Rummy-Poker Gin.

I'll admit I had a moment or two of doubt when some of the ordinarily hard-headed bridge writers began to run "points" on gin rummy play. Points, mind you. Grand-pop would have choked on his lager if he'd been around to see it. The only points any one ever worried about when he played knock rummy was the kind you marked on the table top with a beer-wet finger, to keep track of the score.

It's all right now though. You can pick up your favorite Hollywood form sheet and learn that Dotty Dolores was observed holding hands with her third husband in the Brown Derby—and they weren't playing that you-know-what card game either. Bridge columns are back to normal with Vienna Coups, strip and end plays, and formulae for predicting squeezes.

The faddists have disinterred Mah Jong, and I wish them every enjoyment. I still haven't got my "Pungs" and "Chows" and "Kongs" unscrambled, but China is one of the United Nations so the game must be O.K.

The jitter-bugs, who fooled around with gin rummy because they'd heard "it's a good stake game with plenty of action," are turning back to such brass-knucklers as Acey-Deucey, Black-Jack, Spit-in-the-Ocean, Wild Widow, and craps. There are too many cards to draw in G. R.

But for the dyed-in-the-pip pasteboard fans who explored gin rummy in their search for some really good two-handed games here are three likely candidates. Spade Cassino, Kalabriasz, and Build-up—guaranteed to give your mental teeth a good workout, if you're one who likes to chew his card games instead of bolting them.

As you no doubt know, one point is won by the player taking the most spades in regular Cassino. In Spade Cassino, however, *each spade taken in play counts one point with an extra point for the Ace, Jack, and Deuce (Little Cassino)*. That makes it sixteen points for spades, but the tally for cards and Big Cassino (ten of diamonds) is unchanged. Game is sixty-one points with a double-payoff optional if loser doesn't score thirty-five.

A session of Spade Cassino can put the fastest friendship through the wringer. I've seen palsy-walsies snarling at each other like a couple of hungry wolves as they snapped up choice spades from under each other's quivering noses.

If you read Damon Runyon's daily newspaper stint you've probably seen mention of a two-handed game called Klab—Kalabriasz is the official title. It's also been referred to as Clob, Indiana Clobber, and Jass (pronounced Yass). But by any name it's the sweetest two-handed game extant, if you rate skill, good judgment and all around card savvy as top requirements.

The rawest chump with fair luck in cards can knock off a so-called gin rummy "champ," but I have yet to see an inferior card player take the measure of a good klaber. And I'm sure I never will.

Klab "aficionados" like to think of the game as one of the fine arts. They say you can't hope to explain the peculiar charm and flavor of it in words. Well, maybe you can't, but people write books on how to appreciate music—so here goes.

The game is played with a single deck from which all cards below the sevens are cast off. Ranks of the cards is A, 10, K, Q, J, 9, 8, 7 in the plain suits. In the trump suit the rank is Jack (Yass), 9 (menel) A, 10, K, Q, 8, and 7 (Dix). Points are scored by taking certain counting cards in tricks and declaring melds.

The deal is cut for, high card dealing. Thereafter the deal alternates.

Six cards are dealt to each player (with three more to come later).

The thirteenth card is placed face up and partly under the remaining stock.

First chance to accept the suit of the turned up card as trump goes to non-dealer. If he passes, it's up to dealer to accept or decline. If dealer also passes, his opponent may now name any suit as trump. If he passes again and dealer declines to name trump of his own, cards are thrown in for a new deal.

The one who names trump becomes declarer and undertakes to make more points on the hand than his opponent.

If declarer fails ("going bait"), opponent tallies both scores and declarer gets nothing. In cases of a tie there are two options in scoring. Either, opponent gets both scores and declarer nothing, or, opponent gets his own count while declarer is blanked.

You can see that the matter of becoming declarer calls for a study of all the angles. The

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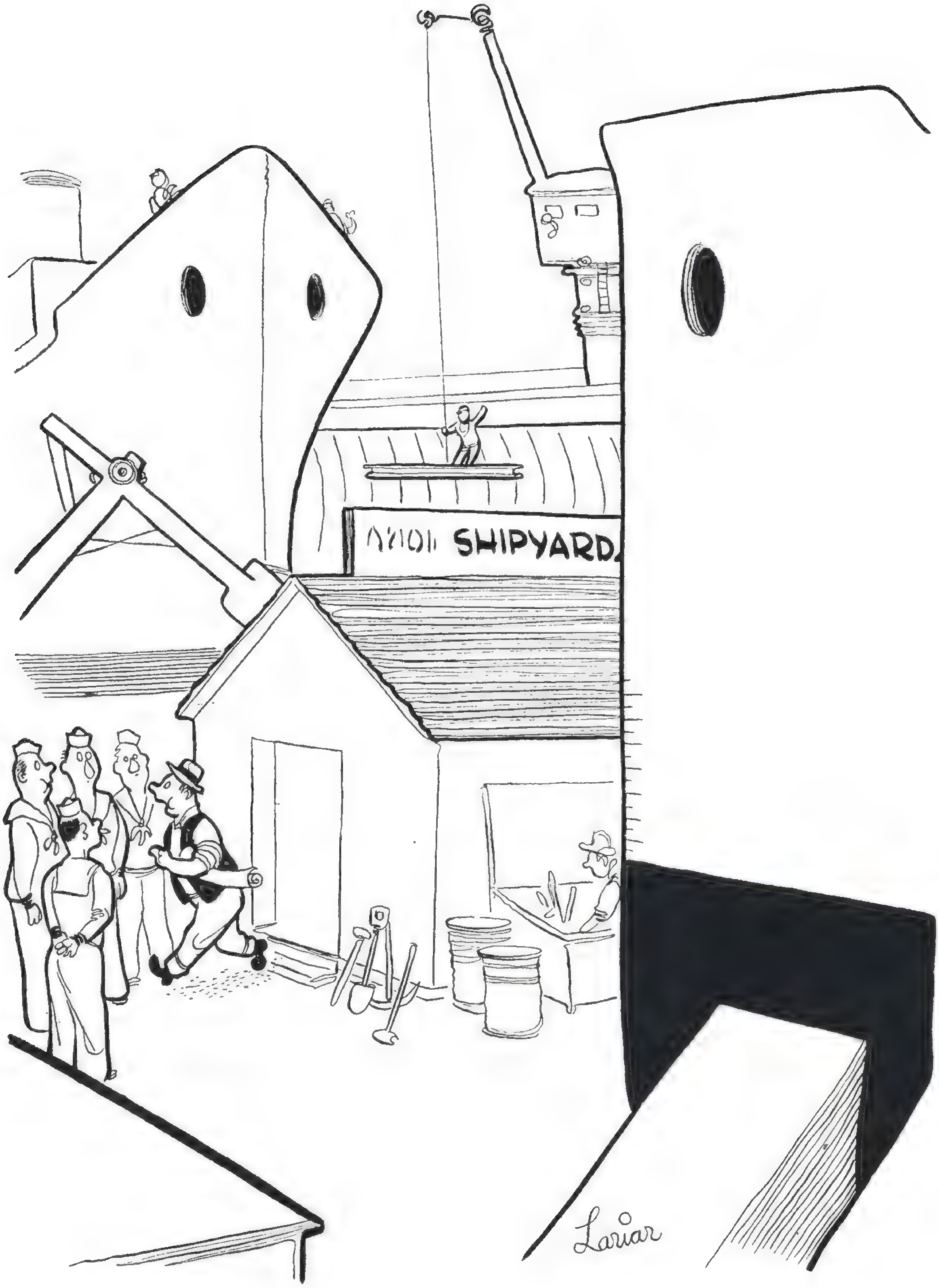
FINE MEATS
Phillips

"Oh, Mrs. Gilcrest!! Wait—your liver!"


SHIPYARD
Lariar

"You fellows will have to quit hanging around here—we'll let you know when it's ready!"

Boxing Builds Bums

While pros know when to take a dive many a punch-drunk amateur has been ruined for army service and for life

by PETE NORTON

• SPORTS •
℞

With war forced upon us once more, loose talk is again rife about the *liaison* between pugilism and militarism. Proponents of the more or less manly "art of modified murder," as the late Bill McGeehan always termed it, have been apt to signify American achievement in the last war as the outgrowth of the ring carnivals in the training camps of 1917-18. But there is another side of the story, another side from the relation of boxing to bayonet work, and the alleged effectuality of glove bouts in arousing the latent fighting instincts of men.

Boxing, the only sport where the sole purpose is to cripple an opponent as badly as possible, isn't good for anybody. At least, not mentally, and rarely ever physically.

And least of all for the young men in our armies who are being trained to lick the Japs and Germans, and the youth in our colleges, who are prospective soldiers, as well as the hope of the post-war generation.

It we are to hang Hitler, run Hirohito into the China sea, and make Mussolini even more ashamed of the role he has played in world affairs in the past two years, we need clear-thinking, level-headed soldiers.

And we won't get them if their brains are muddled by the explosion of leather bombs on their foreheads, their kidneys wrecked by left hooks and their hearts weakened by straight right hand wallops.

This conclusion isn't arrived at hurriedly, or without a lot of study.

For fifteen years I have watched boxers. I'll confess that a good fist fight is one of sport's greatest thrills, and of course, the box office records prove this is true.

But a spectator liking for the sport has only intensified the opinion that boxing is something we should keep away from the young men who are to decide the destinies of this country for another 500 years.

Since 1927, as a sports writer assigned to cover everything from boxing to baseball, I have watched hundreds of amateur, semi-professional and professional ring bouts, in which thousands of youngsters were often reduced to bloody pulps.

Collegians, gutter rats, youthful gangsters, cleancut farm boys, gnarled-eared veterans and beetled-browed has-beens have paraded their wares before me.

Nothing has happened in the long span I have watched boxing to lead to the belief that a hard fist, encased in a boxing glove, knows the difference between a professional and an amateur.

I have seen more punch-drunk amateur fighters during the past decade than professionals.

The pros are getting smarter all the time, and when they see they are going to get licked they conveniently "take the water" as boxing men quaintly describe taking a dive.

But the amateur, and that includes the twenty-year-old soldier who is out to prove a certain bum in Company Y is worse than that, and the collegian, who is going to do or die for old Alpha Alpha Alpha fraternity, or Section B of the sophomore dormitory, will fight to the bitter, and often disastrous, end.

They are going to keep punching until either they, or their opponents, fall.

There are rules that are supposed to take the injury risk out of boxing, but we saw some pretty dizzy, befuddled young men in the last Southeastern conference boxing tournament held in Tampa, when the big universities sent representatives here with mayhem in their fists and legalized murder in their hearts.

They laughingly call boxing the manly art of self defense. And then throw a bunch of poorly-conditioned kids into the ring and tell them to go to it.

The miserable physical condition of the average amateur fighter makes him much more susceptible to permanent harm than the professional, who does nothing but train and study fighting.

The boxing instructor and golden gloves directors will tell you they won't let boys fight who are not ready to fight.

But go out to the next amateur show in your city, and if you don't see some pretty sorry specimens of humanity knocked into a state of coma, I'll be glad to eat this issue of Esquire magazine.

It takes years to develop enough stamina to withstand a blow to the stomach or over the heart, and there's never been a cure for the punches that smash into a fighter's head and pulverize his brain.

Consider the fact that the average man cannot even hold his hands straight out from his body for five minutes, and you get some idea of the long months of training needed to get a fighter into condition.

Mismatches in amateur fights, and they're made in the Army as well as the colleges, and the so-called amateur rings, are another factor against boxing in our armed forces.

Try as they may, boxing instructors in the Army aren't able to keep the natural fighter from hammering his inferior brother to smithereens, much to the physical and mental disintegration of the losing scrapper.

I have seen some sickening sights in mismatched amateur bouts.

Many physical culturists, and the majority are not fight-minded, deplore the loss of brain power among the thousands of youngsters who take up the sport, insist that a man who has fought as much as 100 rounds is very likely to be punch-drunk for the balance of his life, and of slight value for active military duty.

In most cases, of course, he won't be a

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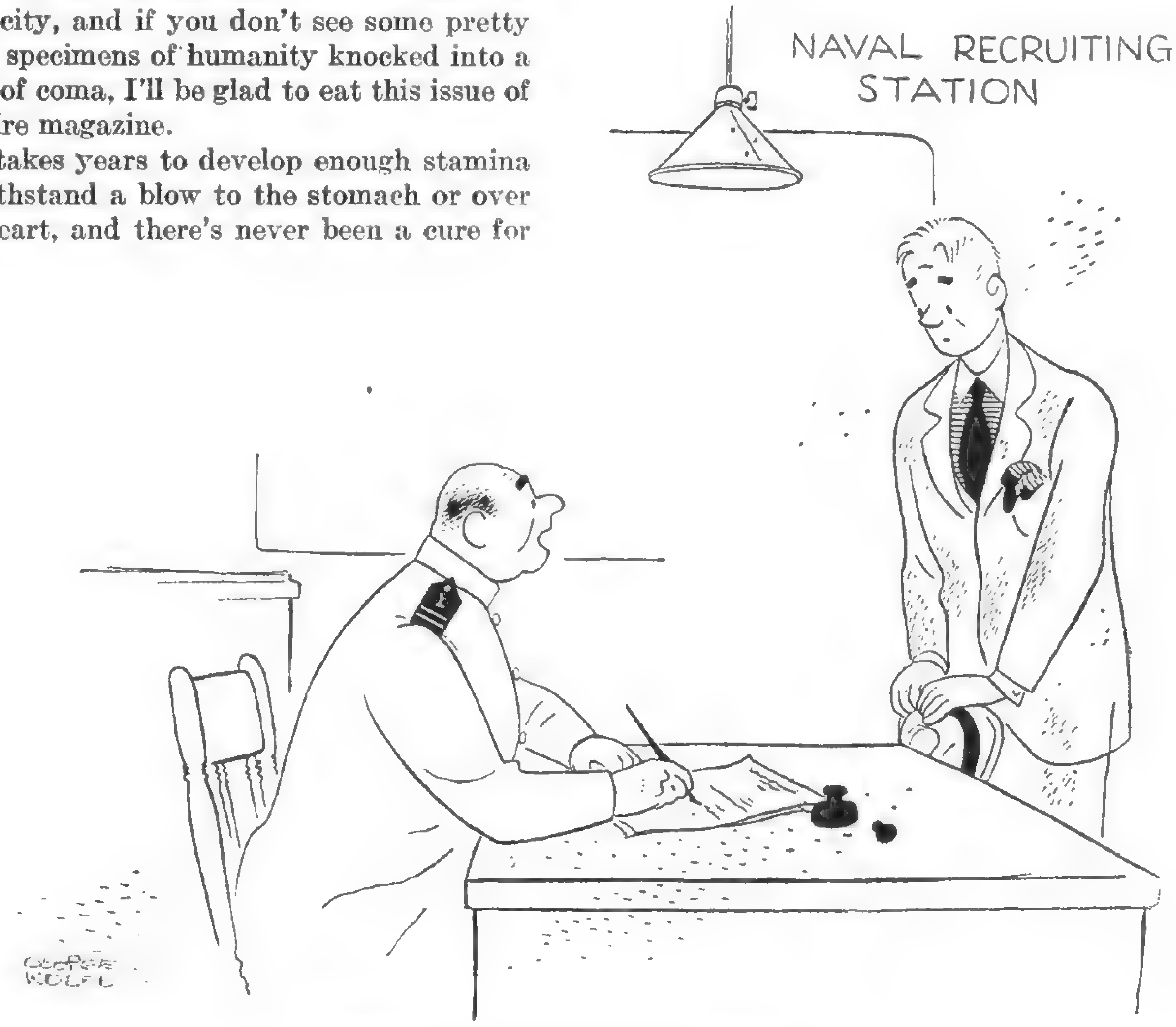


"Which ocean do you prefer?"

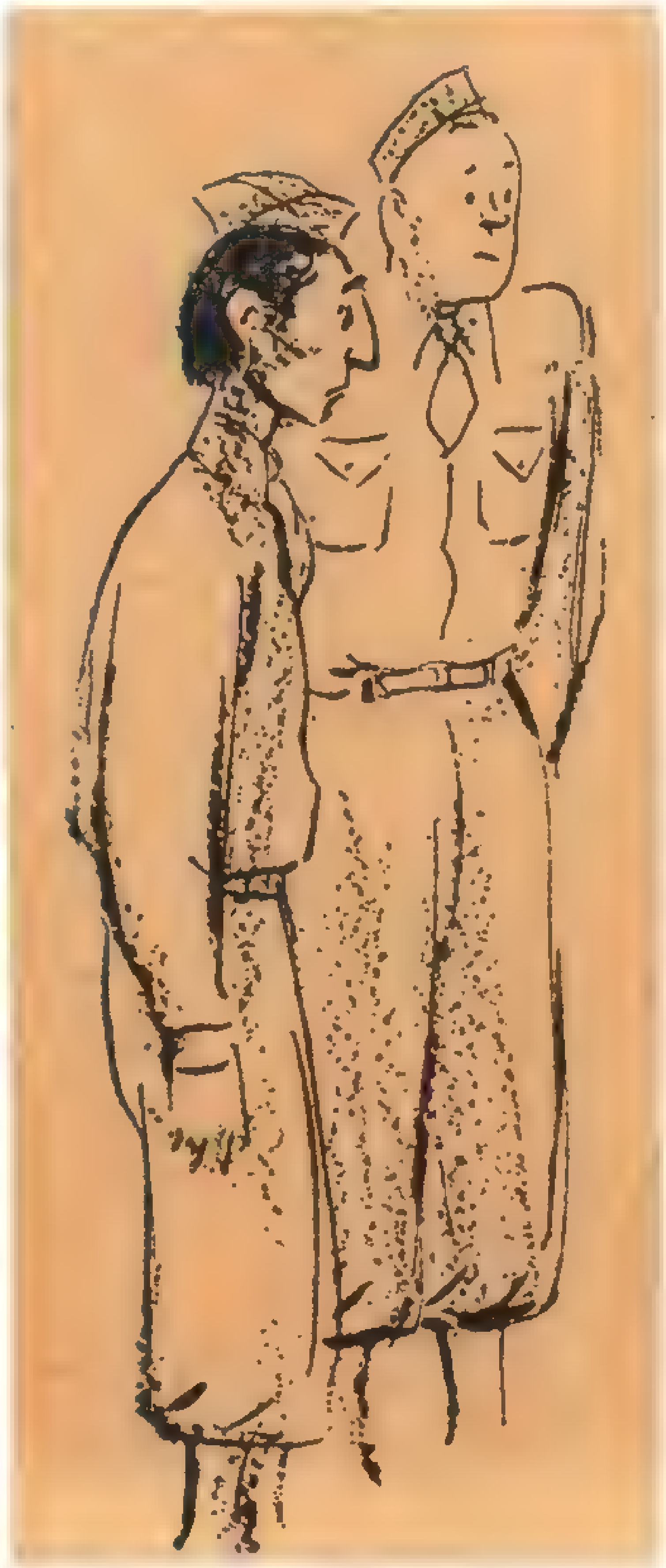
How to Be a Sergeant

What with a maladjusted Indian, a busting boiler, would-be wit and a pal who needs a loan, Serg. Smoot enjoys his rest period

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

SERGEANT SMOOT tossed his sweat-stained web belt on his bunk in the cadre room. With that peculiar ability of the human mind to carry on within itself an idealized form of dialectic, his subconscious bemoaned in no uncertain fashion the cockeyed nature of Fate. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune kept coming at him continually from every direction. As far as Smoot was concerned, taking arms against a sea of troubles never seemed to end them. Wiping the perspiration from his beaded brow, Smoot mumbled the oldest rhetorical question of them all. "Why," he asked hopelessly of no one in particular, "does everything haff to happen to me?" Calling "left dress" at squad drill had inspired two recruits to take off their pants and shirts and leave them on the parade grounds.



Corporal Corky Smith, as sweaty from the recent drill period as Smoot himself, joined him in the cadre room. "Look," said Corky in a low pleasant voice designed to soothe and disarm, "I need to borry a loaned of about exactly nine dollars and fifty cents."

"Go away from me," said Smoot.

"But this is a special case, Sarge. A girl who I use to know in Kansas City— Well, I didn't know her in Kansas City because when I knew her it was in Philadelphia but now she's workin' in a factry in Kansas City that makes corncob pipes, and—"

"Can't you see," said Sergeant Smoot, "that you ain't wanted? This is my rest period. Why don't you take a hint and beat it?"

"The reason I need this nine and a half bucks," said Corky imperturbably, "is for the simple reason that this girl writes me a long letter that reminds me concerning the time I took her out some place and lost my wallet and had to borry nine and a half bucks off of her to pay the bill and now she wishes this money back because she has to belong to the corncob union and it costs nine dollars to join it and she says if she don't get her money by return postage she is gonna write to the Adjutant General's Office and get me court-martialed or disagreeably discharged, and—"

"A whole company of new recruits to put through their thirteen week basic ain't enough that I haff to put up with," said Smoot. "It ain't enough that this top sergeant we got assigned to us is tougher than a fifteen-cent steak. I guess you think it ain't enough that—"

The sergeant's diatribe was interrupted by the advent of a fresh, pink-cheeked trainee who coughed politely and stuck his head through the door. "Pardon me, sergeant, sir," said the recruit. "I—"

"Well?" said Smoot petulantly. "Talk up. This is suppose to be my rest period."

"I— I'm writing a letter to my Aunt Charlotte in Minneapolis, sir, and I wanted to know if it's all right to tell her we don't have to wash our own socks and underwear. Or would that be considered a military secret?"

Smoot winced. "As far as I'm concerned I never had a aunt in Minneapolis, so I wouldn't know." When the recruit had turned away, puzzled, Smoot said to Corky Smith, "Why don't you go away somewhere so these here new soldiers kin pest the hell out o' me in peace?"

"If I don't pay that dame her nine-fifty I'll probly get throwed into Leavenworth and become a disgrace to America," Corky declared. "This is a very serious thing."

Just then Corporal Harrison Hyler, the ex-philosophy student, came in with an Indian. "This is Private Charlie Blue Horse," said Hyler. "Lieutenant Hathaway assigned him to the Fourth Platoon."

Smoot raised his elbow as if to ward off a blow. "Now wait a minute. This ain't no calvary outfit."

"That's just my name," said the Indian. He looked pained and confused and embarrassed, awkward and altogether unsoldierly in his ill-fitting uniform.

"What am I suppose to do with an Indian?" demanded Smoot.

Private Blue Horse looked down sadly at his feet.

"He fainted at bayonet practice this morning," said Hyler.

The Indian nodded. "I told Chief Running Mountain—he's the man that's the head of the draft board on our Reservation—I told him I won't make very good soldier. I like to be a conscientious objector but can't spell it." Charlie Blue Horse sighed a vast sigh of deep melancholy. "They say, 'Run fast, stick bayonet into that dummy's belly, then yell *Ahhhhh!*' I guess it's nicer to be back on the Reservation making potteries and selling them to tourists on Route Sixty-six."

Corporal Ortwingle came running in, pushing his way between Hyler and Private Blue Horse.

"What is this," said Smoot, beginning to fight for air, "the Union Depot in St. Louis?"

"Don't ast me," said Ortwingle. "I'm a newcomer myself. But in case you are too busy, why jist let it go."

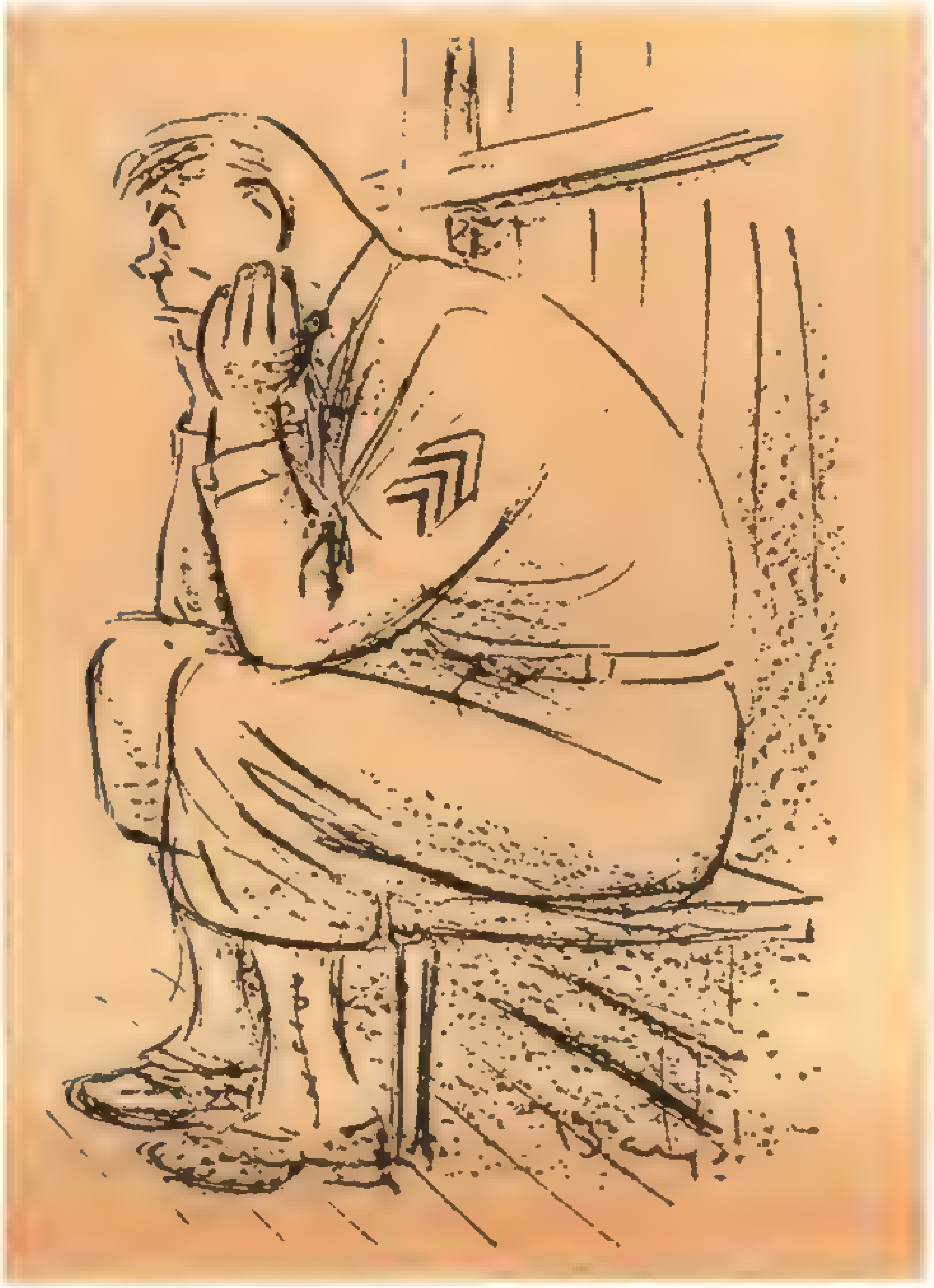
"Let what go?"

"Oh, that guy you put in charge of the boiler room. Private Rodzinsky or whatever his name is. The Polish guy. The one who he claims his uncle was the brother-in-law of that player piano. Well, you maybe better go down and take a look at that boiler, because this Rodzinsky says there's somethin' funny the matter with it. He says there's nine hundred pounds of pressure in it and he can't understand it because it's suppose to blow up at seven hundred."

"How about that dough you was jist on the point of loanding me?" said Corky Smith. "I got forty cents of my own money, so if you want to make it a even nine bucks, I'll dig up the other ten cents somewhere else."

"I forgot to tell you," said Hyler, "or rather I hadn't actually got a chance to tell you that Lieutenant Hathaway suggests you take Blue Horse in hand personally. It's merely some small psychic trauma or other, he thinks. Maybe if you baby him along for a while the lieutenant has an idea he'll come around all right."

"I can't help it," murmured the Indian apologetically. "I was always like that, even



when small boy. Other Indians on my Reservation have mighty nice amusement shooting rabbits, but I like to run around after butterflies. I sold a very rare one for twelve bucks once. I told everybody I won't make very good soldier and nobody likes to believe me."

"That reminds me," said Ortwingle. "This bulletin board notice said you are elected to give a lecture this afternoon in Orientation."

"He means an orientation lecture," said Hyler. "They're organizing classes to instruct the soldiers in the non-military aspects of warfare. At first blush you might naturally wonder how warfare could have any non-military aspect. But as I understand it these lectures deal with the indoctrination of the uniformed personnel with the tenets of the democratic ideal. News dispatches are discussed, the philosophy of the Four Freedoms is analyzed, the soldier thus clarifying in his mind the principles for which he is fighting."

"And I am supposed to give a lecture on that?" said Smoot.

"On some specific phase of a problem with which as an N.C.O. you are unquestionably familiar," said Hyler, gravely.

"Or maybe he said the blood pressure in this boiler had rose to nine thousand pounds," said Ortwingle. "When I left he was shovelin' in more coal as fast as he could because that's supposed to keep down the heat for a while. But I don't know, maybe you better take a glance into that boiler room, Smooty."

"This girl is givin' me until this Wednesday to get that nine-fifty," said Corky Smith, "or otherwise she says I will wish I had of been took off in my childhood with Scarlet's Fever."

"Pardon me," said a new voice.

"Who are you?" said Corky.

"My name is Private Jones, and something very queer indeed is going on around here." He wedged his way through the crowd. "May I speak to you alone, Sergeant?"

Smoot had been forced back onto his bunk. A cadre room in an infantry replacement company is designed to quarter two non-coms fairly comfortably if they don't yawn at the same time. "Go right ahead," said Smoot weakly. "These guys is jist some cousins of mine from the country that dropped in. But make it snappy, on account of in twenty-seven seconds a large hot water boiler is gonna shoot up through the floor."

"This is a very grave matter, Sergeant," said Private Jones. "We don't want to let him get away."

"Let who get away?"

"This spy. I'm positive he's an Axis agent. There can't be any doubt about it. You see, I had permission to go to the camp exchange to buy myself some corn plasters because my feet have been giving me some trouble, and coming back across the parade ground I noticed a man in uniform acting very suspiciously. He had a camera, and he was photographing the barracks and other military installations. It oughtn't to take more than six or eight men to capture him, Sergeant."

Corporal Hyler said, "Is this soldier a very heavy-set man with thick dark hair? Was he smoking a cigar when you saw him?"

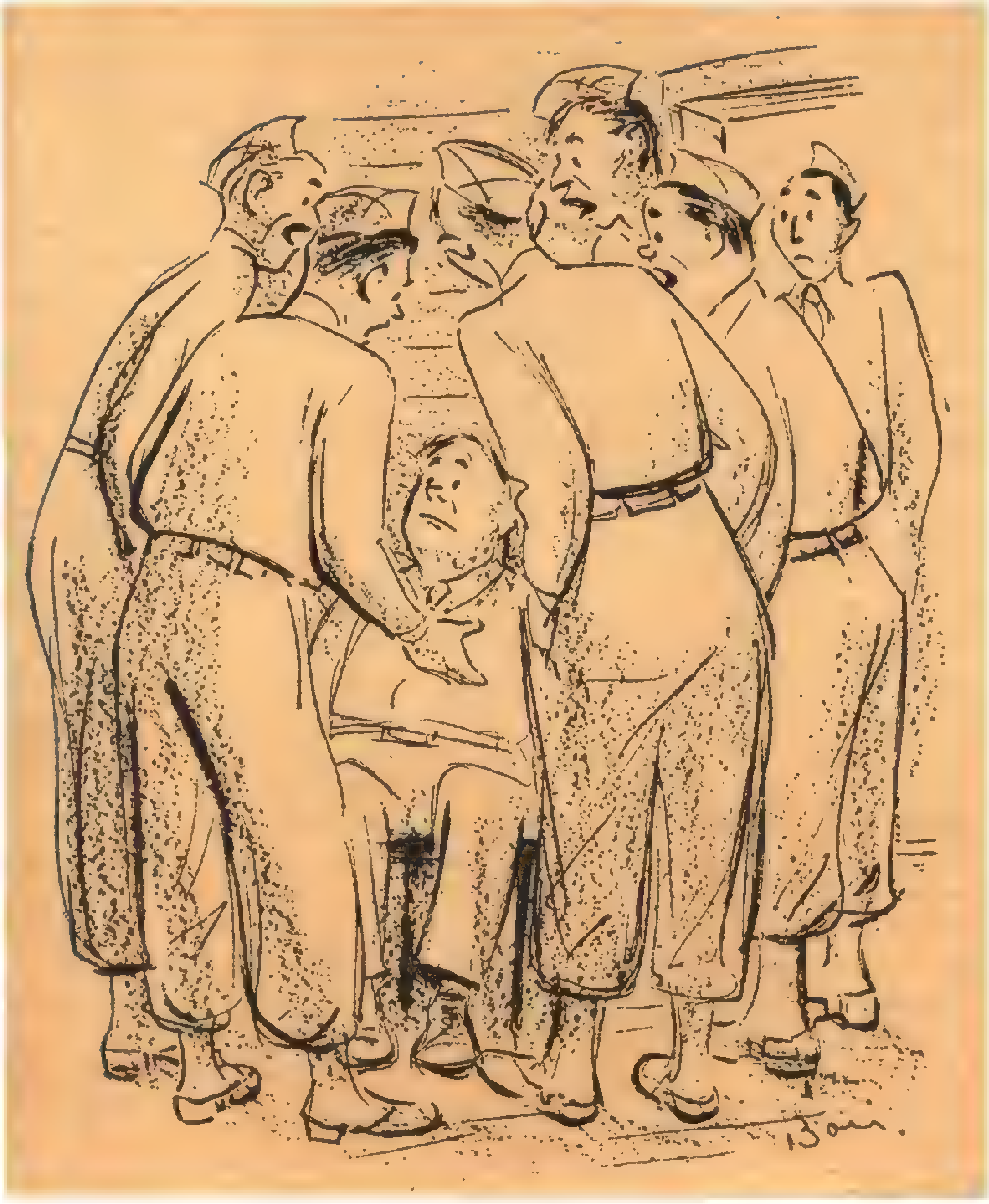
"Why, yes!" exclaimed Private Jones excitedly. "How did you know—"

"That," said Hyler, "is Staff Sergeant McClennahan, the regimental photographer."

"Oh," said Private Jones. Backing out of the door, he murmured, "Well, anyway, I only wanted to be on the safe side."

Softly, calmly, almost timidly, Sergeant Smoot said, "Would you fellows all go out for a moment so as to give me enough room in here to kill myself?"

"That's Smooty for you." Ortwingle shook his head. "I never see a guy get upset so easy. Incidently, I jist notice a very pretty sight outside a couple of minutes ago, a submarine flyin' over the tops of the barracks."



"Gimme air!" said Smoot, very loudly.

"It gives a person a real deep-seated thrill in his chest to watch one of them overhead submarines go sailin' by."

"Them is blimps, you dope," said Corky.

"So they're blimps. They're the same shape as submarines."

"Then I'll leave this Indian with you," said Harrison Hyler to Smoot.

"What are you gonna do about that boiler?" said Ortwingle.

Just then the company clerk came in looking for Smoot. The company clerk, Corporal Whitney, was a self-made wit. "If this is the local USO, will one of you soldiers point out the hostess? I think the name is Smoot."

"I am Sergeant Smoot, boy," said Sergeant Smoot, "and you've come to the right place if you are lookin' for a punch in the nose."

"You don't have to be so touchy," said Whitney. "Can't a guy have a little joke?"

"We don't need jokes in here," said Smoot. "What we need is a inspector from the slum clearance bureau."

"Excuse me," said Private Blue Horse. "I heard somebody say something about boiler too hot, only it's none of my business, so I wouldn't want to butt into it."

"The top kick wants you to fill out these questionnaire forms for each man in your platoon," said Corporal Whitney, depositing a stack of mimeographed sheets on the sergeant's table. "He wants them right after Retreat. They're trying to find out how many men in the company can operate diesel engines."

"The reason being," said the Indian, "we had a hot water boiler on our Reservation pretty near like the one here."

"If you would jist fork over that nine bucks, sarge," said Corporal Corky Smith, "so as I could go sent a money order to this Hazel Rosencranz it would leave room in here for somebody else. By the way," he said to Corporal Whitney, "is it correct since this new mail a soldier don't haff to put stamps on that if he wants to sent it air mail he jist writes the word *Free* twice on the envelope?"

"Search me, friend," said the witty clerk. "I was drafted before that order went into effect."

"Well, it ain't that I am lookin' for attention," said Ortwingle. "But if you see a guy go sailin' past the winder, that would be Private Rodzinsky who use to be in charge of the boiler room."

"I could fix easy," said Charlie Blue Horse, "only I don't like it to seem as if I am butting into anything. If anybody just says so, I'll go turn a tap that lets the steam out when it gets too hot. I understand boilers."

"Well, come on," said Ortwingle. "Why didn't you say so before?"

"He said to handle him with kid gloves for a while," said Hyler. "It's just that he probably has a certain native shyness that will undoubtedly wear off in time. You don't mind if I leave now, do you?"

"Make it six bucks," said Corky Smith. "I know a guy over in the FARC who'll hock me the other three on my portable radio."

Smoot capitulated, first making him sign a promissory note reading, "I, Corp. Corky Smith, hereby solemnly swear if I don't return Smoot's six bucks on payday, said Smoot will knock the hell out of me."

"Now beat it, will you, so that I kin look at what these damned questionnaires is about?"

A beautiful, a halcyon calm fell over the cadre room, a calm almost immediately shattered by the shrill blast of the top kick's whistle. His bellowing voice yelled out hoarsely "All non-coms front and center! All N.C.O.'s out for special instructor class." He passed by Smoot's room. "Fall out, Sergeant. Rest period's over."

"Rest period's over," said Smoot to himself. "Rest period's over." He sounded like a cracked record. "Rest period's over."

He had to push two lolling recruits apart to get through the barrack doorway. His ear picked up a snatch of their conversation. "Big pay and all you have to do is yell at guys. Yes sir, sergeants get the gravy. That's what I'm gonna work myself up to be, a sergeant." #

The American Indian Style

Obviously a headwaiter's dignity must be preserved so Domenic devised this elaborate ruse to dispose of Riccardo

by DONALD HOUGH

• ARTICLE •

OF THE fourteen waiters (all shifts) who make up the floor staff at Restaurant Riccardo, in Chicago, Domenic is by all odds the shortest in stature, but he makes up for this by his attention to duty, his persistence, and his genius for diplomacy in the face of any situation. Domenic cannot be more than five feet, three inches. It doesn't matter.

He is not the official headwaiter at Riccardo's, primarily because all of the waiters are headwaiters: an idea invented by Riccardo himself in a moment of indecision. This idea has had an effect which can be called, in the main, a happy one. At first a certain confusion existed, which is natural when each of fourteen waiters directs the other fourteen. In English, Italian, and mixed.

But in the long run it simmered down to a situation which ought to be studied by our leading industrialists. It threw the ultimate selection straight into the laps of the waiters themselves: since nobody could be made headwaiter, it was inevitable that somebody, through sheer personal qualification and strength of character, would emerge as head headwaiter.

To say that Domenic "emerged" would be not quite accurate. All the others, in a sense, did the emerging, each trying to outdo the others in greeting guests, while Domenic applied his entire talent to his station. It was inevitable that Domenic, as the sole neutral party, should be called upon to settle various jurisdictional disputes, with the result which you probably have guessed! Domenic slid in under the ball and became head headwaiter by default, and because his station was nearest the door. And, it is thought in some quarters, by using his head.

Domenic soon had the situation well in hand, but there was a fly in the ointment, and this I shall attempt to make clear.

Riccardo himself stands a matter of six feet, one or two inches tall, has piercing eyes and a cast of features which commands attention. Now then, before Domenic had backed into the position as unofficial headwaiter, Riccardo was kept busy throughout his establishment, settling disputes and fork-wavings in the kitchen, settling disputes and potential plate-skimming in the restaurant itself, acting as umpire in the boccie games in the basement, and serving as banker in the poker game occasionally (payday) indulged in by all hands upstairs after the late guests (assisted by the impatient waiters) had departed.

Between rounds it had been Riccardo's custom to make several Entrances upon the floor during the evening, with or without his immense Great Dane dog, with or without his stick and gloves, and with or without a black eye. These Entrances were occasions of moment in the establishment, and even the waiters were impressed as Riccardo moved among the tables, bowing, dropping a word or a phrase here and there, pausing for brief chats with guests who had ordered the de luxe dinner, and being generally amiable.

But now that Domenic's skilful administration had brought a certain unstable order to the restaurant, all that remained for Riccardo to do was to make Entrances. Otherwise, he found himself virtually out of work. He made more and more Entrances, but there manifestly was a limit to the number of these, and now in his spare time, in an effort to make himself useful around the place and, in a manner of speaking, hold his job, he began greeting the incoming guests, placing himself just in front of Domenic's station.

This would have been all right with Domenic if their respective sizes had been reversed, or equal. As it was, if Domenic stood respectfully to the rear of Riccardo, there seemed to be nobody present but Riccardo, and if he attempted a bow of greeting while standing at his side—a bow paralleling that of his boss—he seemed practically to vanish. This added nothing to the dignity of Domenic, nor to the discipline upon the floor.

For some weeks Domenic used admirable patience, hoping Riccardo would tire out. But Riccardo stuck to it, and Domenic had to resort to diplomacy. He tried everything he could think of, save the drastic move of simply giving Riccardo his (Riccardo's) notice and getting rid of him entirely. He found many small things for Riccardo to do, and was not above starting a few harmless disputes for Riccardo to straighten out. He praised his paintings (Riccardo is an artist) in the manifest hope that Riccardo would go on home and paint. Riccardo was delighted with Domenic's interest, but the more pithy suggestions—as when Domenic pointed out that other successful restaurateurs spent their evenings at home, or at the cinema, with their wives—left Riccardo cold.

But Domenic did not give up. And in November of 1941, he struck oil.

It was a cold, mean day, with low clouds scudding across as much of the sky as is visible from Restaurant Riccardo—which is on lower Rush Street, near the river—and even at times swirling about the tops of the Wrigley Building and the Tribune Tower, both of which are almost straight overhead when viewed from this point. Domenic, in the pause just before noon, was standing in the doorway looking in the only practical direction, up, when Riccardo arrived.

Riccardo stopped for a joke or two with Domenic. The pleasantries left Domenic unimpressed.

"What's the matter with you today?" Riccardo demanded.

Domenic (as Riccardo related it to me afterward) sighed deeply. "If only I had the

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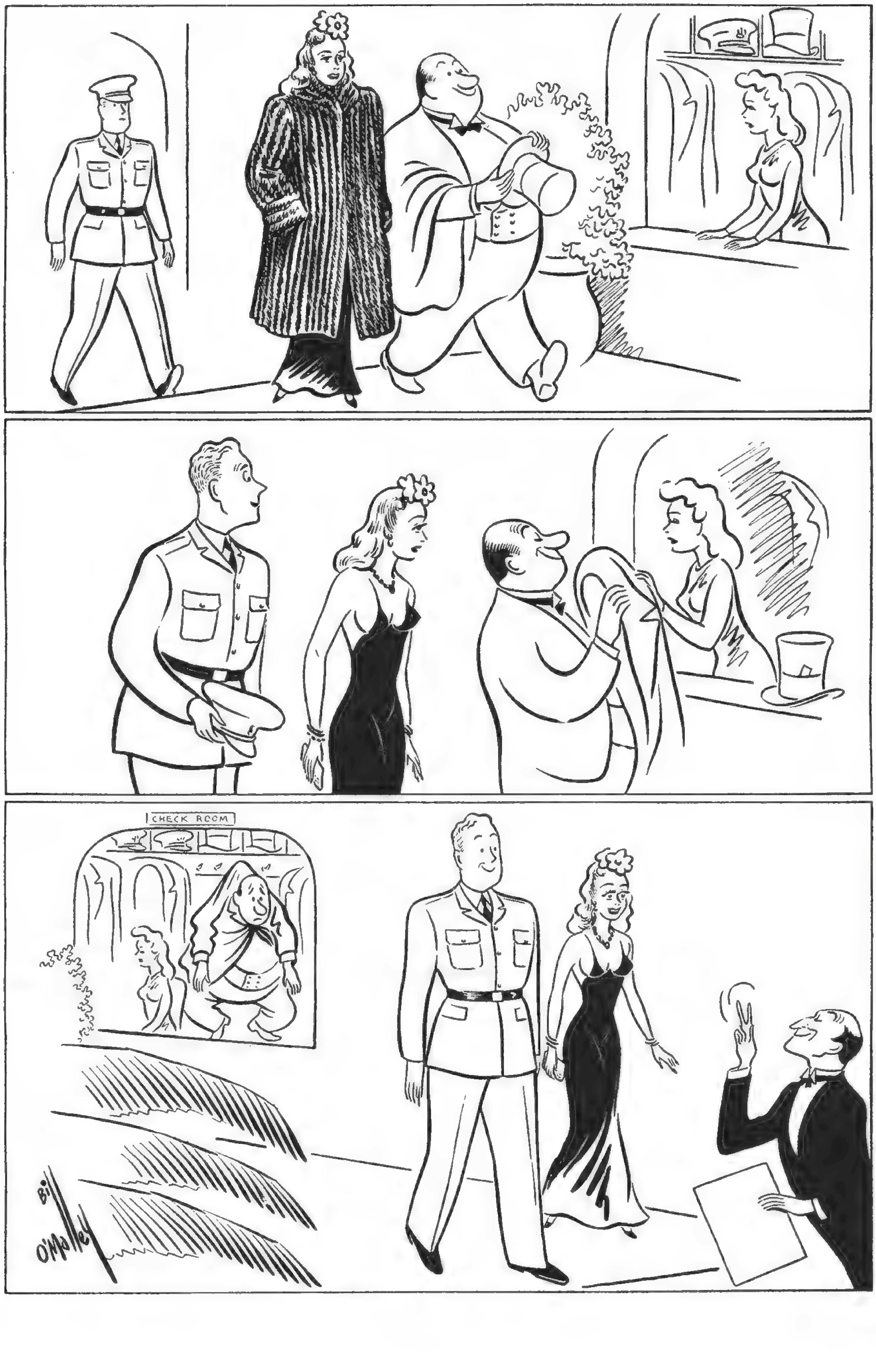
GEORGE WOLFE

"Boy, is he flat!"


CHECK ROOM
Bill O'Malley

Black Boy's Good Time

Johnson was what white people called "a good nigger," he didn't want any trouble, he wasn't one of those reds

by ELMER GROSSBERG

• FICTION •

℞

The sheriff shoved him into the room and his face looked very pale under the yellow bulb. He had very light skin for a Negro . . . But the shadowy color of his skin was still there. There was a chair in the middle of the room and nothing else. The walls looked empty.

The tall, wiry fellow whom they called Slim just looked at him, and then his face broke into a slow grin and the grin, like his face, was hard.

"I thought mebbe y'had a big, tough nigger," he said. "Dis nigger looks weaker 'n drinkin' water." He laughed and it was the only sound in the room. The sheriff stood with his hands on his hips behind Johnson, who was motionless, though his eyes were very wide and wonderingly fastened on Slim.

Slim's sleeves were rolled up and he had on a closely knit slipover. His forearms were thick and strong, out of proportion with the rest of his body.

He took a few steps toward Johnson, looking him over carefully. "Kinda small," he said. "What'd he do?"

The sheriff's heavy lips opened sluggishly. "Crook," he said shortly. "Take Ole Man Dugan's Chevvy."

"You're sure he's the guy done it?"

The sheriff looked at him with annoyance. "That's my job—you got yours! Give 'im the works an' give it to'im good." The sheriff's thick lips closed.

Slim grinned again. His knuckle moved under the rough skin as his fingers clenched and unclenched. "O.K.," he said. "I just wanted t'get good'n' mad at 'im. Do a better job that way."

The sheriff turned toward the door. "You'll do a good job anyway," he advised. "I can pick up any big tough bum outside any time I wanta fer a buck a job."

"Yeah," said Slim, his grin widening, "but not one who fought Lew Jenkins oncet."

The sheriff grunted as he opened the door and turned around again. "Any dumb bastard can get in a ring with Jenkins an' get the hell knocked out of 'im. Specially when Jenkins was jus' a fiel' hand that nobody heard of fightin' fer his stomick."

"Well—" Slim laughed—"Lew's champ now!"

"That's all! Give the black bastard a goin' over. Won't confess he robbed the car—get it out of 'im. An' don't spare the knuckles—this nigger's too damn fresh. Gotta put 'im in his place."

Slim spit in his hands and rubbed them. "Sure," he said. "Now 'm in the mood."

The sheriff stepped out of the room. Before he closed the door he called, "Want 'im handcuffed?"

"Naw, this is too easy."

"O.K. Don't forget I wanta hear 'im." The door closed. There was a silence in the little room as Slim took his time to look at Johnson.

Johnson quavered and his brow was wet and gleaming.

"I didn't take the car—" he fumbled. "I—I didn't—"

"Look, nigger-boy," Slim said curtly. "When I hit a guy I hit 'im hard, see? Not because it's my job, but because I hate 'im . . . see?" He walked over close to Johnson.

Johnson's body shivered. "I—didn't take it—it's a lie—it's a lie . . ."

Slim grabbed his collar in his fist and twisted till it was like a tight rope around his neck.

"Know why I hate 'im?" Slim continued, grinning fiercely into Johnson's face, "'Cause I see 'im like I see him in the ring. A guy wanta smash in the face . . . An' I hate crooks—especially a nigger-crook . . . See? Difference is, in the ring I wanta knock 'im out—Here I don't—Here I jus' wanta sock 'im an sock'im again, smash his damn face to a pulp . . . Keep 'im jus' 'live enough so's he can talk if he don't want no more—See? that's my job—Can't knock 'im out. Guy can't talk, if he's dreamin' . . . Ketch on?"

He waited for a response. The Negro's eyes were wide and his shady skin was paler than before. His lips trembled with fear. He tried to speak, but his mind could not think and his lips could not form words.

Slim did not wait too long for an answer. Johnson watched in a daze while Slim's fist drew back carefully over his shoulder. And he knew it was his last chance to think of something to say—Anything . . .

He thought of home, and in the same terrified instant wondered why . . . He managed to see his skinny mother and little sister, while the fist drove forward. And as it crashed into his face just above his mouth, the figures exploded into spots and blurred rushing stars. The room rocked while he whirled around it furiously. And then a bright blinding light appeared in the middle of it. His eyes saw through a slit and when his lips parted in pain, a trickle of blood ran in and painted his white teeth red. He blinked feebly and tried to lean back, and then he knew that he was against the wall and was on the floor. When the bright sun faded from in front of him he dimly saw Slim's face grinning at him from the middle of the room. And the grin of this man's face at such a time was the most terrible thing that Johnson had ever seen.

Johnson put one hand to his face to a spot that pained and whimpered when the spot could not feel the hand. Slim's legs moved under him and he was glaring down at Johnson crouching over him.

"Had enough, nigger?" He was a fighter now and words came through his teeth.

Johnson stared at him through the wet,

Continued on page 133

TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH OF "CHEE-LAI"

In 1937, the "Manchuria Incident" developed into the "China Incident." Many in the Western world accepted this label of the Japanese war mongers, not seeing that the happenings in China were just the prelude to a forthcoming world conflict. But the youth of China knew about it. Chinese students, who saw their schools imperiled by the relentless progress of the invader, hurriedly packed their books, left universities and colleges together with their teachers, and wandered into the interior. Their travels lasted many months. Camping under the open sky, continuing their studies under the shade of trees, these idealistic young people saved the spirit of China. They moved and rebuilt their schools, and while they marched, they sang "Chee-lai, Chee-lai."

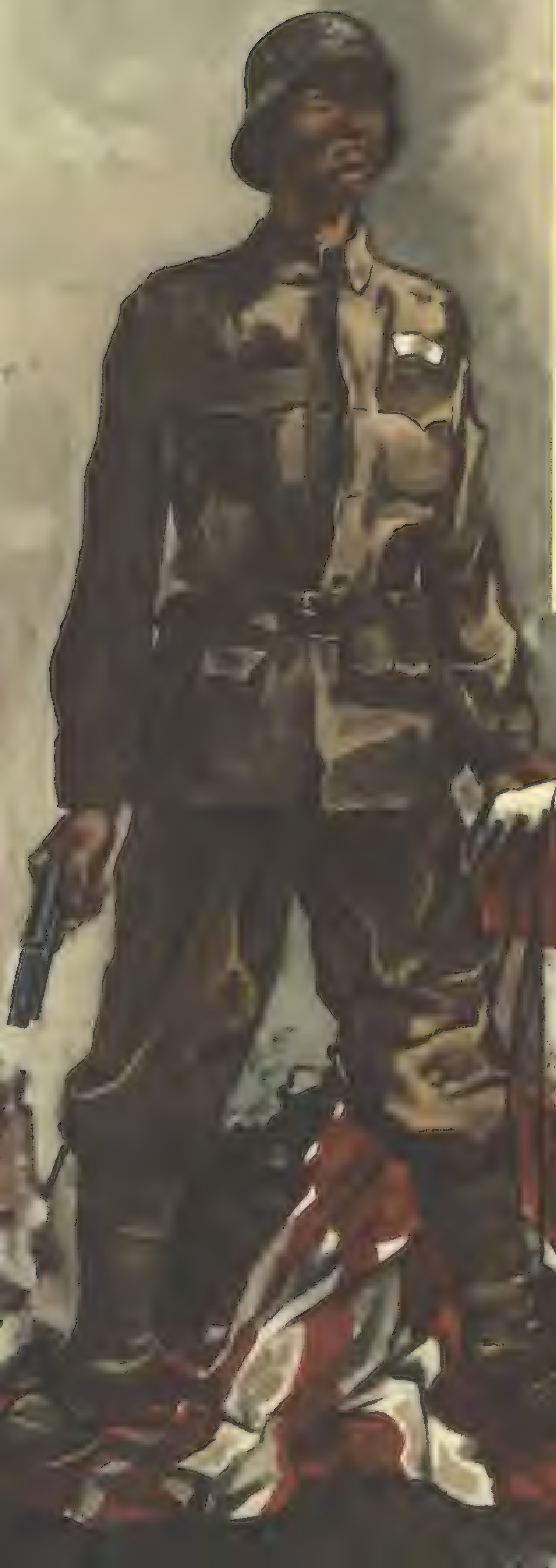
"Chee-lai, Chee-lai"—"Arise, Arise." The Chinese guerilla, harassing the enemy at his back, passed the call on, the song of hatred, of love and of hope.

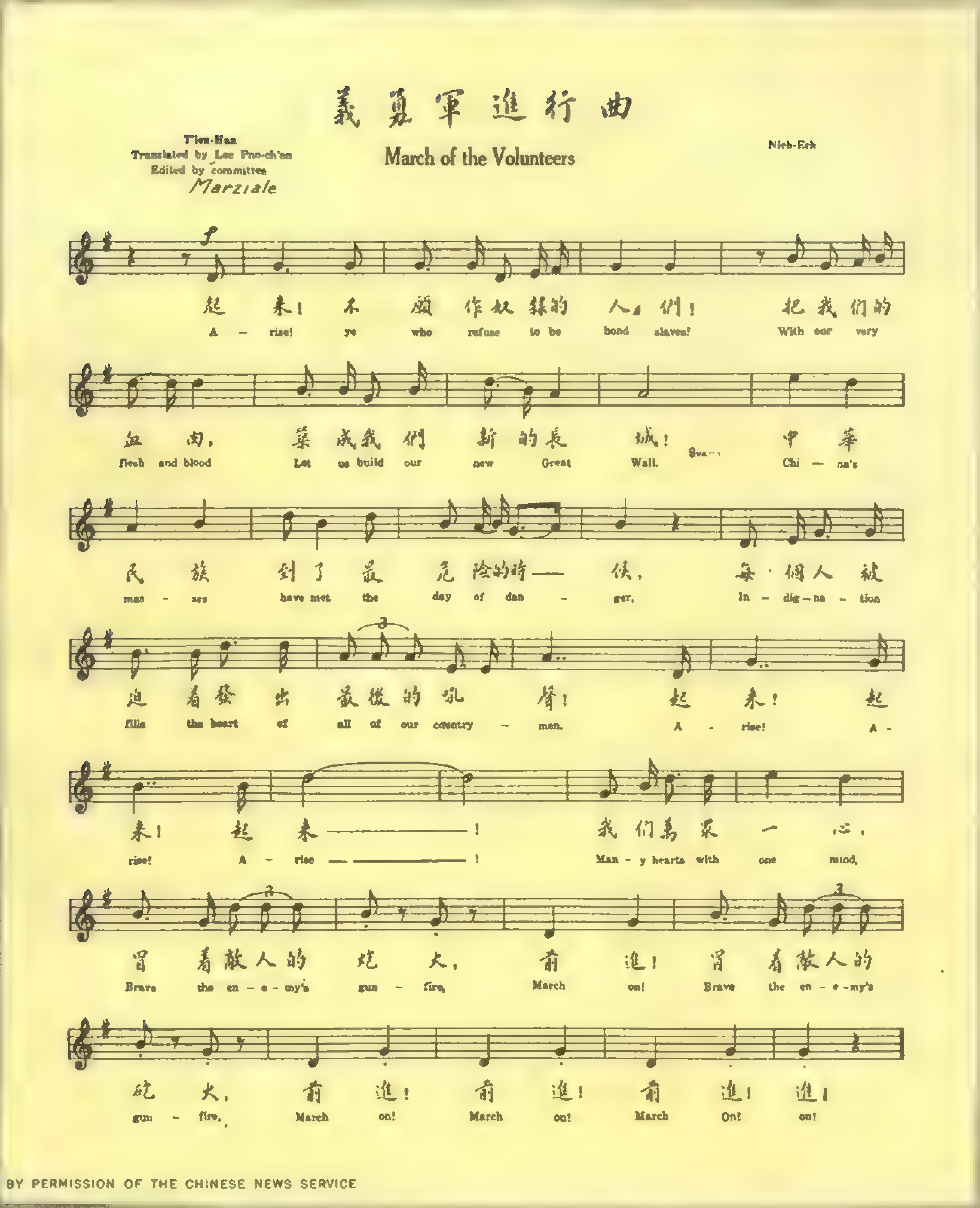
Its composer, Nyi Erh, has not lived to experience his greatest triumph. A native of the Southern province of Yunnan, he ran away from home with his violin and joined a group of young folk singers who wandered as minstrels through vast parts of China. He saw his country and saw into the heart of his people. In his youthful scorn for Japanese imperialism he wrote "Chee-lai" in 1933. Later, lacking technical training, Nyi Erh, the self-appointed musician, decided to study composition. Since he had no money to travel to the United States or to Europe—he was then a poor clerk in a Shanghai firm— Japan seemed to be the only possibility. So in June, 1934, the man, who hated the Tokyo government as much as anybody could hate it, arrived in Japan. A month later, he was dead. "Drowned," said the official Japanese record. "Murdered," said his friends who had seen the dead body, eyes, nose, mouth and ears bleeding, and who knew that his name had prominently figured on the blacklist of the Japanese secret police.

Nyi Erh only reached the age of twenty-three. His death spurred one of his intimate friends, Liu Liang-mo, to continue his work. Liu introduced mass singing in China. First there were only tiny groups, but the idea grew, until a few years later hundreds of thousands sang "Chee-lai" and Nyi Erh's other tunes, his Road Building Song, Longshoremen's Song, Fisherman's Song. Office boys, clerks, apprentices, storekeepers, laborers, ricksha coolies—democratically they got together in these singing groups, and democratically they chose their conductors out of their midst.

"Chee-lai" became the recruiting song of the guerillas—their ranks grew and grew. In 1941, there were about 800,000 guerillas operating in China, well hidden, well armed, ready to fire the deadly bullet at the invader—800,000 burning to revenge Nyi Erh and to disturb the sleep of the Japanese Himmlers and Heydrichs day after day.

—Will Schaber




義勇軍進行曲
Tien-Han
Translated by Lee Pao-ch'en
Edited by committee
Marziale
March of the Volunteers
Nieh-Erh
起来！不愿作奴隸的人，们！把我们的血肉，築成我們新的長城！中華民族到了最危险的时——候，每·個人被迫着發出最後的吼聲！起来！起来！起来——！我们萬衆一心，冒着敵人的炮火，前進！冒着敵人的砲火，前進！前進！前進！進！
A - rise! ye who refuse to be bond slaves! With our very flesh and blood Let us build our new Great Wall. China's mas - ses have met the day of dan - ger. In - dig - na - tion fills the heart of all of our country - men. A - rise! A - rise! A - rise ——! Man - y hearts with one mind, Brave the en - e - my's gun - fire, March on! Brave the en - e - my's gun - fire, March on! March on! March On! on!
8va

BY PERMISSION OF THE CHINESE NEWS SERVICE

CHEE-LAI

March of the Volunteers

Arise! You who refuse to be bond slaves!
Let's stand up and fight for
liberty and true democracy!
All our world is facing
the chains of the tyrants,
Everyone who works for freedom is now crying:
Arise! Arise! Arise!
All of us with one heart,
with the torch of freedom,
March on!
with the torch of freedom,
March on! March on! March on and on!

Translation by Liu Liang-mo

A. Leydenfrost

Preliminary Report on Superman

Noting common traits of pluperfect comic strip heroes, your analyst suggests they compensate for mass inferiority complex

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

On a fine late summer afternoon, a studious gentleman in horn rimmed spectacles could have been, and often was, observed, on a local train between New York and Croton Falls, reading a small but select number of magazines in bright covers, all singularly alike, but each bearing a different name, such as: *Startling Comics*, *Superman*, *Captain Aero Comics*, *Doc Savage*, *Bat Man*, and on other occasions, *Action Comics*, *More Fun Comics*, *All Flash*, and, rarely, *Real Life Comics*. The studious gentleman was your correspondent, scrupulously doing his home work and research for this report—and having an unexpectedly good time, at moments, despite the snickers of some pedants who had graduated into the crossword puzzle stage of culture.

As indicated here some months ago, the moving picture *Superman*, in brilliant colors, is one of the most wildly entertaining films ever made; in the magazine, *Superman* is called an "adventure strip character," and appears under the auspices of:

Josette Frank, Staff Advisor, Children's Book Committee, Child Study Association of America;
Dr. C. Bowie Millican, Department of English Literature, New York University;
Ruth Eastwood Perl, Ph.D., Associate Member, American Psychological Association;
Dr. W. W. D. Sones, Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study, University of Pittsburgh;
Dr. Robert Thorndike, Dept. of Educational Psychology, Teachers College, Columbia Univ.;
Lt. Com. Gene Tunney, U.S.N.R., Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation and Member, Board of Directors, Catholic Youth Organization.

Since queens and bluebloods stopped publicly using a certain face cream, no such impressive backing is on record. No other strip has it. Dick Tracy, and Smilin' Jack and Miss Victory and Captain Future just roll along on merit without benefit of psychologists.

The appearance of these eminences as guides and friends for the despised comic strip (especially in its new adventure phase) is the first time, to my knowledge, that anyone has acted sensibly and on the principle of embracing what you cannot destroy. Some good results, which do not corrupt the integrity of the strips themselves, are already apparent. The youth of America is not defeatist; its heroes are catching spies, unearthing from the air under-water caches of oil (a mixture of elements there), and generally annihilating important Japs and strategic Germans, leaving to our soldiers the job of quantity destruction.

Also, in many libraries, the children's room carries a message from Superman, recommending a good book, and this recommendation, I am informed, carries more weight than the urgings of schoolmistresses and librarians themselves. It is hard for librarians to find themselves inferior to Superman, but they must learn to accept the common lot. All of us are inferior to him.

Not only in prowess. Superman, like all the other excellent men and women whose acquaintance I have recently cultivated, is on the side of the angels. None of these stout fellows and lithe misses would strike a mother except in self-defense; they are in favor of slum clearance, honest and incorruptible government, and even when they are transported to ancient Egypt, they resist the wiles of the serpent of old Nile by saying, "Lay off, Sister; I ain't the romantic type." And the Fighting Yank resists hypnotic power by the simple, beautiful, candid statement, "No American can be forced into evil."

I have tried to write down the universal characteristics of the new men of adventure and find but few. The protagonist often refers to himself in the third person when announcing a grave turn of events; thus: "This is a job for The Fighting Yank." Or, more specifically still, "Joan Wayne, you're a dub! Better let Miss Victory carry on from here." Of course Clark Kent speaks of Superman, but that is natural; he can't use the first person without giving away his identity. (I don't know why he wants to make a pretty secret of it, but he does.)

Next, the best of the adventurers, male and female, always wear capes. Indeed, a young lout of my acquaintance assures me that he can only tell Miss Fury from Miss Victory by the color of their capes; but I think he exaggerates. The cape, I take it, is the symbol of omnipotence. It streams out behind our heroes as they fly through the air; it billows in the wind; against it, the long limbs, in tights, of man or maid are mighty and muscular. Villains, I believe, never wear capes; but they run to mysterious cloaks and other paraphernalia.

Many of these characters are attended by their familiars. Mandrake, fully equipped with cape, has his Lothar; Superman, to be sure, has Lois Lane, to cope with; some time ago, when I wasn't looking, Buck Rogers got off on some adventure and although "Buck is a one-man army of greased lightning," a character named Buddy and his girl Avona are active in the current issues.

And one thing more: the characters are modest. They carry modesty to a fine point, underestimating even their best friends. Lois, for instance, has been dropped from an airplane and later remarks, "It certainly was a relief when Superman caught me in midair"; and Bruce, the Yank, brushes off all compliments with a neat come-on for next time: "I've got a hunch something new is brewing this very moment. . ." More delicate than the direct "to be continued," this still has some of the touch of the cliffhanger; and it is not boastful. I have run across a script which is apparently a burlesque called "Supersnipe" in which modesty is not exactly characteristic.

Modesty is understandable in the timid

Continued in center of page 153

Nazis in Libya *"Get a load of"* the U. S. Army attack plane, the Douglas A-20A

A German stronghold, it seems, can light the night sky as brightly as any other when a Douglas attack plane does its stuff. Joe Goebbels may tell his puppet press that damage was trivial—only schools and hospitals were hit. But the United Nations can afford to laugh, for no amount of Nazi blustering will change the records of the Libyan campaign. Flying so fast that German ack-acks could not get their sights on them, and so low that they could almost lay the bombs on their targets, the attackers worked in relays called the "Boston shuttle Service." Piloted by South Africans, they took off just ahead of the advancing Germans, laid their deadly eggs so close that their ground crews could hear the explosions and raced back to the retreating supply columns to refuel and rearm. In this manner, dozens of sorties were made every day. In France, Belgium and Holland as well as in Africa, the Bostons, as the British call these Douglas and Boeing-made attack planes, proved their power. So long as they had a pilot and one engine intact, they always got home. This plane combines the best features of an attack plane and a short-range bomber, and has the edge over dive bombers in its variable methods of approach. Lighter, and faster than the bomber, it can fly low to enjoy the protection of enemy woods and hills, and find its target from any trick angle that suits its purpose. The dive bomber, on the other hand, is much more vulnerable because during its long-range dives it cannot vary its course, and plays clay-pigeon to opposing fighting planes above as well as anti-aircraft guns below. Besides being faster and more maneuverable, this American invented plane carries a bomb load greater than the dive bomber, and has proved itself as well adapted for night fighting as the DB-7. Powered by two Wright Cyclone engines, with a speed of 350 m.p.h., it runs interference for tanks and ground troops like nobody's business. No less an authority than Air-Vice-Marshal G. G. Dawson, of the British air forces in Egypt, paid the American attack plane a memorable tribute when he said: "If it hadn't been for Boston Bombers, the United Nations' forces would be fighting in Palestine today."

The Sporting Scene

Taking a look at those rugged men who make up the paratroops we acquire new respect for the unballyhooed B-teamers

by HERB GRAFFIS

SPORTS

THE B-teamers are football's Little Orphan Dannys.

Unawed by the glamour of the varsity, but the varsity's staunchest, fieriest rooters, the B-teamers are the tackling dummies, the juggernaut roadbeds, the versatile demonstrators of the plays of the imminent opposition.

If the B-team is smart and spirited and eager to play just for the hell of it, then the varsity may entertain championship aspirations. The B-team generally gets attended to after the varsity squad has been carefully given the expert attention of trainers, the first use of the therapeutic devices, and the solicitous interrogations of sports scribes.

The B-team has a schedule against other B-teams inasmuch as university athletic departments often are aware that what happens to a B-team most of the week shouldn't happen to a dog, yet.

And, when the B-teams play, their reward in glory usually is a line appearing in a corner of a sport page under the head "Other Scores." About what happens to the B-team games the radio generally is mute. Possibly the unkindest cut of all to the B-team is that when it loses no alumnus has been known to take vast quantities of alcohol in balming the sting he feels in his B-team's defeat.

It all adds up that the unsung lad who faithfully, cheerfully and competently performs as a B-team member is really quite a character.

Confirmation of the hitherto unregarded excellent qualities of the B-team anonymities is abundantly available among those rugged soldiers who constitute the paratrooping personnel.

Take a look at eleven paratroop officers who were B-team players at West Point. This eleven will do as a starting line-up. The veterans of West Point B-teams, and their classes:

Major John B. Shinberger, '34.
Major Arthur Gorham, '38.
Major Arthur A. Maloney, '38.
Major Robert L. Wolverton, '38.
Major Robert B. Kuhn, '38.
Major James W. Coutts, '32.
Major Reuben H. Tucker, '35.
Major Louis Walsh, '34.
Major Ward S. Ryan, '38.
Capt. Emery S. Adams, '39.
Capt. Robert J. Cole, '39.

Coutts, Kuhn and Maloney served together in Hawaii. When they were returned to the United States they kept together by applying for paratrooping duty, and getting it. Major Coutts was one of the paratrooping pioneers. He went into this service when it was a B-team experiment and there were no station wagons to haul the umbrella-man back to quarters after his rump had bumped the topography. To a B-team grad orders to jump out the plane door and trust to one's patron saint and the chute is just the old stuff higher up. Coutts was a boxer at West Point, as was Major Shinberger. Boxing is what a B-teamer does when he is too tired to curl up in bed with a good book.

You can make your own guess on how many famous athletes who have been out of competition for 10 years are qualified as paratroopers and your guess will make the B-team training as reflected by Major Coutts rate a bunch of A's and 1's.

Ex B-Teamer Maloney is the heaviest of this starting eleven. He trains down to 200 pounds. Two hundred pounds of ordinary guy landing in a parachute would make a dent in which you could hide a tank. A 200-pounder with B-team training merely bounces and thinks nothing of it. Major Maloney, when at West Point, relaxed from B-teaming in football by playing lacrosse, reputedly the roughest, most vigorous of all sports. A whack from a lacrosse stick spread Maloney's schnoz so he could smell his ears. That normally is an annoying injury in sport but to a B-team man who picks his teeth with the cleats of the varsity stars a smeared bugle is no worse than a bad, but brief, cold.

Major Gorham took the paratroopers into western mountain country for ski-training in the initial venture of this sort. Having guys jump out of clouds, then glide and slide o'er snow-blanketed crag and valley is rather rigorous training even for the stern duties of war. If the idea works, swell. And, in accordance with the long established policy, the way to try out the hunch is on the B-team.

Considerable football savvy is acquired by B-team players. In the cases of the West Point B-teamers named in this communique, Majors Wolverton, Maloney, Walsh and Coutts passed on their football learning as coaches of regimental teams in Hawaii. Wolverton got his baptism of collegiate football at Davis and Elkins. At the Point he was in varsity competition as a hurdler when off duty as a B-team workhorse.

Major Tucker and Captains Adams and Cole were born into the army. Captain Adams is the son of Maj. Gen. E. S. Adams.

Every member of this starting line-up of former West Point B-team members is married. They are said to have star ranking as husbands. They do their fighting elsewhere than at home and as beneficiaries of B-team training are incapable of temperamental outbursts and delusions of grandeur such as occasionally flare among those who suffer hangovers of the heady publicity given football's varsity notables.

The job assigned to the paratrooper is virtually that of telling a fellow to drop into hell and shove Satan off the premises with his own spear. It is not an occupation sought by a

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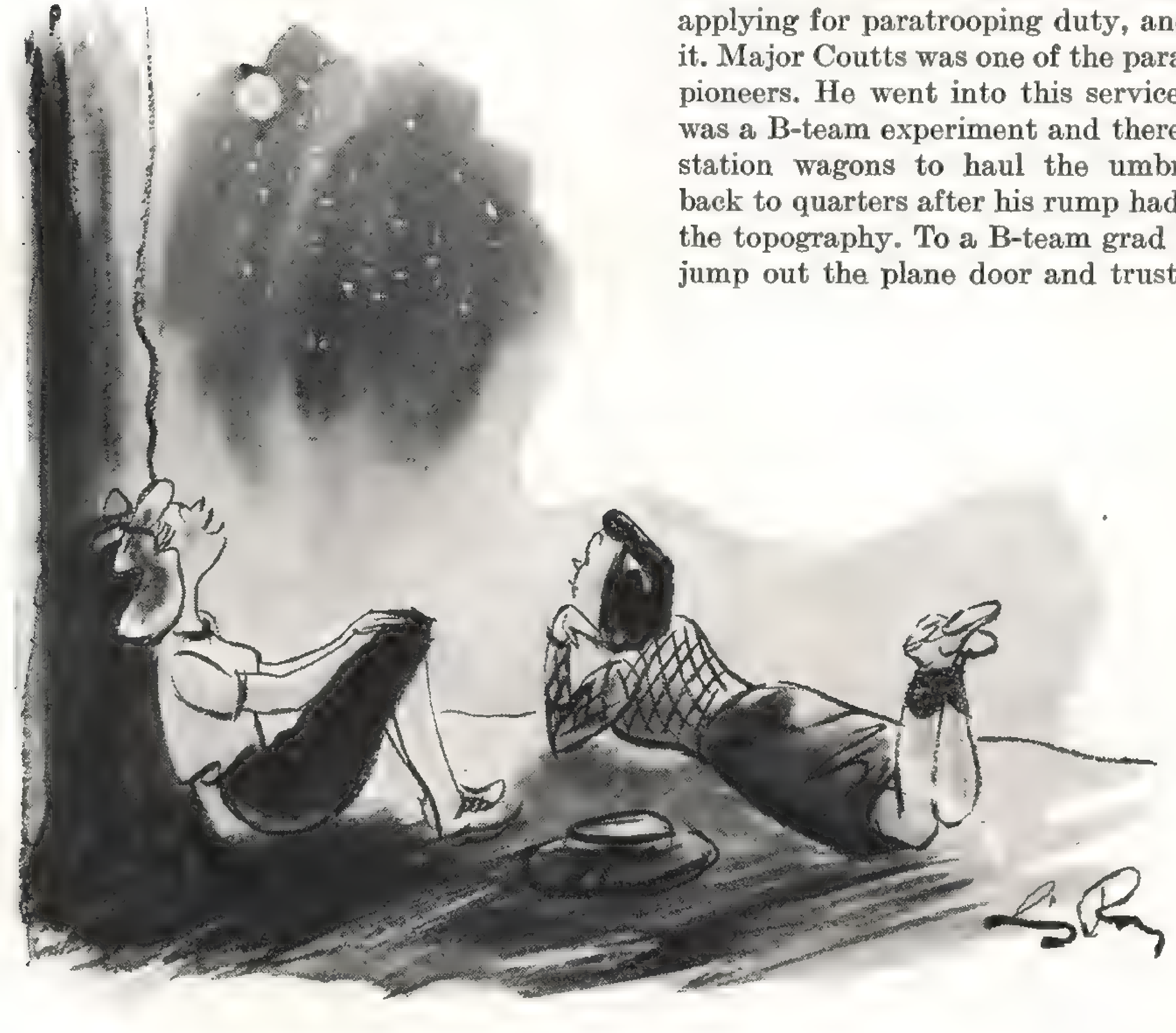
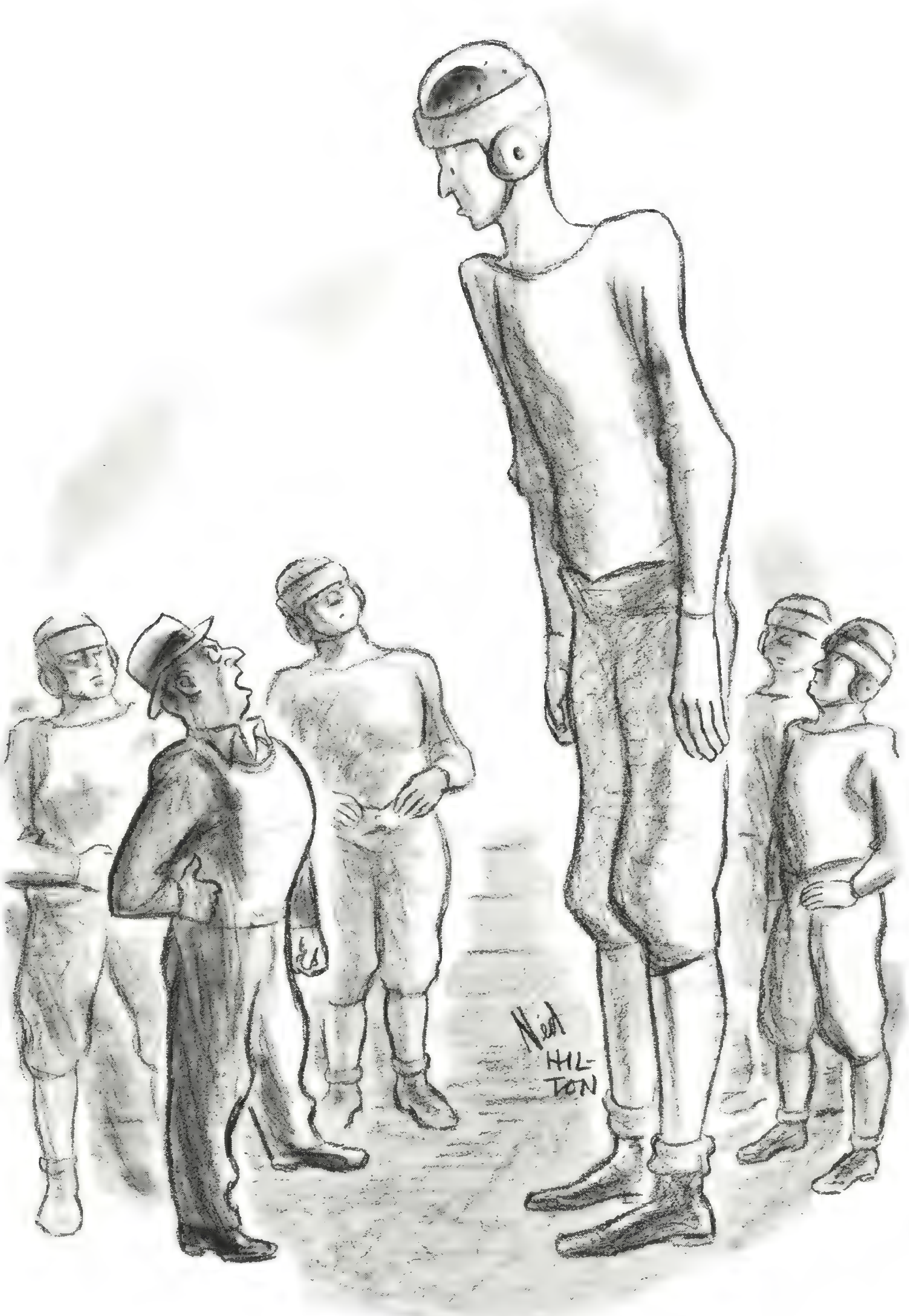


"One more falling star and I'll have all the things I've ever wanted"



"Now see here, Wilkins—one more muffed pass and you get no pituitary extract for dinner tonight!"

At the Bottom of the Garden

Aunt Mildred saw flowers from the whimsical angle and swore up and down she could feel their quaint little spirits in the gloaming

by WALTER BROOKS

FICTION

O sure you remember this Fred Beasley. He was a commuter and every day he went into New York on the train to work at whatever people who go into New York every day on the train go in to work at. The other people in this story are his wife Jessica and her Aunt Mildred Peckham. And of course Silvia though you'd hardly classify her as people I guess.

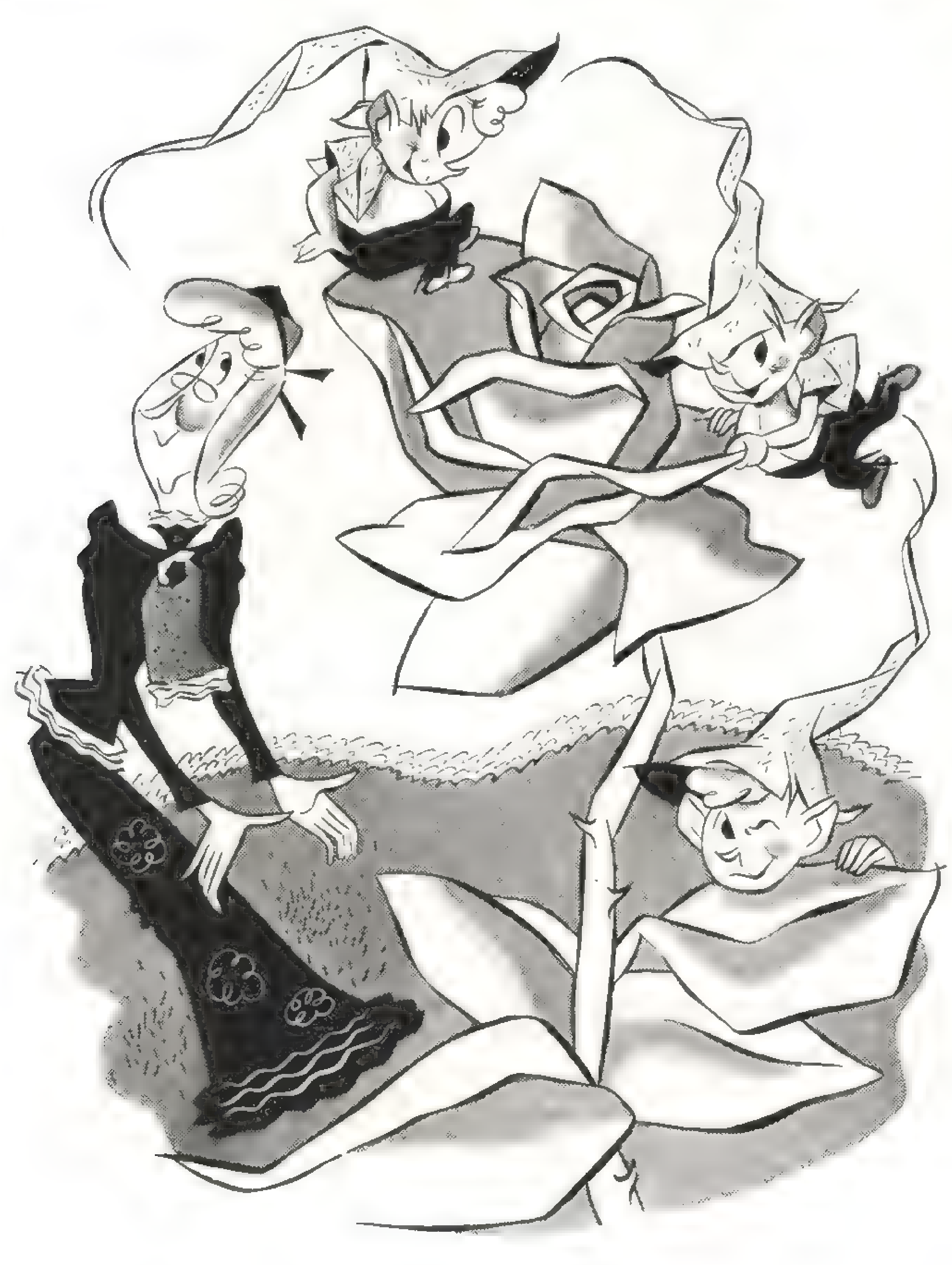
Well Aunt Mildred was a short roundish woman who wore eyeglasses that fell off and hats that were too small for her and she lived in Wopsackett, Mass. in a house full of warming pans and other ancestral junk. But her chief pride was her garden though how she ever knew what came up in it I can't imagine because all summer she would be dashing from one garden club meeting to another all over the East. At these meetings she was often called upon to speak because although not horticulturally very hep she had a popular substitute for exact information in a rich vein of whimsy which many found charming. For she peopled the garden with little elfish wistful creatures and the accounts of her interviews with them were received with moans of delight. She had even had a flower named after her—the Gaillardia Peckhami.

Well I guess there was no particular harm in such goings on. If I can bring to you only a little of the glamour and mystery in which Mother Nature clothes even the tinest flowret she used to say I have fulfilled my mission. And throwing out her hands she would say with a smile which robbed the words of their terror—I bring you Joy!

But she did not bring Mr. Beasley joy. And when Mrs. Beasley told him that Aunt Mildred had written that she hoped it would be convenient if she paid them a little visit he said Gosh why does she have come at just this time?

That's what you say every year said Mrs. Beasley. Next week isn't any worse than any other time is it? And Mr. Beasley said That's what I mean. Well she's my aunt and she's coming said Mrs. Beasley. Mr. Beasley knew it anyway and so he shut up.

Well the first thing Aunt Mildred always did when she got there was to go out and see what miracles God and Mr. Beasley had wrought in the Beasley garden during the past year. For although Mr. Beasley was not an enthusiast on Aunt Mildred's high plane he did like weeding and watching things sprout and getting his hands dirty and he spent a lot of his spare time at these things. And I guess that Aunt Mildred felt it was her mission to instruct him in the aesthetic and spiritual values of such labor.



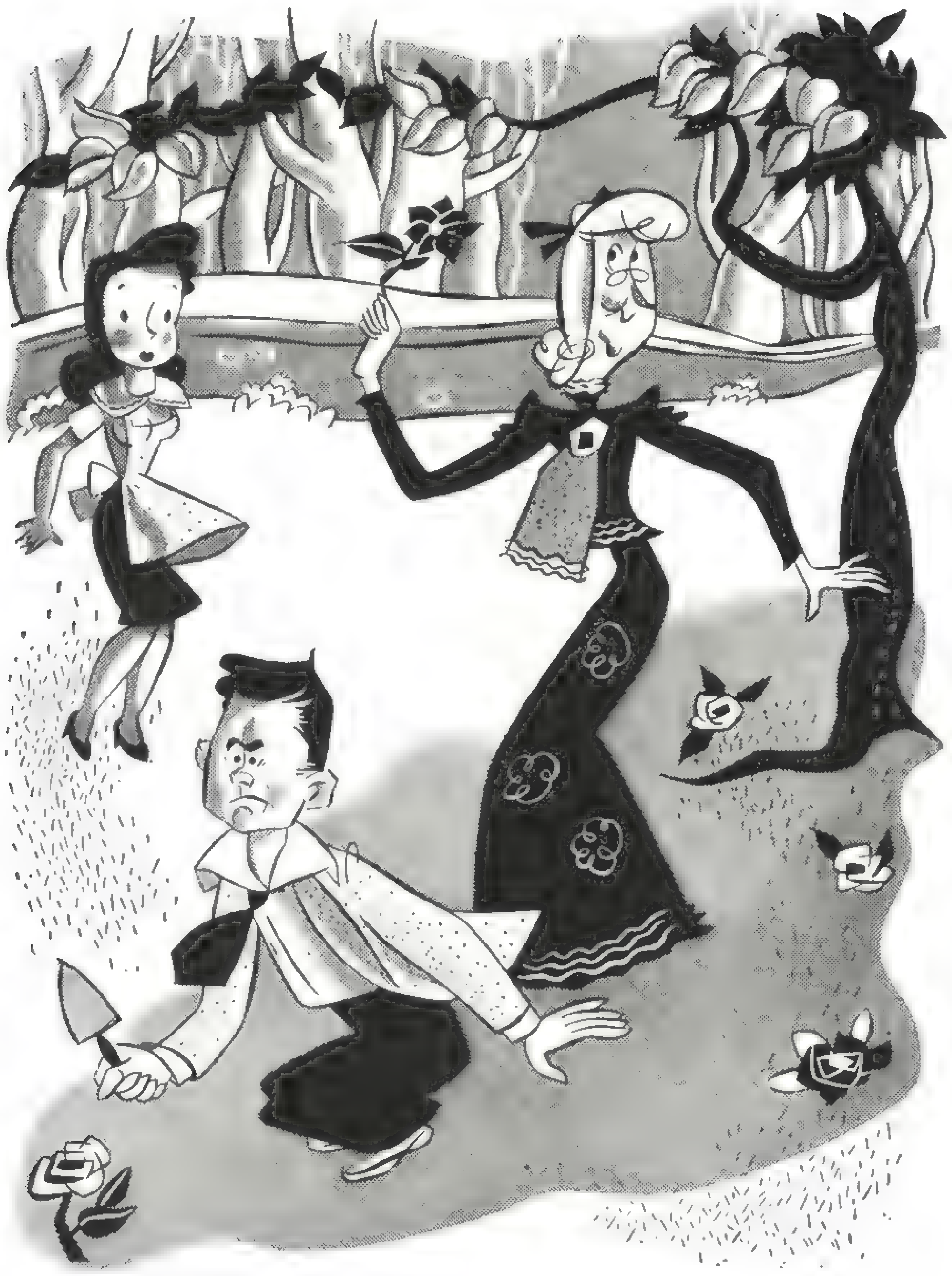
So when she went out she raised her hands and exclaimed Ah what a bower of beauty! And then she knelt before a clump of little white flowers with one of those names that sound as if they ought to be hospitalized at once and said Ah the shy little darlings! Hiding their little faces from their old aunt! Mr. Beasley beat down his nausea and said Why Aunt Mildred when we read your letter out here saying you were coming the whole garden just burst into full bloom! And Aunt Mildred patted his arm and said Dear Fred! I shall make you see them yet—the quaint little flower spirits in the gloaming.

Well of course this sort of thing was harmless but pretty soon Aunt Mildred would put on her professional look with her head on one side and her finger on her cheek and would say Now Jessica I do think the zinnias would look much better on the other side—let me see—yes just over there against the rhododendrons and then the coreopsis— And Mrs. Beasley would agree and then Mr. Beasley would have to start to dig. He dug every spare minute during Aunt Mildred's visits so that not a bulb or bush ever stayed long enough in one place to look like anything. But when he complained to Mrs. Beasley she only said she guessed Aunt Mildred had forgotten more about gardening than he ever knew and he'd better be grateful for a little advice from somebody who knew something. Mr. Beasley did not have much fun I tell you.

So this visit was no different from previous ones and while he went on digging far into what Aunt Mildred called the enchanted gloaming she and Mrs. Beasley would sit in comfortable garden chairs down at the end of the garden where a stone wall separated it from the wooden back acres of the huge Pinckney estate. And one evening he went over and said Aunt Mildred I should think that the Little People would get pretty sick of having us change everything around all the time. I mean they go to slide down a lily stalk and it turns out a rose has been put in where the lilies were and they tear their little red pants. You're making sport of me Fred said Aunt Mildred but I don't mind. Because you see I *know*. You mean that you have actual proof that such creatures exist? said Mr. Beasley and Mrs. Beasley said Stop picking on Aunt Mildred Fred for goodness' sake. O I don't mind Jessica said Aunt Mildred and she turned to Mr. Beasley with an arch smile and said You'd be surprised wouldn't you if I told you that down here at the foot of the garden—under the mysterious shadow of these huge giants of the forest primeval— You know Aunt Mildred interrupted Mrs. Beasley this really is primeval forest across the wall—a part of the old Pinckney Grant that has never been cut over. Of course! said Aunt Mildred sharply. And as I was saying you'd be surprised to know that right here where we are sitting I have seen one of the fairy folk? No said Mr. Beasley I wouldn't.

Well belief was the last thing Aunt Mildred expected and for a minute she couldn't think of anything else to say. Mrs. Beasley looked alarmed. Probably a stray kitten she said. O no dear said Aunt Mildred it was quite life size. It was last year when I was here and I was looking out into the moonlight before going to bed— Possibly one of the Pinckney servants said Mrs. Beasley. They do occasionally wander up this way.

Look Aunt Mildred said Mr. Beasley have you really actually seen any of these flower sprites and Good People and what not? I am often asked that question said Aunt Mildred and I shall answer it as I always do—honestly



They wouldn't like it if I didn't. Perhaps I should say that I rather feel them than see them? I may say that I commune with them. They tell me their little secrets. O yes they trust me—because you see I believe in them.

Well it was obvious that she had switched into one of her informal little talks and so Mr. Beasley stopped listening. But when all the fairies had footed it on the greensward and all the wee pixies had played their innocent pranks he said In other words you've never actually seen one? Why Fred said Aunt Mildred I have only to put on my wishing glasses — Never mind the wishing glasses said Mr. Beasley How about the old bifocals? Well said Aunt Mildred as I told you I certainly saw *something* down here that time. But— I think you're being very nasty Fred interrupted Mrs. Beasley and I don't see why you can't let Aunt Mildred believe what she wants to. My goodness you believe in things you haven't seen too. What for instance? said Mr. Beasley and Mrs. Beasley said Well the Republican Party for instance. And Mr. Beasley said Well there's something in that.

So Mr. Beasley did not pick on Aunt Mildred any more but unfortunately his skepticism had stimulated her to defend her position with further flights of fancy and it got so they even had elves for breakfast. So one Saturday Mr. Beasley blew up. And in the face of a new set of instructions he threw down his trowel and said O let's get the whole damn place plowed up and start all over again. Why Fred said Aunt Mildred I thought you *liked* gardening! Ha ha! said Mr. Beasley hollowly. But the scabiosa said Aunt Mildred it— You transplant it yourself then said Mr. Beasley And that goes for the peritonitis and the agina too. But as for the senile dementia he said if you can eradicate that from this garden you're a better man than I am. And he vaulted the wall and disappeared into the Pinckney woods.

He walked far enough into the woods so he couldn't hear anybody call him and then he threw himself down under a tree and said Whoosh! Am I glad to be alone! And a clear voice up above him in the tree said Are you?

Well Mr. Beasley had had an experience with the owner of that voice before but it had been some time ago and it had been so queer that he had at last convinced himself that she was just a beautiful looney who had strayed from some neighboring asylum and probably by this time the keepers had caught up with her. And now here she was again. O he said it's you is it?

O I am glad you did not forget me said the girl and she came down the tree just as she had before without his knowing just how she did it but in a second she was standing beside him. Good heavens said Mr. Beasley haven't you got any clothes *yet?* O I forgot that you didn't like to look at me she said. It isn't that said Mr. Beasley but you know there are certain conventions— I don't know what those are said the girl but I want you to like to look at me. And she reached up and twisted off a few sprays of oak leaves and wove them skilfully into a sort of girdle which she fastened about her waist. Is that better? she said. Well it was not much better certainly from the rather sophisticated point of view which Mrs. Beasley might take but Mrs. Beasley was not there. Ah said Mr. Beasley non-committally Well there's something added.

So she sat down beside him and said Do you remember my name? Yes said Mr. Beasley Silvia. And yet you never came here and called *Silvia!* she said. I would have come if you had. Her voice fascinated Mr. Beasley. It was clear and uninflected—almost as if it had no connection with what she felt. Well you see he said you rather got me in trouble because you insisted on going home with me. I was lonesome here said Silvia and I thought I would like to try living as you humans do. You do uncomfortable and silly things but you seem to like it. And then I like you. You don't chase me with loud cries as other humans do when they catch sight of me. But I suppose those women you live with wouldn't let you. And now you have got another one—such a funny one! She laughed. Please explain to me Fred she said why you wanted her too?

So Mr. Beasley tried to explain that Mrs. Beasley was his wife and that the cook was the cook and that Aunt Mildred was not a new addition to a rather ill-assorted seraglio. And then he grinned and when Silvia asked him why he said Well Aunt Mildred claims to be an authority on your people. That is if you're one of the Fairy Folk. O pooh! said Silvia and then added surprisingly That Shakespeare!

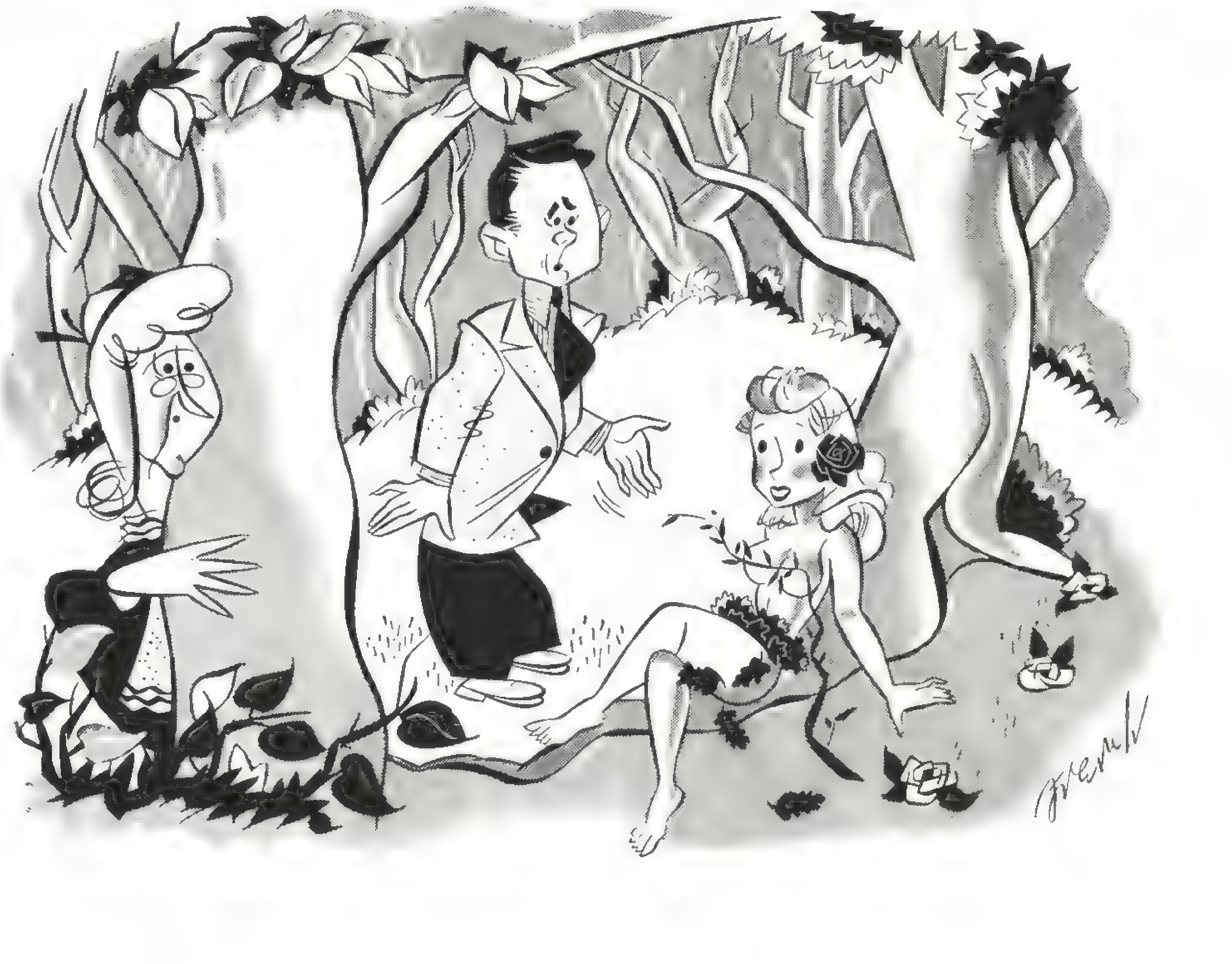
What! said Mr. Beasley and Silvia said O when I was little he was a man who said he knew about us. He made songs about us. They were pretty but we are not like that at all. When you were little! exclaimed Mr. Beasley and then decided to let that one pass.

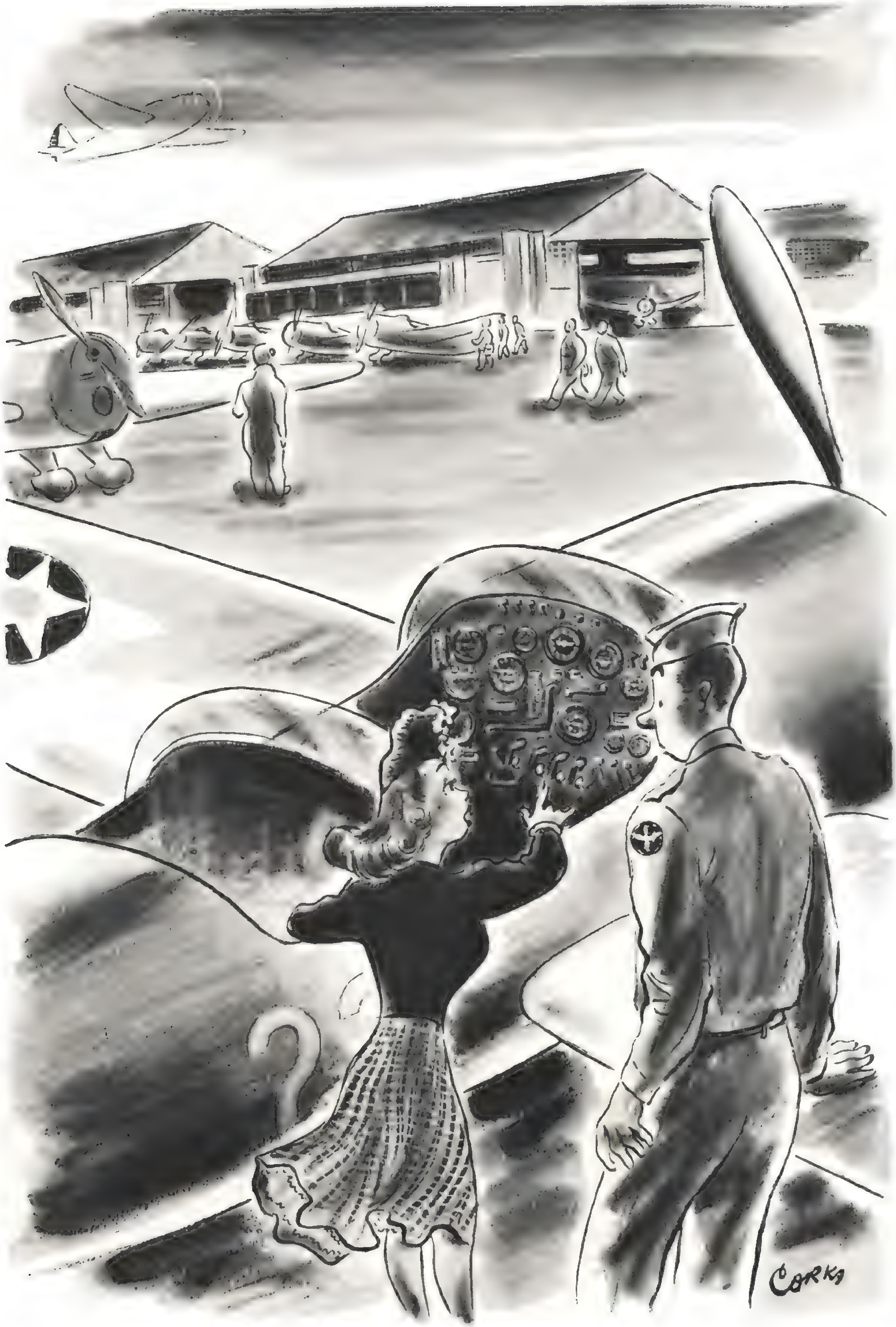
Yes he said I guess Shakespeare was a little like Aunt Mildred at that. But she's worse and he turned to Silvia and said She puts sugar in the morning dew and chocolate frosting on the sunrise. She doesn't merely gild the lily—she smothers it in fudge sauce. And you know what she thinks you're like? Yes said Silvia I have heard her talking on the other side of the wall. Fred why don't you come and live over here with me. I could show you—

Psst! said Mr. Beasley Somebody coming. Quick—do that vanishing act you did before. Please Silvia. So Silvia looked at him and smiled and she put her arms up and pressed against the tree trunk and sort of shimmered and then vanished. Only at the foot of the tree was the girdle of leaves.

Well the footsteps came closer and through the branches Mr. Beasley saw a small ridiculous purple hat and then Aunt Mildred teetered towards him. Why Fred she said I've been looking for you. My dear boy I was very cross with you but I did not want you to run

Continued on page 128





"Which of these is the cigarette lighter?"

Oh, Ye'll Tak' the Highball

Thanks to convoys we can still have our Scotch: straight, with seltzer or such concoctions as Loch Lomond Milk Punch

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

Whistles reared under the Thistle which betokens "Watch out or you'll get stuck," instinctively play shy at the sight of a check. To smoke them out of the heathered glens and Loch Lomonded banks and braes in which they take cover, whusky of a coaxy peat-redolent type had to be evolved and sent on their palate trail. And does it fetch them! Skirling, pibroching, sword-dancing—sidestepping seltzer expense by using fog, courtesy of the Caledonian climate.

Occasionally, though, things are brought to a halt by a thrift-thirst deadlock, titanic in its intensity. This is known as the Scottish psychosis or double stymie. When it becomes so acute that the sufferer even neglects his porridge, some friend or physician steps in as referee.

"Jock, are ye deein' for a wee drappie?"

"Nae, for a monstrous big one. But I'm in the deil's ain torments at the thocht of a' the siller a bottle would cost."

"Then why dinna ye coompromise? Buy a *pint.*"

Groans cease at the very word. It spells action, dram drama. For the steep, steep sides of old-style Scottish measuring vessels bore a mark known as the "point," alias "pint," which you filled up to; and when this glorious level was attained, you had the thrill of gazing into a tarn of whusky totaling 105 cubic inches, which two modern American quarts would fall a trifle short of. (If ye suspect me of prevaricating, consult weights and measures department in your dictionary.)

Nae dice, unfortunately, for us trousered outsiders. When, with the doughty air of "chieftains to the Hielands bound," we foray into our local package store in quest of hieball material and ask for the biggest of the bestest, all we can buy is regulation-size bottles. The super-quadruple "pint" that bristle-legged clansmen breakfasted on and exciseman Bobbie Burns checked on in the line of duty (rhymed reports, such as *The Big-Bellied Bottle* and *The Happy Trio,* attest his sedulousness and the moistness of his Muse) is neither shown or known. Indeed, if this mammoth still existed, Uncle Sam wouldn't let it in, lest it cause confusion.

Which confirms Scottish opinion of other peoples. Whoosht, a thimble-minded lot! Rather than shrink the noble proportions of their pint down to our size in order that a wee tot might be sent on a man's errand, they send no pints of any dimensions. Just Fifths. You know Beethoven's Fifth and Tschaikowsky's Fifth, don't you? Well, for real gurgle music they aren't in it with Scotland's.

You see, the harmonies are more intricate. Where the usual symphony orchestra has only 60 or 100 instruments at work in it, Caledonia's geographic ensemble has thousands, of the copper kettle sort, grouped in about 125 distillery layouts. These are scattered all the way from Orkney outposts in the north, down through the rugged heart of the Highlands (especially the proud-watered-glens of the Spey, the Livet, etc.), to the Lowlands presided over by Edinburgh and Glasgow, and westward in outlying isles and ends that are almost within here's-how hail of Northern Ireland.

The Highlands and northerns supply flavor's flute, clarinet, and string tones. The western extremists—i.e., blue-girt Islay (pronounced Eye-lah) and peninsula Campbelltown—give out pungency à la fife and drum barrage. "Please, please, not *quite* so riotous," say the Lowlands, acting as critics and coordinators, responsible for keeping the lid on at least partially. Otherwise, when some culture enthusiast in Brooklyn or Staten Island opened a bottle, nostrils at City Hall would take alarm and there'd be a red-helmeted rush to put out the smoke.

This tangy love call to the snozzle is the gift of Scottish ferns, heather, bracken, gorse, and other botanic items which stole a march on the modern dehydrated vegetable scheme by getting themselves compacted into turf, known to its friends as peat. To avoid being mistaken for crumpets or scones, it is cut into fudge-like rectangles which burn lazily, fragrantly. They enter the flavor picture at the moment when the barley, having been duly malted—that is to say, spread out on a malting floor, sprinkled with water, and fenagled into sprouting—is ready for the hotfoot.

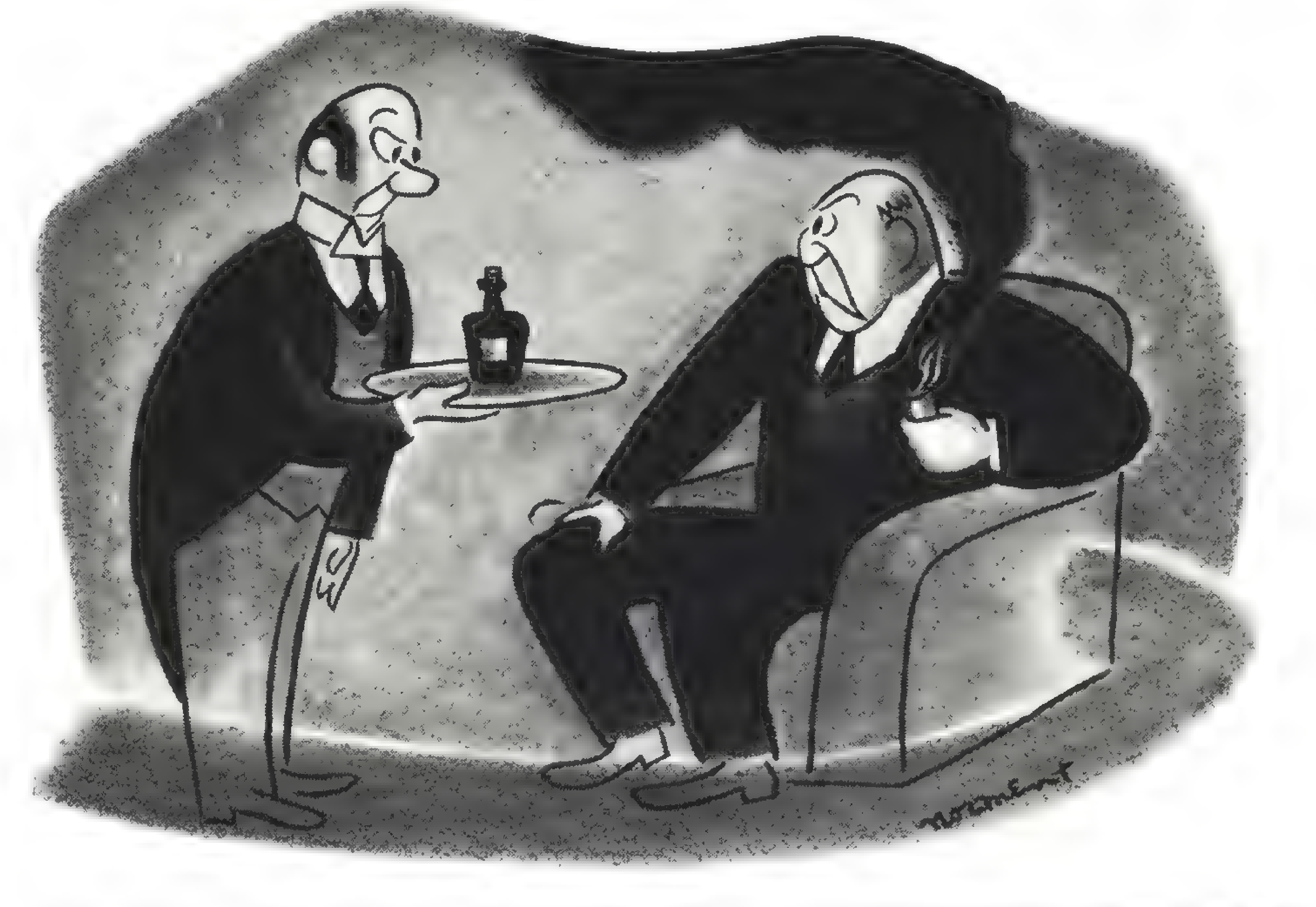
As fuel of the occasion, friend peat does a swell perfuming job, imparting its regional personality for keeps. Subsequent grinding, mixing with unmalted grain in the mash-tun, fermenting, pot-stilling—each of these careful, traditional processes brings transformation, but the kiln souvenir rides through without a puncture. Nor is it slackened by being billeted for years in ex-Sherry casks (uncharred). In fact, it's slickened.

Individualism in every snort was the idea that these establishments, mostly small affairs, were founded on. If, like the hero of a well known story, you had you a bicycle, you could gather honey from flower to flower. But variety was the only certainty. At the very same distillery a whisky made in midwinter would differ in character from an autumn-mashed batch, and so on—leaving a sampler just nowhere.

Bewilderment's answer came in the form of vats. Equipped with rotating paddles or compressed air intakes assuring agitation, these utensils, ranging from modests to wowsers, enabled a distillery to assemble its year's work into uniformity. And even greater stability could be attained by vatting the output of several distilleries. Thus brands were born.

With the introduction of blending, the entire

Continued in center of page 166



"Oh, by the way, Trampas, I feel it would be taking an unfair advantage if I allowed myself to become so remiss in my duties and obligations as your employer not to warn you I am on to your little plot to poison me and marry my wife in order to get your fingers into my pockets"

An Act with Class

This Nicodemus Who Wrestles Himself seems sad offstage or maybe the only English words he knows are sad words

by ERNEST EVANS

FICTION

JOE used to have a job traveling round the sticks, down in Jersey, lone ends of Brooklyn, and little spots in Harlem where the Mississippi and Tennessee boys hung out and sang for their pork chops when they first hit town. He got paid for spotting acts that might come to something in the middle of Manhattan or on the road. He used to take me along because I'm an old timer and that means I'm a fool for boredom and a quick spotter if something even a little new under the moon shows up.

That night he came round in his old jaloppy and asked me to have a drink at Cafe Society down town, but first, he said, would I mind running out to Flatbush with him because he'd heard of an act with a nice title and he kinda wanted to find out whether it was a new gag about Viennese doctoring or some sort of old marriage joke with a widower angle.

This act we were waiting for came number ten on a show we'd both seen too many times before. I was trying to sleep out number nine, some young tomcat crooning about love in some camp. Joe poked me. The card was stuck out at the side, NICOLAS NICODEMUS, THE MAN WHO WRESTLES HIMSELF.

There was a back drop of the Garden bleachers, and there slinks onto the stage a big guy, no shape of a wrestler at all, a long shambling fellow, oily black hair and black eyes and a sad horse face, with some rings on his toes and on the fingers of both hands and a bracelet on his right. With the spotlight on him, whatever they was made of showed up sparkling, and they were part of the act, too. He walked on slow and sad as he spread the mat for himself. For no reason at all, I got interested. Same sort of thing some hungry looking girls have instead of S. A. You just naturally take an interest.

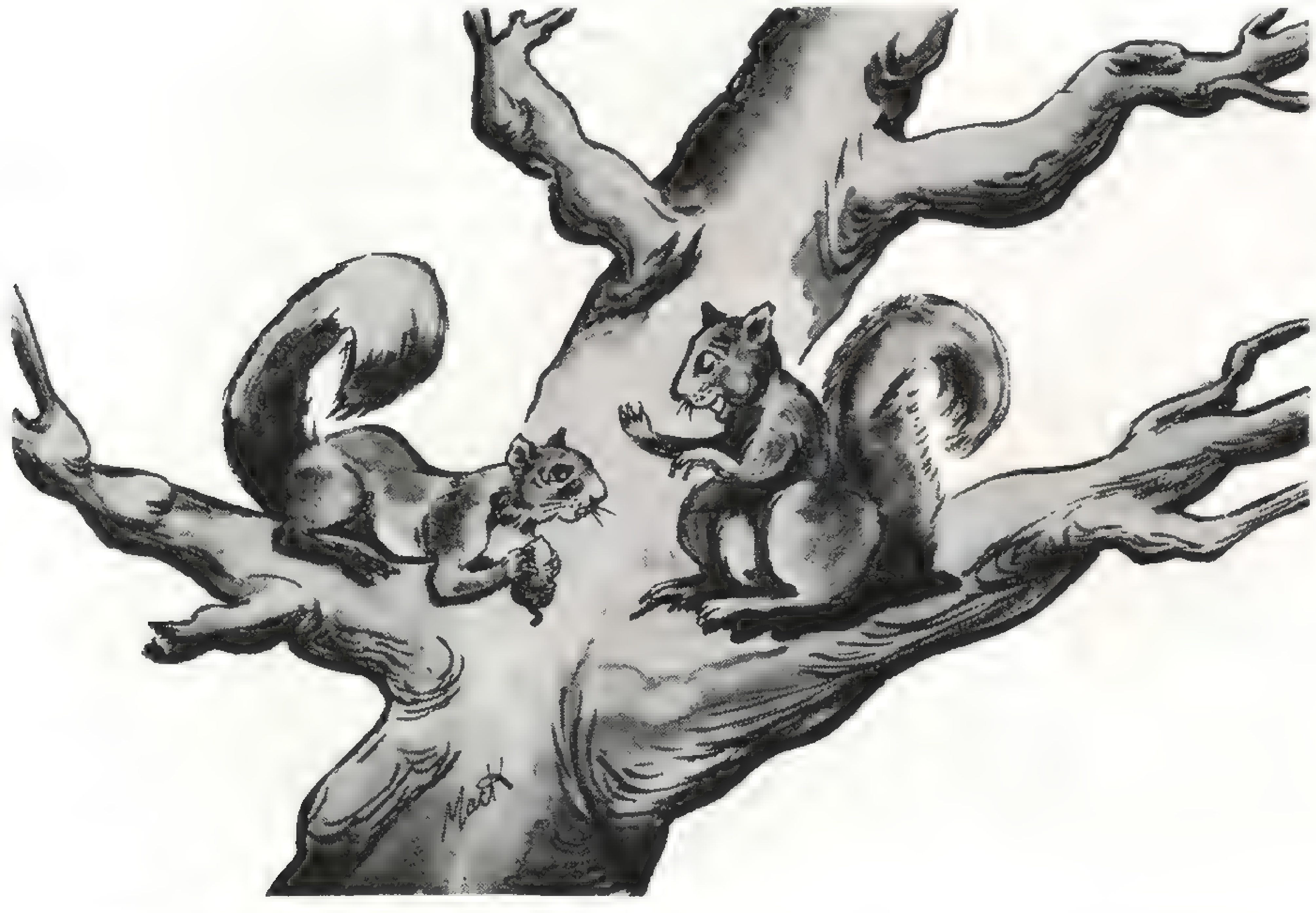
Then this Nicodemus lay down on the mat like he was going to sleep. And then one arm crawled out and then another, and you see the legs twisting with the bright toe rings flashing and the first thing you know, you can't tell which was which and who this Nicolas Nicodemus was strangling, but it was two fellows all right, maybe three. And the three of them or only two or maybe just one like it said on the card, began wheezing and puffing and calling foul in such voices as pulled that crowd off its seats. Joe begins puffing and huffing alongside me and talking about some Layockonem goddam it, and I see sweat coming out on his forehead and I reaches in my pocket myself, and settles by wiping my sleeve across my face. I tell you there was two good wrestlers as I ever saw on the stage, more like fast boxing, yet two slobs, too, bellowing and twisting so you couldn't tell one from the other. The glint of the costume jewelry cut patterns like a neon sign as the eeling and pounding went on. Then, all at once, it was over. There was Nicolas Nicodemus lying flat, and only his long arm, with the twinkling bracelet, waved over himself. "One . . two . . . three . . . . . nine . . ten." The crowd laughed and howled and wanted more. But he wasn't working any overtime, and just got up, and lugged his mat off with him.

"Well, what do you think of that?" said Joe over his shoulder, ducking down the aisle to get back, with me after him. We hadn't put an eye on anything really new for six months and we saw a bonus looming up at last. We walked right into this Nicodemus's dressing room. He's pulling off his jewelry and collecting everything on an old horse blanket safety pin for a key ring, and using some grease to get off some misplaced make-up.

"You want see me?" he asks mild-like but suspicious.

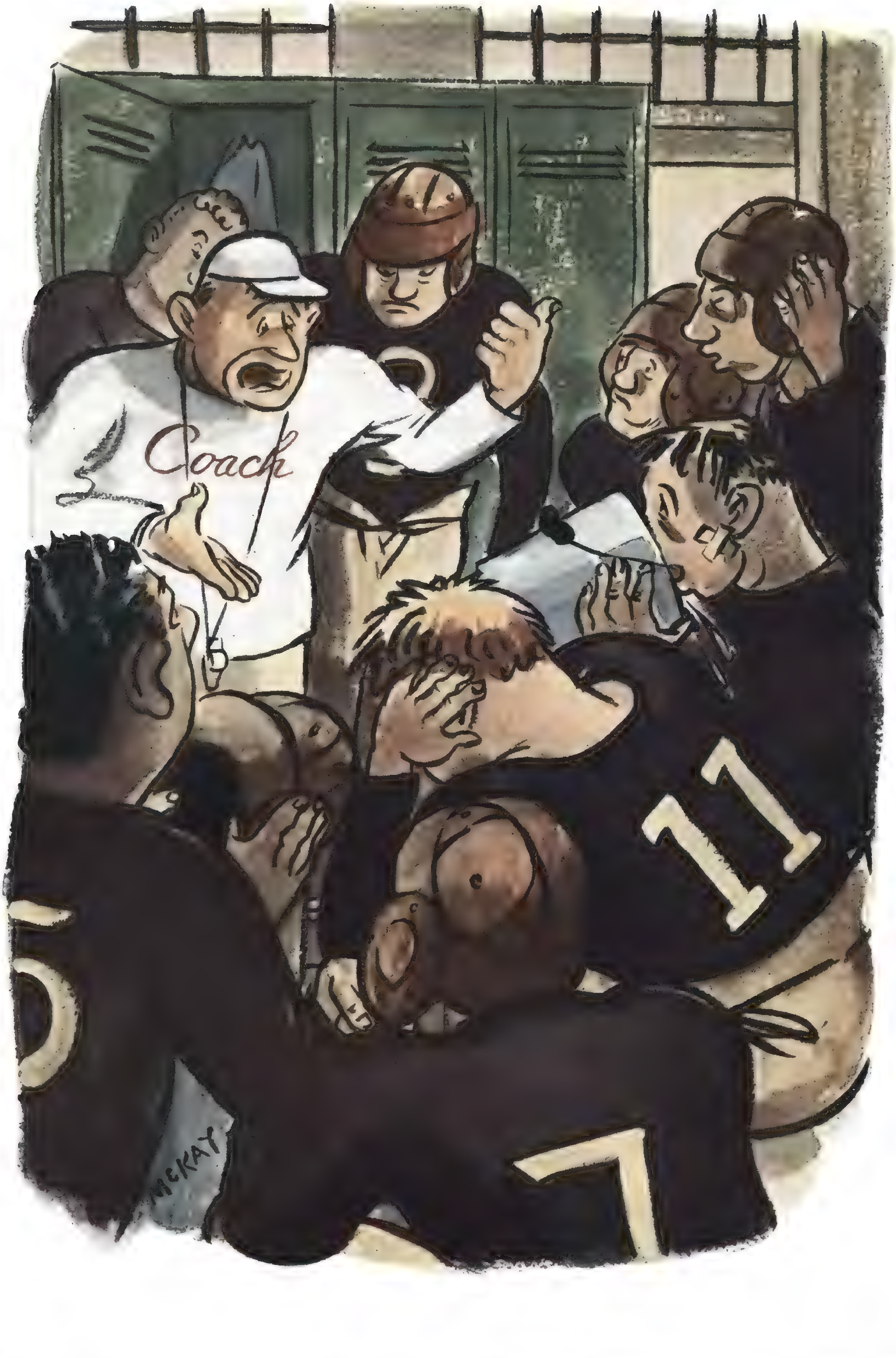
So then we explain all about the Yukon Agency being the best on Eighth Avenue only we say Broadway, and we keep on talking a long time before we discover he hasn't got any English or Yiddish or any other decent language. But after awhile he understands us all right because he waves his arms and puts a grin on his face instead of that sad look of having beaten himself. He understands all right he's going places and first he's going to get in our jaloppy and come for a beer on Sheridan Square. He ties his mat into a roll and stuffs it inside a red oilcloth case. I kept an eye out to see if Bazy Jacoby was lurking as he's got a job that's opposite number to Joe's. Then we bundled our find into the car with his red baggage and a briefcase containing a comb and brush and a clean collar. I watched him pack. We figure he isn't going to come high, but also if he doesn't come high, the bonus won't be much. Joe gets twenty bucks a week for looking and ten per cent for himself on nuggets.

This Nicodemus is really a sad fellow, it turns out, or maybe all the words he knows in English are sad ones. "I feel my act up myself," he says. He drinks slowly one sip at a time, and says nothing, and you might say, hears nothing either, but we finally pull out of him, "Yes, all ways," which seems to mean he takes anything we offer no matter what it is, and he writes down the number of the Yukon Agency on his cuff, and says he will show up only not the next day but a week from Monday. It takes him several sips, and Joe and me two more drinks before we get it he's fixed to play a week in Buffalo. We'd have put the scissors through that but it stands to reason that a good name for honoring your bookings is a help in our business. Besides Joe figures that given a week he can make the Boss's tongue water for this act. Then we call for cigars and go out into the night and say we'll set Nicodemus down

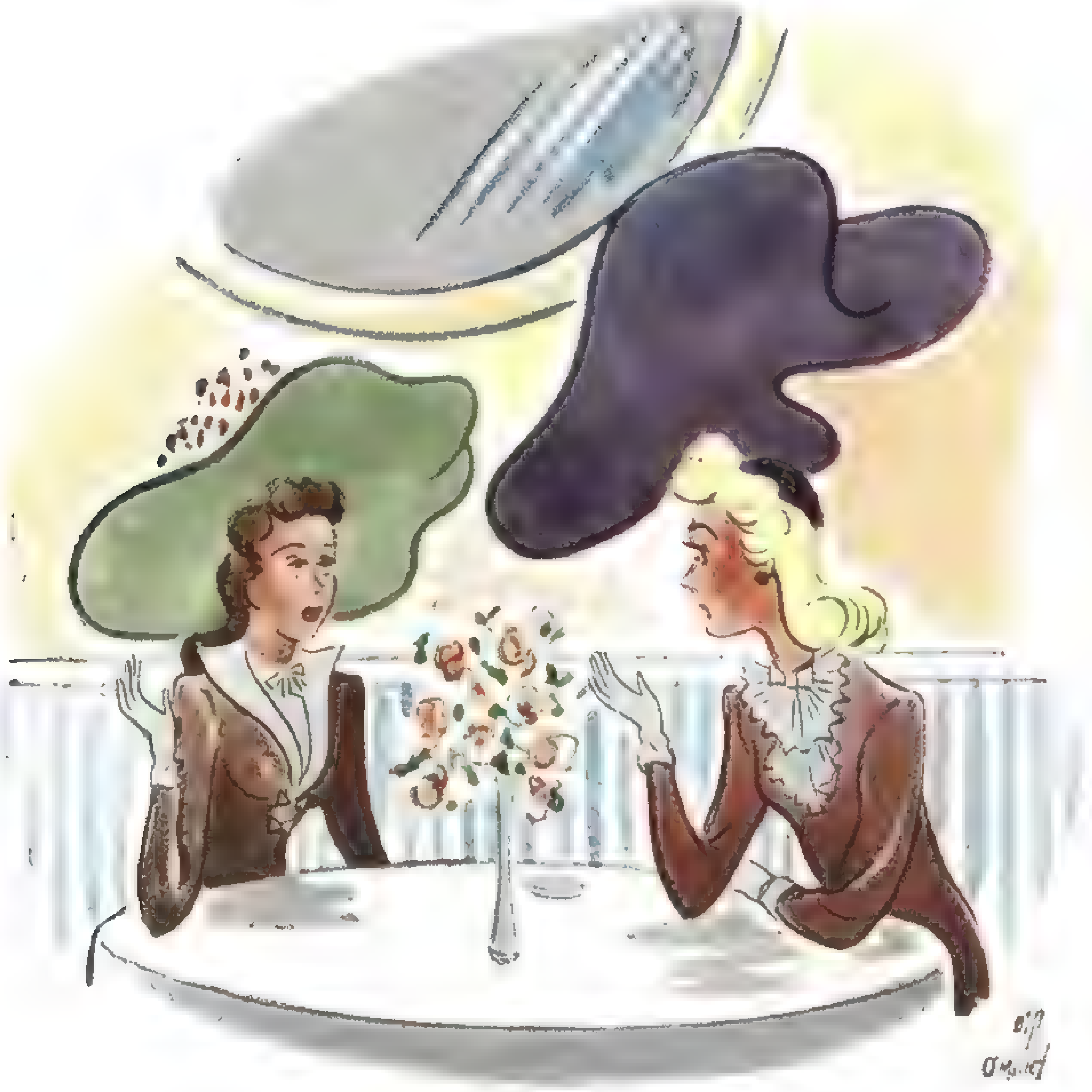


"Remember that cute little blonde that used to hang around here last year? I hear she's working for Walt Disney!"

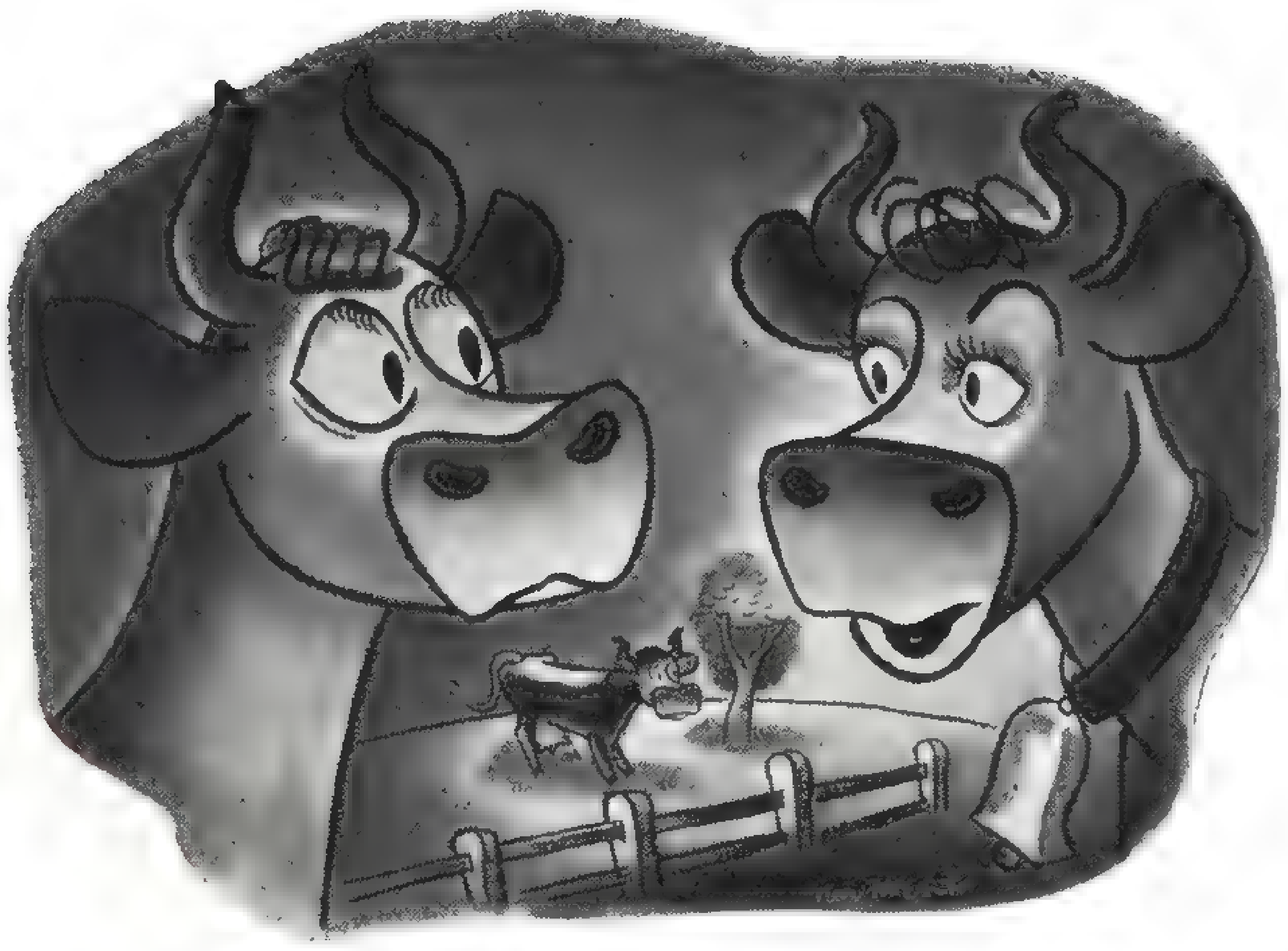
Continued in center of page 145



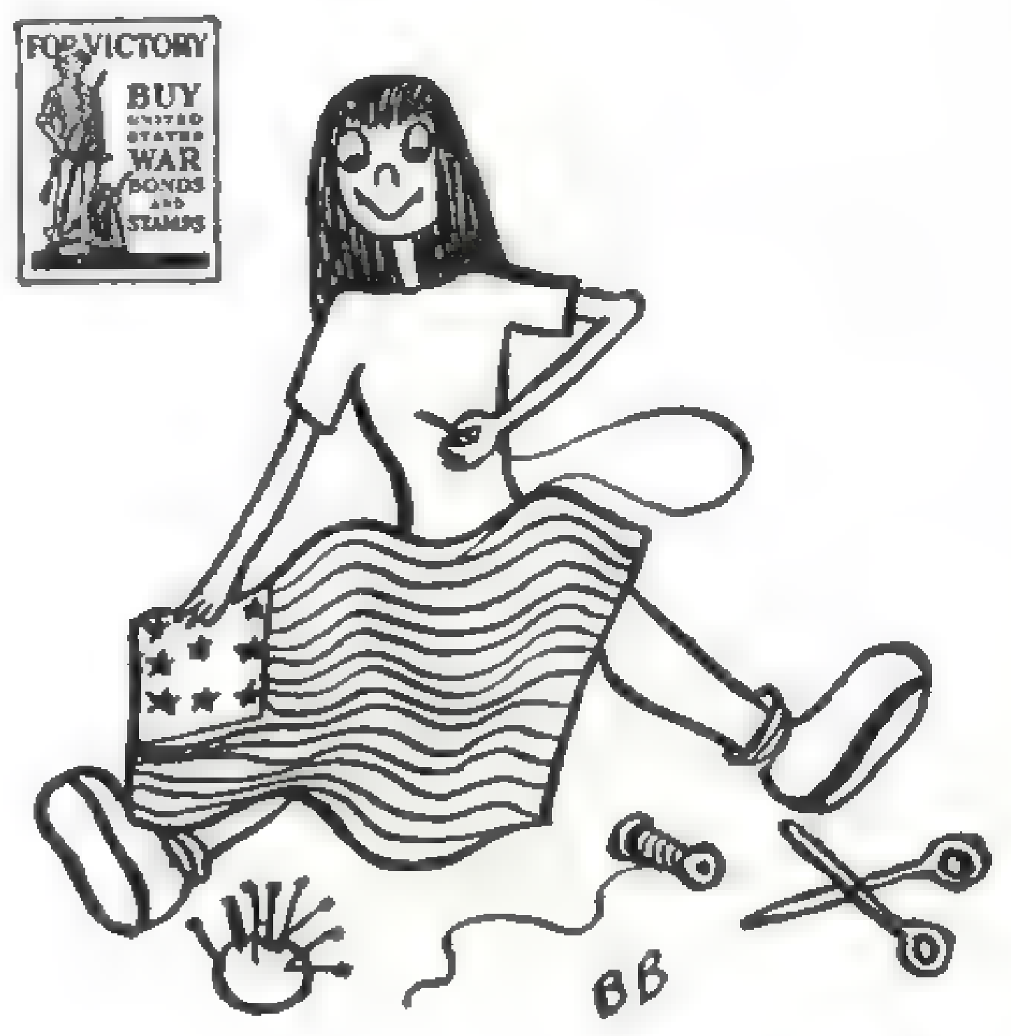
"Men, I want you to go back out there and win! I've got a little home half paid for, I'm behind two payments on my car, my wife's going to have a baby, and I need this job!"



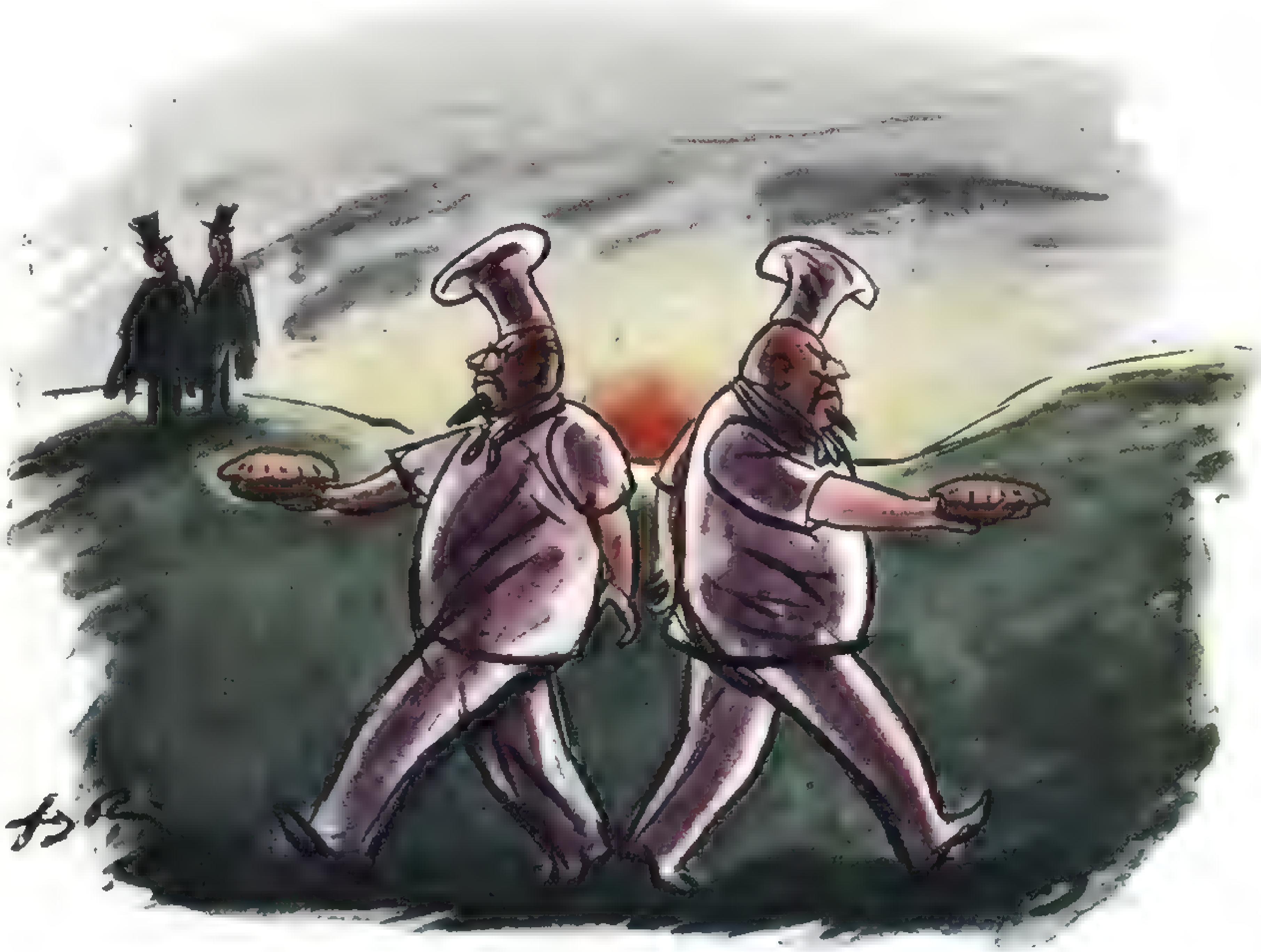
"I wonder what one has to do to get the waiter's eye in this place?"

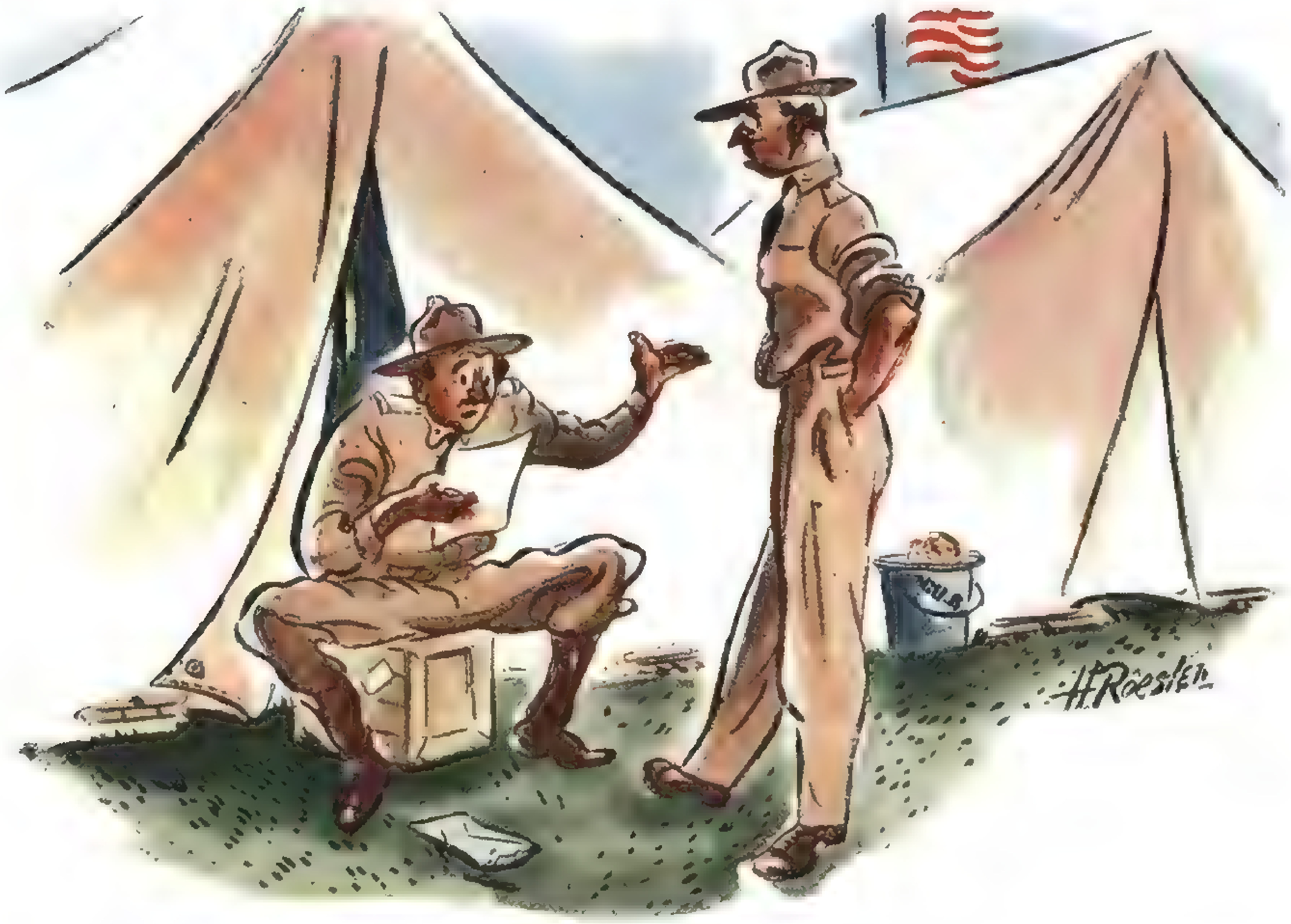


"She's erratic—instead of cream she gives hand lotion"

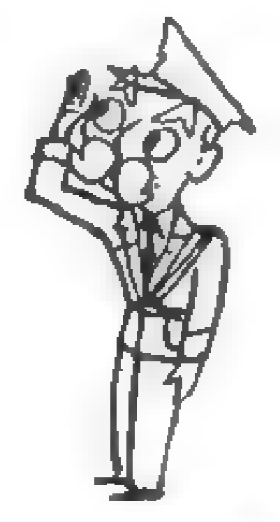

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

Some can't make a stitch
Some can't sew a seam
But all can buy stamps and bonds
And make the Axis scream



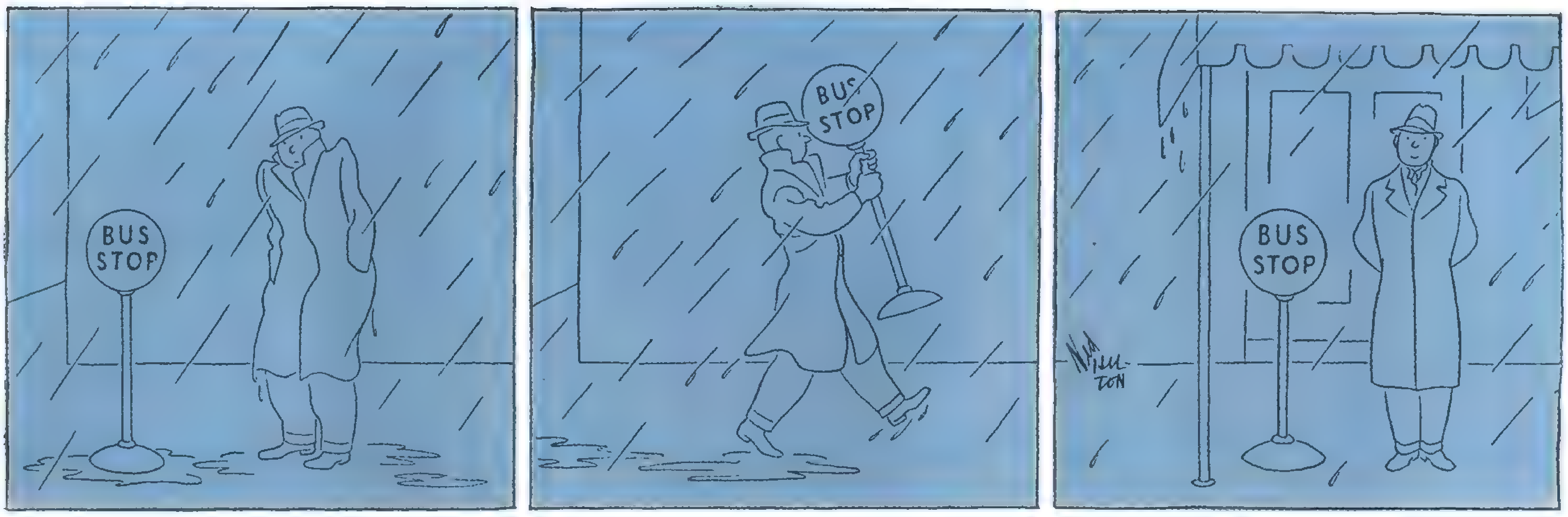


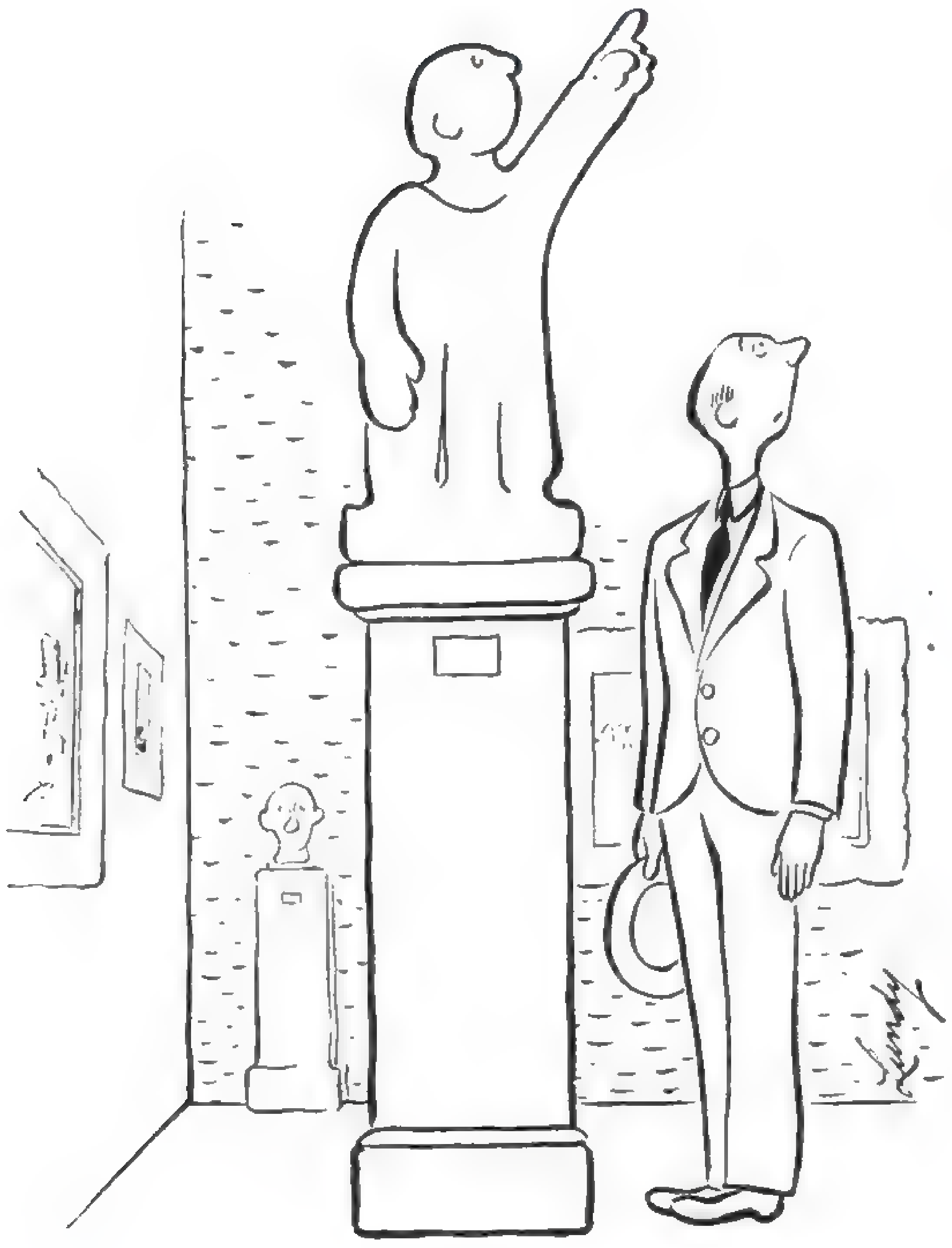
"It's from the office—they say business has tripled and everything has been fine since I haven't been there!"

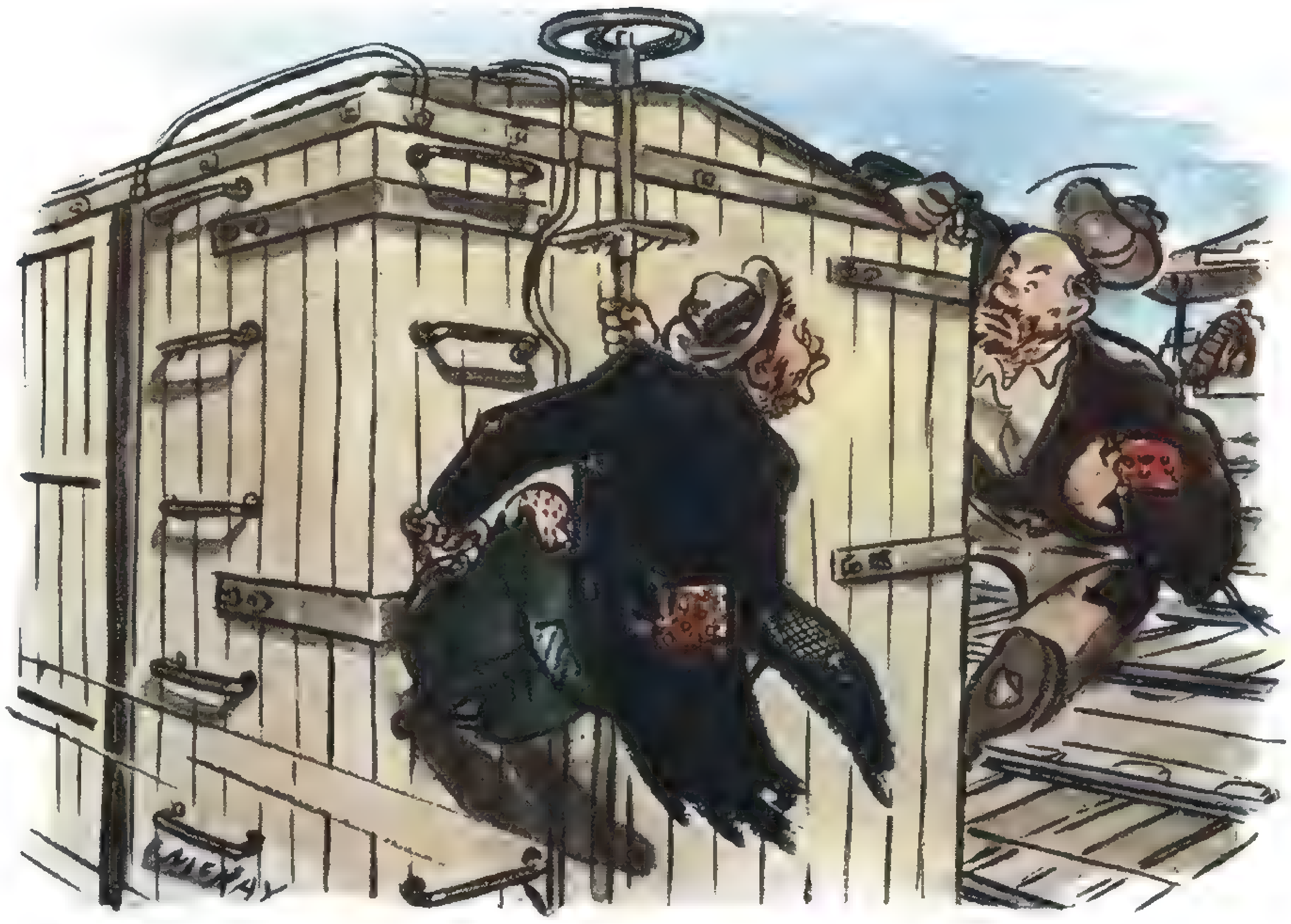


Defense Note

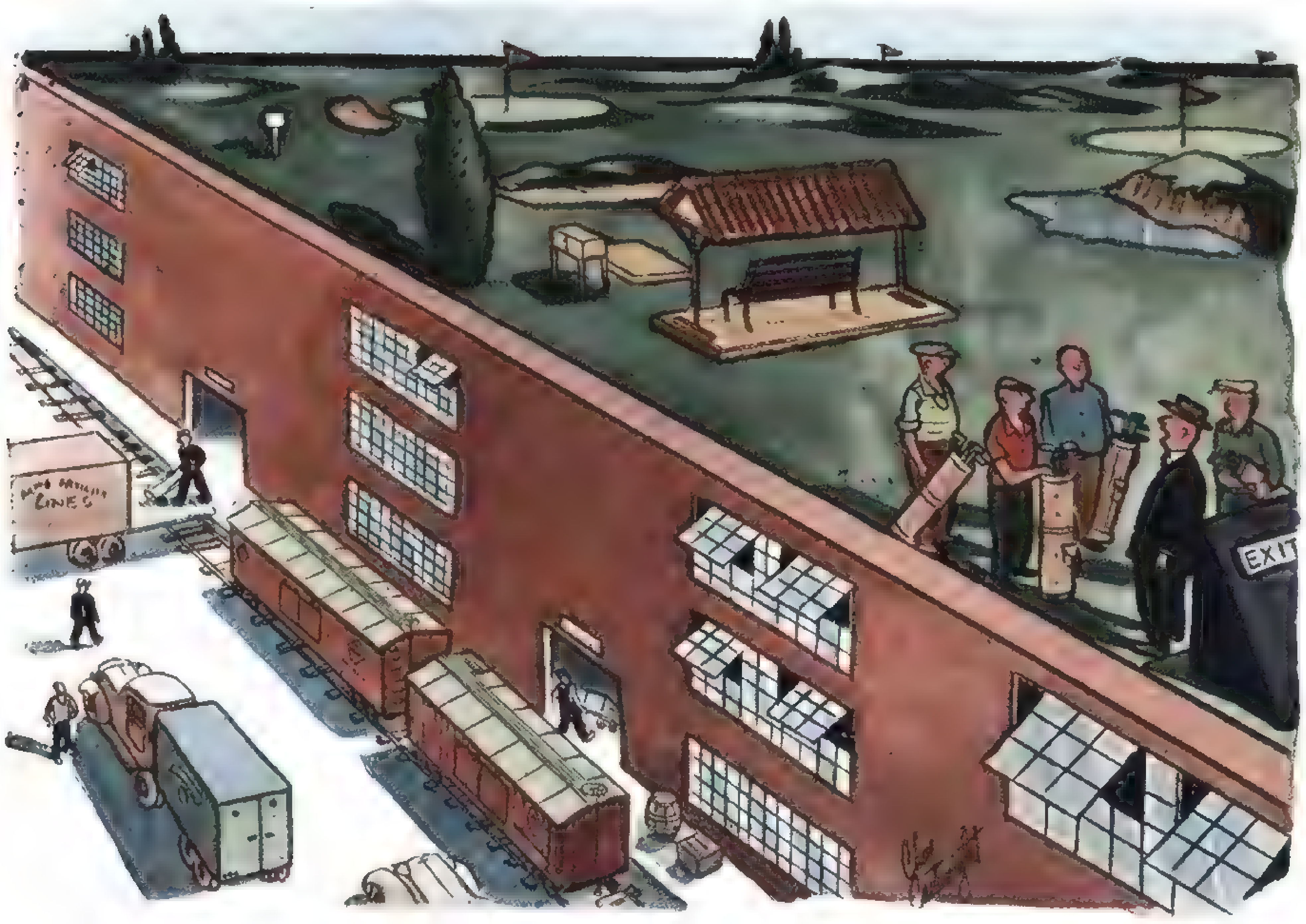
We ought to leave a few people in Wall Street just in case the Axis should try to land down there.


BUS STOP
BUS STOP
BUS STOP
HAMILTON

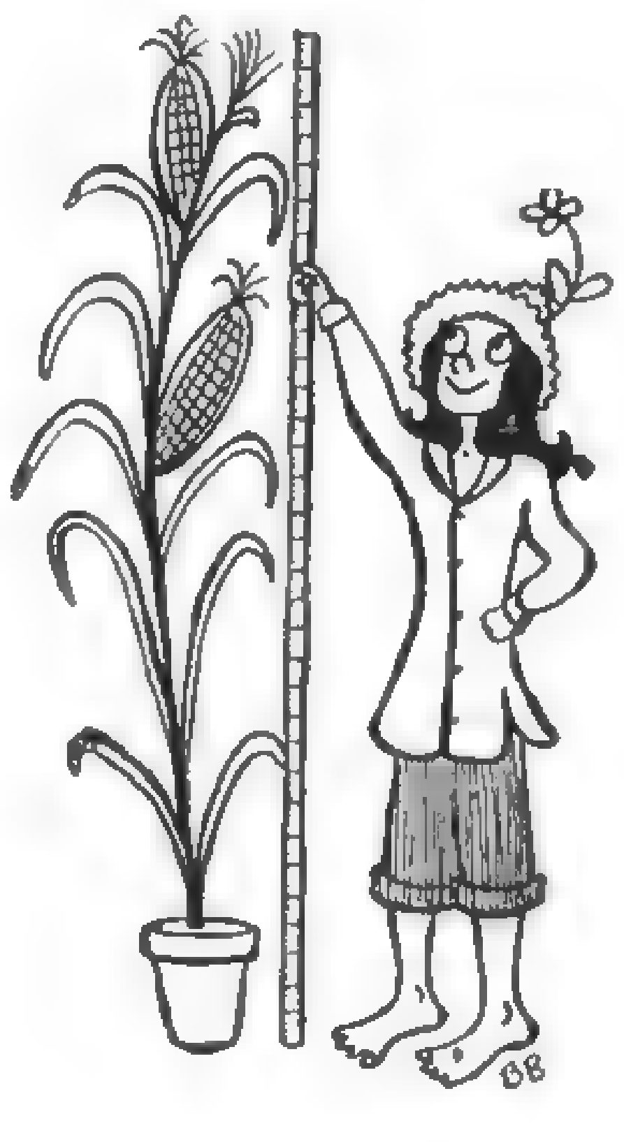




"The toughest part of this life is keeping in touch with my draft board!"

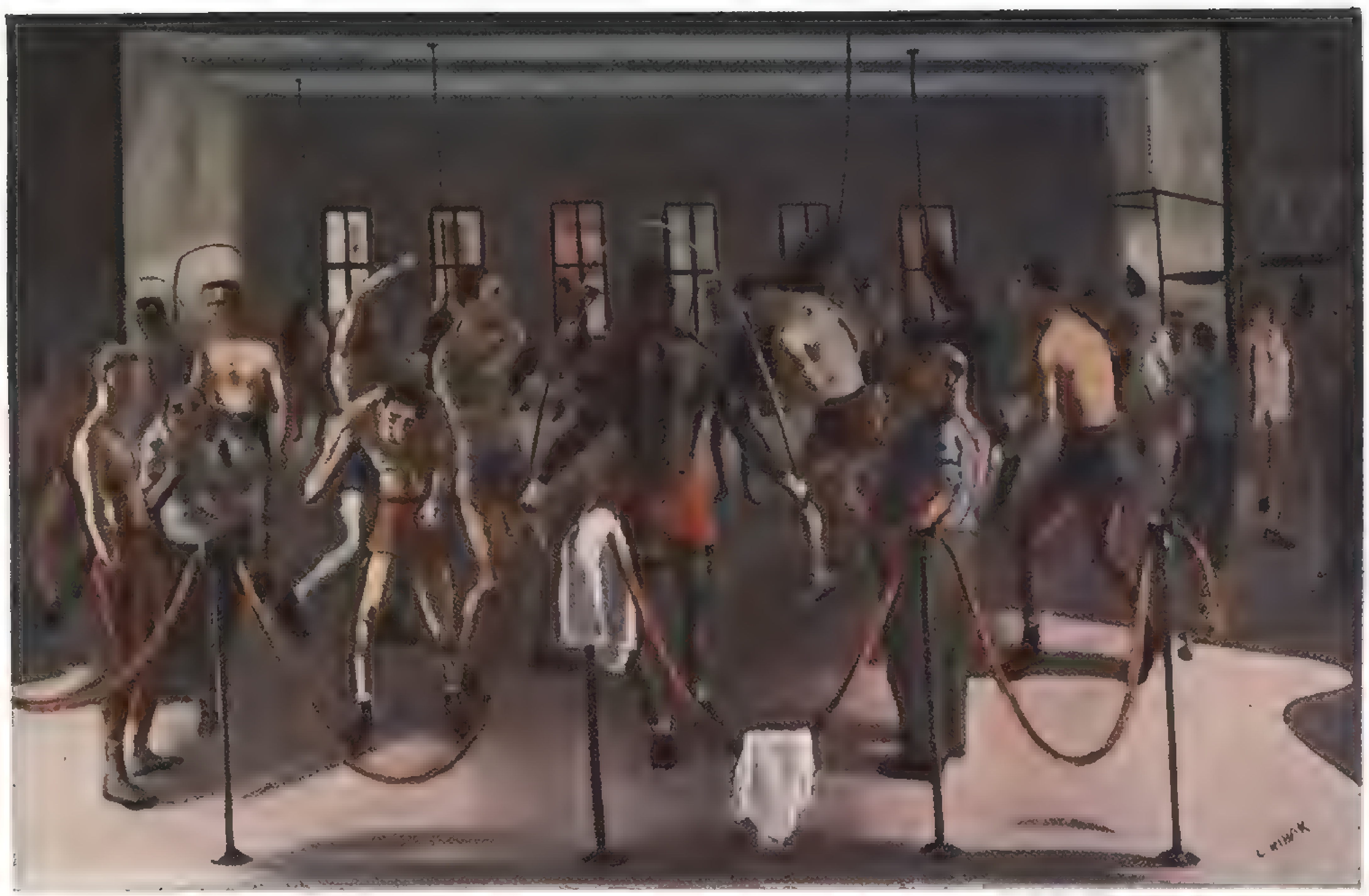


"It's a pretty tough assignment—you men are to pretend to play golf all day to fool the enemy"



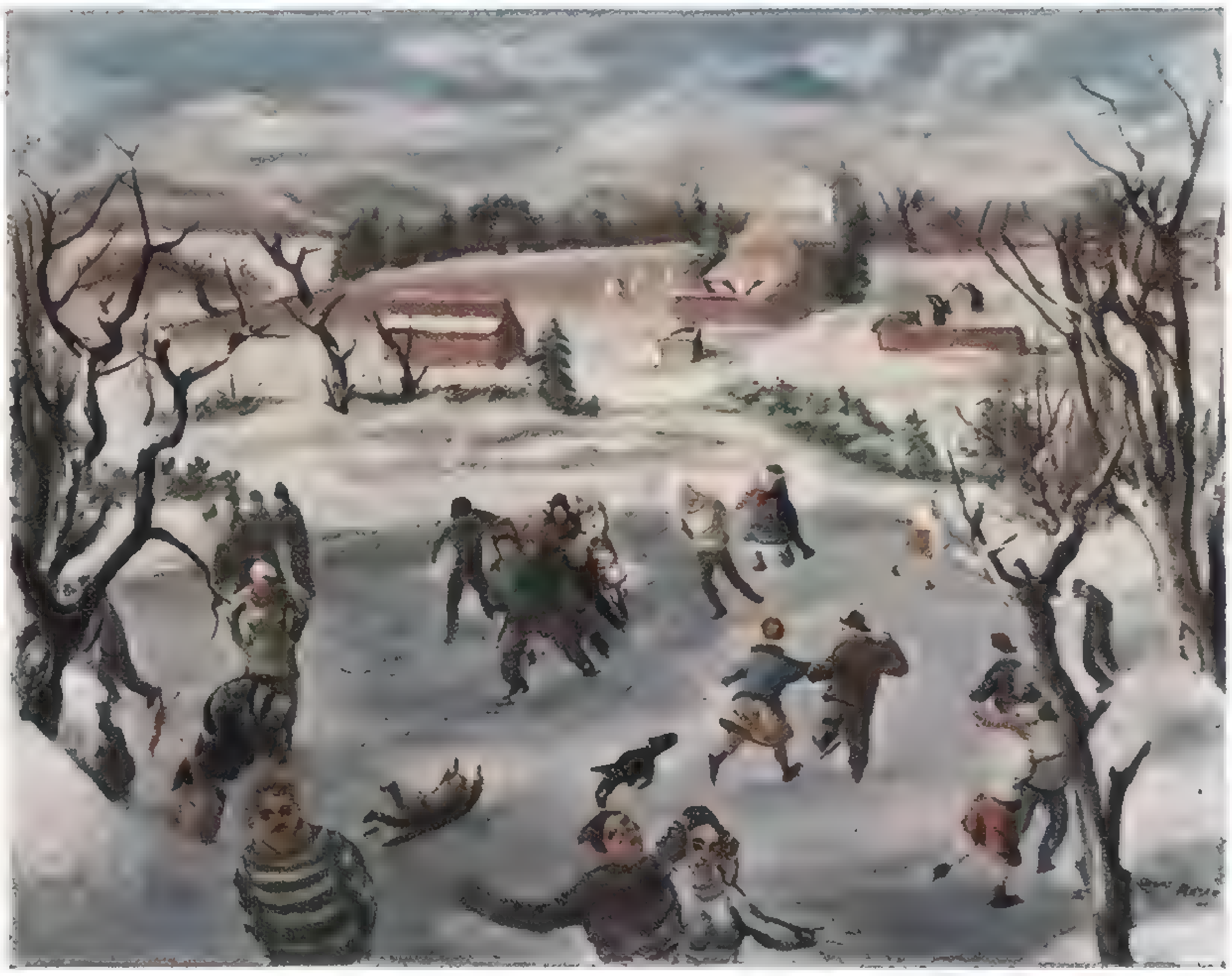
Consolation

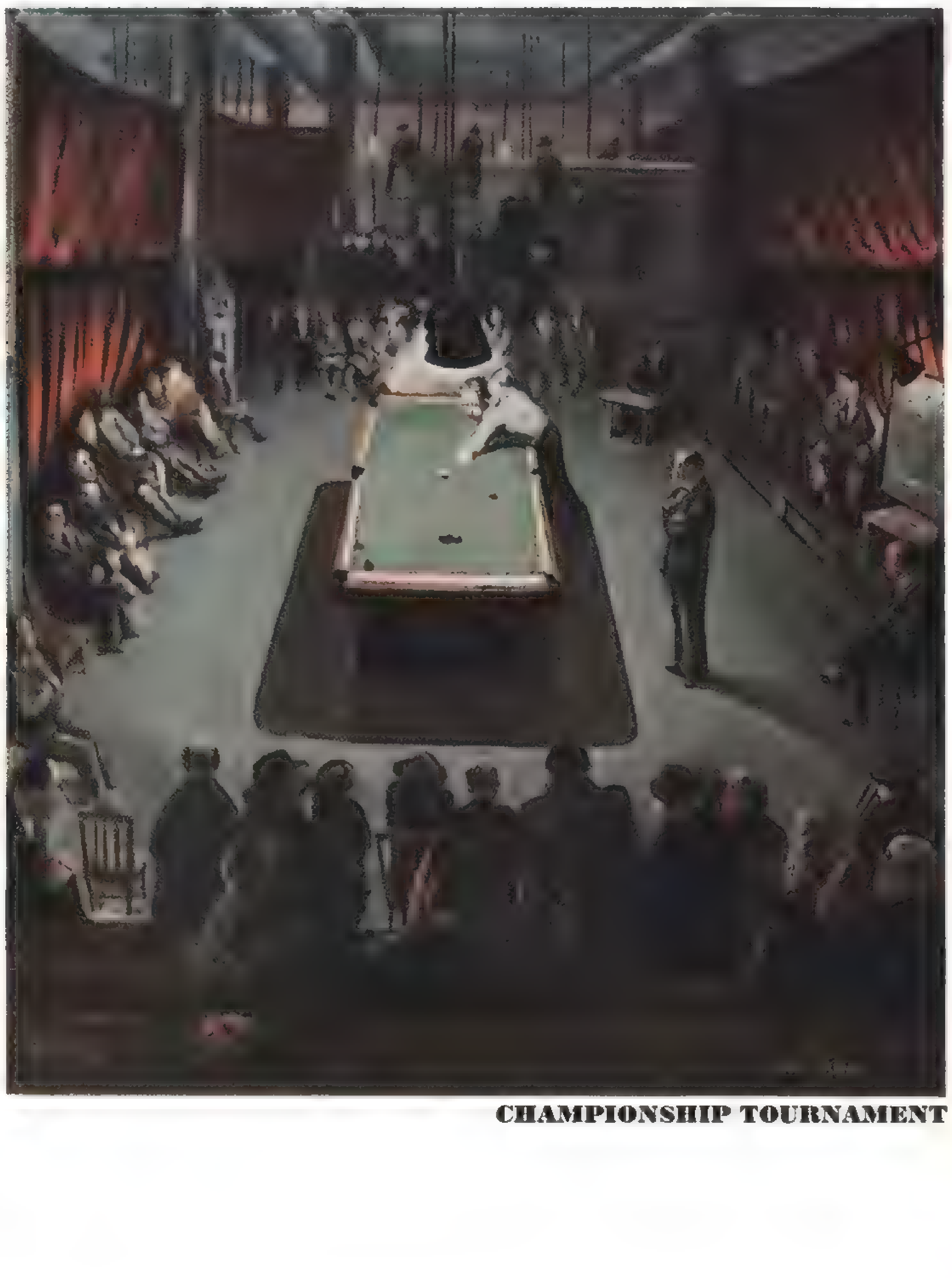
We're having a shortage of rubber.
Our gas tanks look low and forlorn,
But to judge by the jokes
Of those radio blokes,
We're having a surplus of corn!

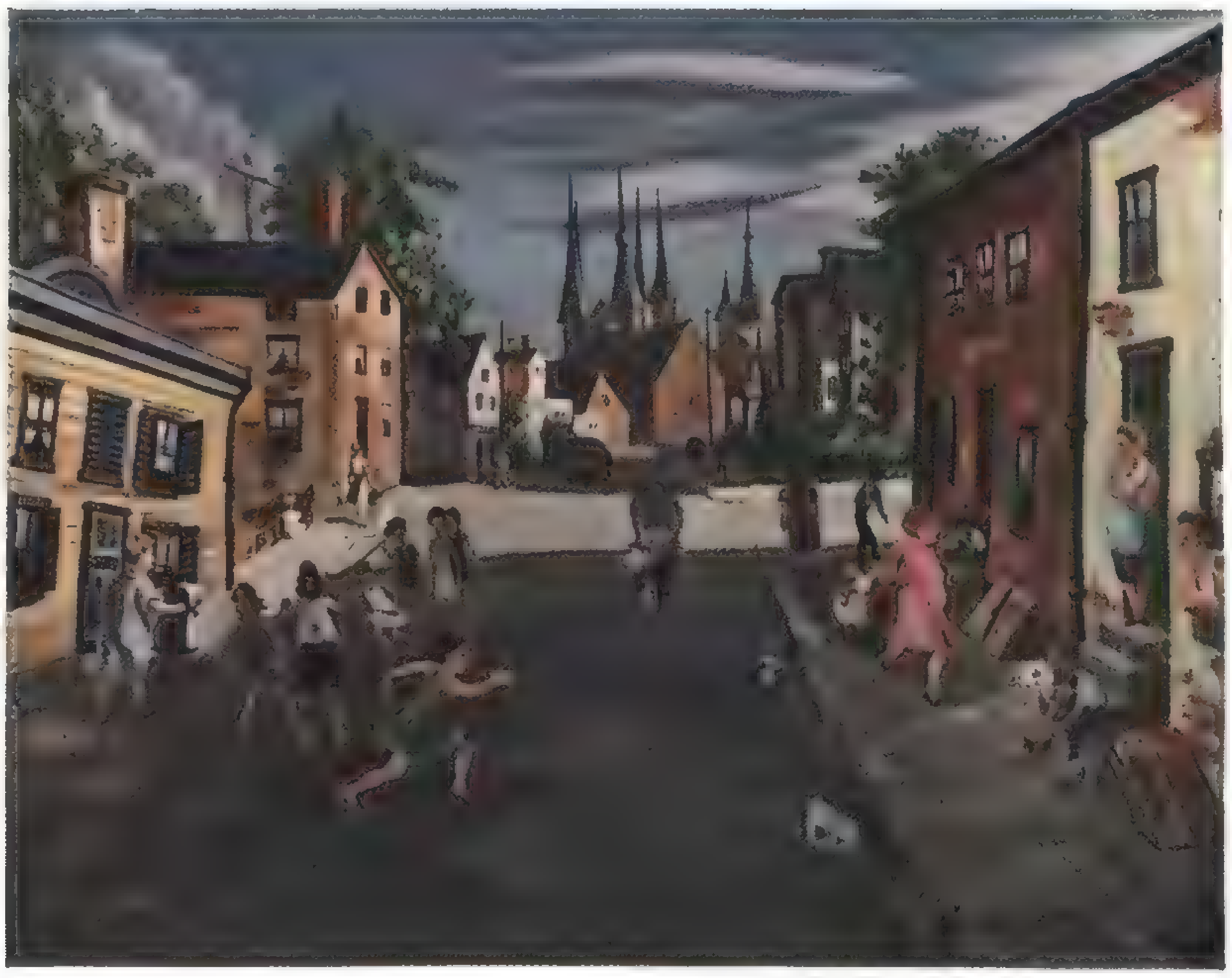

THE SHADOW BOXERS

Four Paintings

by **LOUIS RIBAK**


JANUARY—UPSTATE


CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT


MIDSUMMER IN KINGSTON

These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of A. C. A. Gallery, 26 West 8th St., N. Y. C. and Louis Ribak, 34 East 21st St., N. Y. C.

Ribak: Art the Hard Way

Starting to work in his thirteenth year, he acquired most of his education in the shops and lofts of New York's East Side

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

Louis Ribak's father was a carpenter, a practical, capable immigrant who appeared to put no stock in aesthetic nonsense and in impulses not directly related to the problem of surviving with unbroken bones in an alien world. If he did not take seriously the Old Testament injunction against the making of graven images, he also did not make light of it. He had both feet on the ground and his mind on the job. Yet when he sensed that Louis, his next to youngest son, was in the fell clutch of art, he winced, but did not cry aloud. He was of a divided mind, apparently, because, in opposition to appearances, he was of divided soul. When he saw the first of his son's more or less professional drawings, he said: "At this rate, my child, you'll have to eat an elephant before you can earn a *pruta*," a Russian coin of such minute value that it was to the copek what the mill is to the cent. But when he realized that his son was determined to eat elephants, he was not too downcast. Like other immigrant parents on New York's East Side, he wanted his son to earn his living differently, if possible, by way of science, learning, spirit, rather than by brawn alone.

The son obtained a glimpse never to be forgotten of the aesthete buried beneath the layers and layers of workingman and good provider. During the forty years of his life, Louis Ribak's mind has glanced off many things and the events of many days, but he will never forget that day upon which his father led him from their home through eight blocks of the teeming East Side to a building in which recently he had completed a renovation and repair contract. They walked up one or two flights of stairs and from a hiding place alongside a window on the landing the elder Ribak withdrew the rough wood-carved facsimile of a man's head. "What do you think of it?" and before the son could speak, sculptor-father admonished him: "And don't you dare say a word of this to Mother!" for this was a graven image forbidden by Testament. From then on, until his father's death, there was a secret and a bond between them. And on his death bed the last word father spoke to son was: "If I live, I'll help you." Louis Ribak seems hard-boiled, at times metallic; he has never been known to dissolve into sentimentality, but once he said. "I wish I were a writer, I'd write a book about my father. He was a wonderful man." By being an artist, and a good one, he is keeping alive the flame that burned unseen in his almost anonymous father.

Louis Ribak was one of seven children. He was born in December, 1902, in a village in the Province of Grodno, in Russian Poland, near the Lithuanian border. Not until he was ten years of age did his father emerge out of the mists to become, for this son, a tangible, recognizable figure. In the first place, father was a journeyman carpenter while abroad, travelling through the provinces and serving, for a time, as foreman in a Warsaw factory. In the second place, the Ribak family left for the New World in a series of installments under conditions which did not encourage the sense of a continuous family life. Father and the two eldest boys started the westward trek in 1906; later, another son ran off in his Russian soldier's uniform, crossing the border into Austria, and in 1912, mother, Louis, a younger brother, two sisters and a cousin escaped on a false passport over the Austrian border, through Germany and into Holland, sailing from Antwerp.

The boy Louis brought with him vivid memories of alarms and descents by the gendarmerie and the sense of being besieged and persecuted by powerful hostile forces. His elder brothers were suspected of revolutionary thoughts and activities, probably not without reason, for it appeared that they could read and write and were even opposed to the bright idea of putting on the Czar's uniform. For each of the Ribaks who escaped military service, the Cossacks descended upon the village to exact a 300-ruble fine, in cash or goods. But before they came, the Ribaks had stripped themselves of movable goods and the Czar never collected. The final group of Ribaks escaped to America using false names to evade detection, interference or arrest.

Reunited in the New World, the Ribaks learned to face and outface another set of problems, those of cultural adjustment and economic survival. They were no longer suspected because they could read and write; on the contrary, the younger members of the family were compelled to attend public school as the elder sons previously had been compelled to attend military barracks. Louis didn't mind attending school, but he gritted his teeth and speeded his Americanization on the sidewalks of New York by fighting the sons of earlier immigrants who called him greaseball and put chips on their shoulders and dared him to knock them off, or be known as coward. On their first night in the New World the Ribaks were burned out of their rooms and Louis remembers being carried to safety across the roof and set into the bed of a young couple to whom he had not previously been introduced.

If sometimes it seems that Louis Ribak's externals have not been subjected sufficiently to that sandpapering process known as education, let it be borne in mind that he enjoyed only three years of schooling unshadowed by the need of earning a living—the short period between his arrival on these shores and his thirteenth year, the year of entrance into the responsibilities of manhood, the year of working papers in the pre-New Deal era. For better or for worse, he is largely self-taught:

Continued on page 154

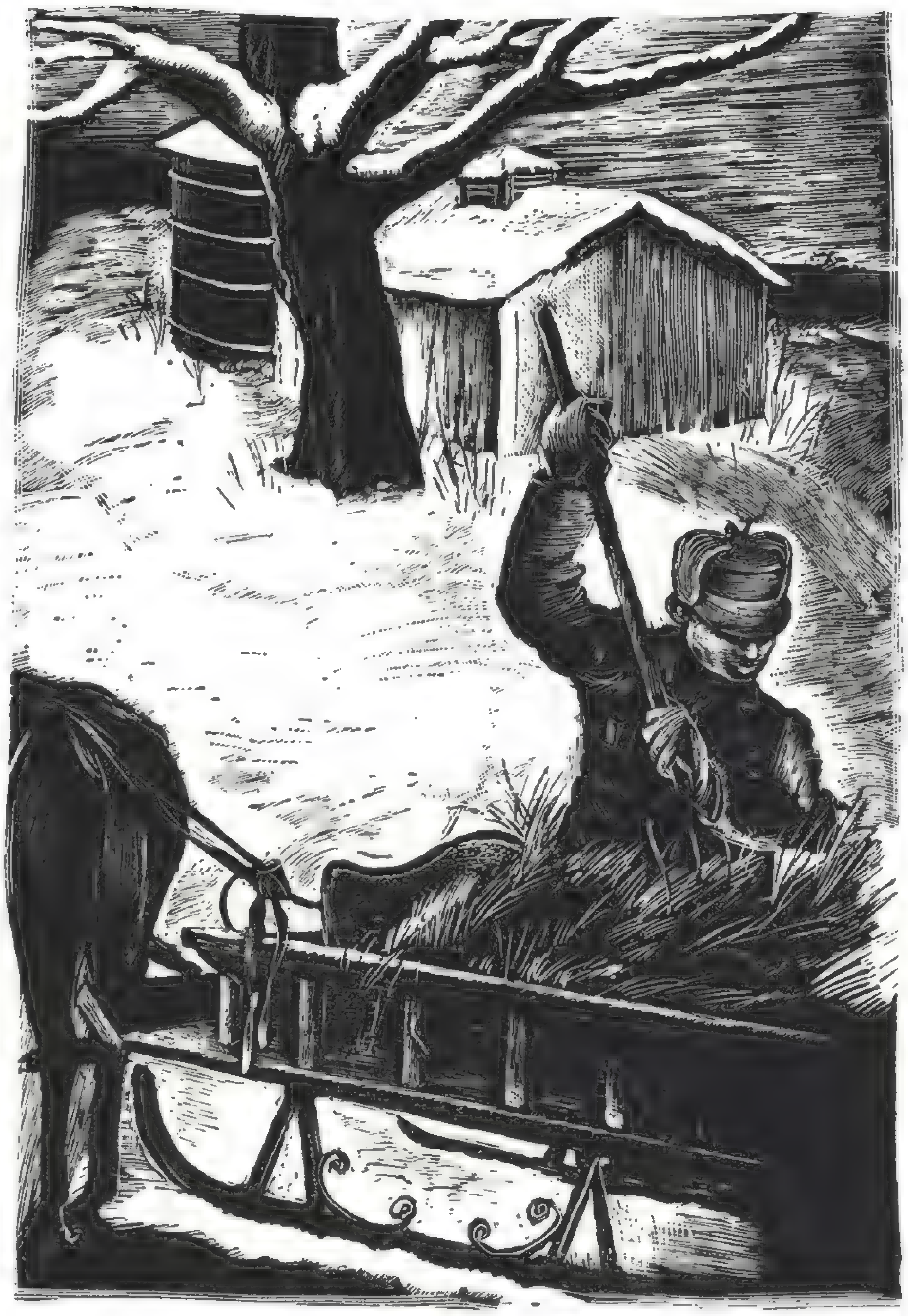
"I'm getting land-sick!"

Beware the Tremper Buck

Gaffer could think faster than any man in the Catskills and he didn't trust this strange, boastful hunter

by EDMUND GILLIGAN

• FICTION •



At noon a white gale came blustering through Stony Clove, scouring clouds of shining crystals off the frozen drifts. An hour later, a new snowfall began and soon the peaks and timbered summits of the Catskills vanished in a welter of flakes.

The great buck, wandering far up the slope of Wittenberg, moved deeper into the pine forest. His antlers clashed against the green boughs. Hunger kept him uneasy, a hunger close to famine. He had wintered poorly. His rich autumn fat had gone from his ribs and his coat had lost its brightness. The hair of it stuck out drily here and there and a rusty patch spoiled the splendid curve of his haunches.

He panted and groaned. He thrust his mouth into the bed of pine needles and coughed over the dry, tasteless browse. He stopped in an open space and let his head hang low, as if he had no strength to hold up the beautiful spread of antlers. He sagged there a little while, then pushed his way into the lee of a fallen hemlock, where he waited, snuffing the wind.

At twilight, when the snowfall ceased, the deer walked wearily to the tumbledown farm below the forest. He tossed his head upward against the boughs of an apple tree. A russet apple, scarred and frozen, thudded into the snow. He rolled it out with his lips and let it lie. He pawed into the snow and turned up a rift of dry grass. There he thrust his muzzle and heaved until he routed out a sound apple, well preserved in a tuft. He ate it, tore savagely at the dull grass and champed his dry, famished jaws.

A rifle shot echoed on the southern slope. He turned his ears that way, then walked through the orchard and leaped the stone fence of a bullpen at the side of a ruined barn. There, sighing and snuffing, he searched in shallow snow under the eaves, where he had often found good suppers of sweet hay and clover on days like these. He butted his head in anger against the rotting eaves. He suddenly wheeled, climbed into a breach where frost had thrown the wall, and rammed his forefeet into the hard drift there. He looked down into the Clove. Lights shone in the cottages of the Vly. Below him, where the mountain joined the valley, the chimney of the hunting lodge sent sparks slanting into the dusk. The buck, a bronzelike mass against the sky, held his head out straight and blew. His loud snort sharpened into a long, whistling blast.

His call ran pell-mell in and out of the caverns, sped in many echoes over the drifts, and beat against the windows of the lodge, where the hunters sat by a hearth red with embers. One of the hunters, the ancient and honorable Grandfather Doonan, walked impatiently up and down the hearthside, striking his hard hands together in angry vexation. Despite his silvery hair, the old lad was as slim and strong as a boy of twenty and could stay on the bear's trail longer than most men. He could think faster than any man in the Catskills, but tonight his thoughts, which were with the great buck in the barren snow, were not satisfying to him.

When the deer's signal cut through the sifting noise of blowing snow, Gaffer Doonan once more struck his hands together, then held up his right hand in warning. He turned his troubled, frosty-blue eyes toward the window. "Did you hear that, Jan? Did you hear it, Fahim?"

Jan, grandson to the old sportsman and a lively chip off the Doonan block, lifted his red-thatched head from the rifle barrel on his knees. And Fahim, who had long since abandoned Turkey and its fleshpots to follow Gaffer on the Catskill trails, nodded his swarthy head. He looked out through the wintry pane.

Gaffer gave his spiky moustache an angry tweak. "It's the old one all right. It's the Tremper Buck. His father taught him to whistle like that. Ten to one—he's browsing around in the old bull pen and wondering where his hay can be."

Fahim came back to the hearth and kicked back a fallen log. "We should have gone up last week, Gaffer. That drought—it was worse for him than it was for the trout. I'll bet his ribs are showing by now."

"Take it easy, Gaffer," said Jan, looking shrewdly down the rifling of his gun. "He'll last till morning. We'll put old Woolbeater and his horses up for the night and get the hay up the mountain at daybreak. We ought to thank our stars some stranger didn't get a shot at him. One day more—and then the season's over and that's off our minds."

Gaffer stamped his boot heel down on the hearth. "There'll be no waiting until morning, Jan! If there's a clear moon—up we go tonight. Best be careful in these hard times. Or we'll be stuffing a starved-out hide just as I stuffed his dear old father long ago." The old lad turned swiftly toward the door and whispered: "Now what in thunder can that be? A hunting-horn—or I'll eat my shirt!"

Fahim flung open the door. Up the lane came a team of horses, heaving and blowing against the traces. Behind the load of hay, a pair of headlights shone and every now and then the horn of the blocked motor car sent out a noisy bugle call. The hunters heard the driver shouting angrily to old Woolbeater, who sat aloof on his high load. Once he turned and cried: "Ain't going to do ye any good, Mister. Blow away. If ye can't take it easy—why, take it easy as ye can."

Old Woolbeater slid down, pulled a handful of hay from under the canvas cover, and handed it to Gaffer. "Take a chew of that, Mr. Doonan. If that's not the sweetest stuff you ever fed the Tremper Buck or his dad—why, my name ain't Woolbeater."

Gaffer tasted the wisp. " 'Tis good, friend Woolbeater. You did well, considering the lack of rain. Now pull into the barn and bait your horses. If the moon comes clear, we'll finish the job tonight. The old boy has been whistling up there for us."

Gaffer then turned to the driver of the car, who stood waiting at the door. "You, sir," said Gaffer. "What can we do for you?"

The stranger, a plump, hard-faced customer in a coonskin coat, looked hard at Gaffer. "Are you Gaffer Doonan?"

"I am, sir."

"My name's Fiske. Captain White said he spoke to you about me at the City Club a while ago. Said you might put me in the way of a little hunting."

"Captain White? Ah, yes. Welcome to you, sir. You come pretty late in the hunting season, but do come in and take your nightcap with us."

Gaffer introduced his companions and Lorenzo, the lodge steward, trotted into the room with a tray and hot jug. Gaffer filled the mugs, handed one to the stranger, and drank with him. The stranger, without a by-your-leave, poured himself another mug and sent it shooting down.

"Smooth stuff, Doonan!" he said. The toddy drove a quick flush into his cheeks. The mug shook in his trembling hands.

When he stretched out his hand to the jug again, Jan sent a secret signal of alarm to Gaffer, came closer and whispered: "Your friend has been taking a little too much. Unless I miss my guess."

After the fourth mugful, the stranger spread his legs out in front of the fire and, with a belch or two to start off, said: "Don't mind telling you fellows that I'm a new member of the club down home and I mean to present the house committee with a fine pair of antlers pretty soon. I don't mind telling you that's my aim. That's why I come up here."

Gaffer politely remarked that this was an admirable ambition. He added: "No use counting the points, sir, till your buck is down."

The stranger puffed red and began some pretty tall talk about his being a crack shot and how he had knocked over a bull moose in some yard or other up in Canada. The Doonan band couldn't stand a boaster and they were all getting a little dark in the face when a fist struck at the outer door.

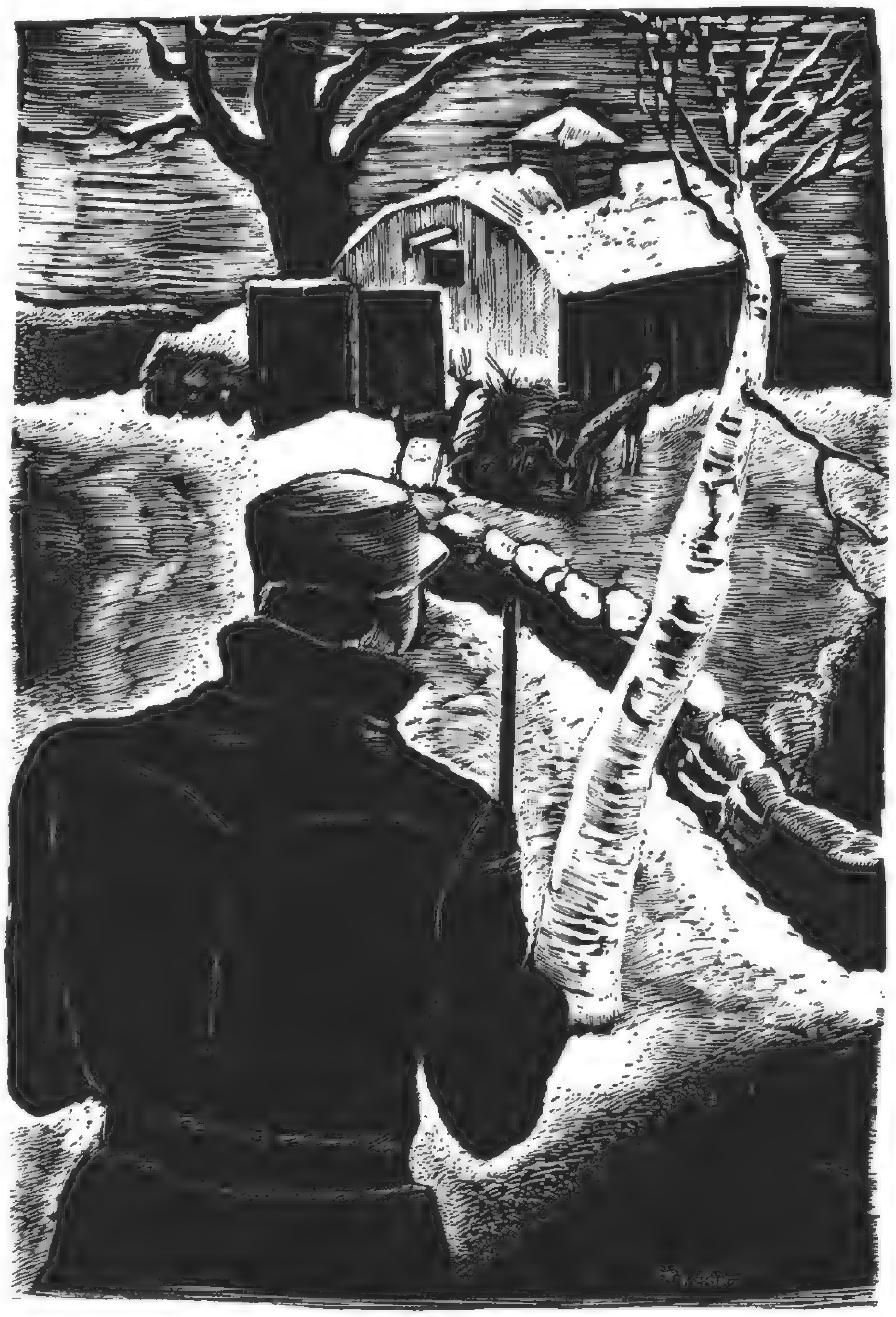
It was old Woolbeater. He stepped in, walked right over to the jug, poured a drink, and said: "Moon's up bright and clear. I'm ready to feed that buck, if you fellows are. Come along, won't ye?"

"Feed a buck!" The stranger roared in unseemly laughter. "Are you fellows stringing me along? What do you mean, old timer? Feed a buck!" He emptied his mug. "I'll bet you're going to take a shot at him when the moon rises. Or maybe you're going to jack him. What's that lantern for? That's it!"

Gaffer leaped to his feet. Jan put a hand on the old lad's shoulder and soothed him. He then turned to the stranger and assured him that they were, indeed, going to feed the buck. "It's the Tremper Buck, Mr. Fiske. An old friend of ours. None of us would think of taking a shot at him. He trusts us."

"The Tremper Buck!" The stranger's eyes went hot. "I've heard of that one. Is it true that he's got such a spread on him? Over twenty inches? I saw the old Tremper Buck set up at the inn. They say his son is even bigger."

"Quite true, sir," said Fahim. "Indeed, if you would like to come along with us, you might catch a glimpse of him feeding."



The stranger pulled on his jacket, took a flask from his bag, and climbed onto the load of hay. Old Woolbeater urged the horses on and they pulled into the mountain road. By the time the team turned into the gateway of the tumbledown farm, the moon was out, bright and clear. Woolbeater took the hay forks out of the load and they all set to work.

They drove away then and went down the road a piece. There the farmer pulled up and Gaffer led the hunters into a spinney of elms near the barn. In a few minutes they heard a branch break in the apple orchard and then, walking boldly in the moonlight, the Tremper Buck appeared, snuffing and throwing his beautiful head up and down. He leaped high over the pen wall and began to feed on the hay hungrily.

The stranger whispered excitedly. His eyes glittered while he watched the handsome antlers gleam in the frost. He pulled his flask out and swallowed its contents. He swore harshly at the burn of the liquor.

Back at the lodge, Gaffer led the stranger to a cabin and then turned in for an uneasy sleep. The queer, drunken intensity that had marked the stranger's face rather worried the old lad. So, as soon as the green flush of dawn came up beyond Mount Touch-me-not, Gaffer hurried over to the stranger's cabin. He rapped at the door and cried out: "Good morning!"

No answer came. Gaffer rapped again. He then pushed the door open and looked in. The stranger had gone. His gear lay scattered around the room, but his rifle was not there.

Gaffer shouted an alarm. He hauled Jan and Fahim out of their beds and roared for Lorenzo. Quickly they drank down their coffee, pulled on their snowshoes and started off for the abandoned farm. Snow began to fall. It had fallen in the night, too, and their trail of yesterday lay hidden. But they hadn't gone far before they found the stranger's tracks, where he had gone slogging along.

Gaffer bent down and looked at the marks. "Fresh made!" he cried. "After him, boys. Don't take no back talk from him. Just knock him down and hand him over."

They ran on through the rising storm. The wind hurtled out of the North and blew big soft flakes against them. Gaffer suddenly stopped. When the others came up, he said: "Even a crazy man like that won't hunt in such weather. I can't see a yard ahead of me. Watch out now. He'll be coming back."

Ten strides later they heard an angry curse ahead. Fahim slipped to one side of the trail and Jan followed. Gaffer threw himself into a drift. They were scarcely hidden before the stranger came plowing by. He spoke many a hard word as he clumped along.

They let him go. When he had vanished, they kept on his trail to the old farm and found the place where he had lain under the eaves of the spring house, waiting for an easy shot.

"Damn his eyes!" said Fahim.

"He's a tough ticket," said Jan. "But we can't stand guard over the buck all the time. I'm going to ride that guy out of the valley."

Gaffer said nothing. He put on his thinking cap while they trudged back to the lodge. Once he cried: "Ha!" and began to think again. And then he said: "He'll be back, my lads. There's no preventing that. The law's on his side and the law isn't on the buck until sundown. No, Jan, don't drive him away. Then we couldn't keep an eye on him. First thing to do is to try eloquence. If that fails, sterner measures must be used."

The stranger, confronted with his guilty action as he straddled on the hearth, made no bones about it. "Who the devil are you," he roared, "to tell me I can't take a shot at him? Just because you're fattening him up for yourselves. To be shot out of season, I'll bet."

Jan gasped, then leaped to his feet. Gaffer

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The Esquire Sports Poll

U. S. citizen ready to work himself loose from habit of avoiding physical effort, and start getting callouses off his hams

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

• SPORTS •

WHERE DOES the nation stand on its wartime sports policy? Or, in following an old American custom, where does it sit? Controversy and delay have tossed national physical fitness plans for a loss. High pressure production schedules and mental strain of war are producing one surplus where the country could benefit from a shortage, and that's in the department of lead in the fanny. The majority of colleges have geared their physical conditioning operations to Army and Navy patterns, but attention to physical fitness for the general public has lagged.

With a total draft of manpower possible, authorities in physical conditioning are wondering where the physical power is going to come from. Mechanized living in the United States has developed thick callouses on the hams and flabbiness elsewhere in the human form divine of the citizen.

In devoting this monthly Sports Poll to a national physical conditioning policy Esquire added to its usual classes of public, sportscasters, and sports editors, a business executives' bloc.

Also joining the poll were the men of Harding Field, Baton Rouge, Louisiana—another of our rapidly growing training fields for aviators. When Colonel L. L. Koontz came from Selfridge Field, Michigan, to assume command of this field on March 31, 1941, his headquarters were established in the old Louisiana Capitol, its windows ornate with the wrought iron grille work characteristic of the early French Acadians' architecture, its rusty gun emplacements still trained upon the Mississippi in a legendary land of dreamy bayous, moss-draped cypress groves and lazy streams choked with water-lilies where once roamed the pirate Jean Lafitte. Ground had been broken in December on a stretch of prairie ten miles north of Baton Rouge, but there was no structure completed. Harding Field is still building, with piles of new lumber and sand and gravel still in evidence; but its broad runways have long been giving flight to Army bombers, fast pursuit ships and heavy cargo liners. Many of its graduates are now contacting the enemy on many fronts.

In the poll, Harding Field voted 62.32% in favor of a compulsory national physical fitness program for civilians, but rejected the idea of emphasizing the war at all sporting events by a 55.81%. Only 1.08% of the young war birds felt that sports should be played down for the duration.

THE QUESTION

What do you think would be the best way to get every person in the country into the best physical shape possible in the shortest possible time to help in the war effort? Should a compulsory physical fitness program be enacted for all civilians; so that if and when they are needed for military service, they will have a basic physical condition that will be a benefit to them in making the adjustment to military requirements? For the purpose of emphasizing the fact of the nation's being at war, should every public performance, including all sporting spectacles, have a striking military background; so that it will be impressed on every participant and spectator that our main job from now on is to win the war? Or do you feel that sports should be "played down" for the duration; or recognized as relaxation and recreation "value for morale"; or suppressed entirely?

The vote on legislation compelling attention to physical fitness came out 50.92% in favor. The sports editors registered 53.19% in favor, which topped the field.

The poll's highlights:

24.12% want a nation-wide organized program of physical fitness; 15.35% would leave physical conditioning to the individual; 9.21% believe a strong national advertising campaign should be conducted to stimulate physical conditioning.

In voting on specific details of physical conditioning to increase the stamina of the populace, 12.28% of the voters favored walking. Calisthenics was voted by 10.96%.

59.53% voted for sports events as spectacles to draw attention to war activities.

68.42% endorsed sports as having "value for morale."

9.64% believed sports should be played down for the duration.

1.31% felt sports should be abandoned during the war.

A reflection of the extensively prevailing attitude was expressed by **William J. Bingham**, Director of Athletics at Harvard.

"We are a soft people," he wrote, " but capable of being aroused. We have too many men in their thirties who have over-sized waist lines. We have jitneyed our children around too much; we have thought that freedom should never be tempered with any discipline; we have worshiped peace so much we do not even now want to be tough. To get the most out of our bodies, we will have to change our thinking and be prepared to pay a price for freedom, for physical fitness and to be able to fight."

Application of sports psychology in jarring the American public into fighting spirit was mentioned by several who endeavored to get a sharp focus on the rather hazy war morale phase of sport. An effective contribution of sports to war might be that of getting the entire American public as intensely concerned about the war as the fervent Brooklyn fan is concerned about Them Bums. But that is wishful thinking.

Development of the leaning toward blazing partisanship was suggested by **Lee Karson,** K T A R, Phoenix, Arizona, who noted that sports can "make 'em hate and hate like fury. This stimulates the adrenalin glands, incites to action, tones the muscles, and keeps one on his toes. A man who hates is a man ready to fight and out to win. A man ready to smash the Axis—barehanded if need be—is a man fit to fight, physically *and* mentally. It's about time our propagandists started spreading the old hate psychology. You can't be intelligent and victorious at the same time. Let's change our 'Look what they'll do to us if they win' theme to 'Look what we're going to do to them.'" **Arthur Mann,** Cherry Plain, New York, also gave his ideas on how to get the people fighting mad. "Mass-wrath in this country can best be aroused," he wrote, "as Washington is arousing it, *i. e.*, through a threat to inherent privileges of common luxuries and, as we will probably get later, a threat and even denial of enough food."

A definite constructive proposal was advanced for employing athletic plants and personnel in getting a national physical fitness program under way quickly. In the ballot remarks accompanying his vote, **Kenneth L. "Tug" Wilson,** Director of Athletics at Northwestern University, urged that the present sports resources be put into an all-out-for-victory physical conditioning drive. Wilson said:

> I believe that every town and city should make full use of their playground and athletic facilities in order to get every person in the best physical shape possible. Thousands of pools, gymnasiums and school playgrounds are locked up in the evenings and in the vacation months. These should be manned by the people in charge who could donate the extra time to the war effort. Industry should provide recreational periods wherever possible. In addition, every school, college and university

should have compulsory physical education and an athletic program for every student in its enrollment. Many state laws require a couple of periods of physical education a week, but this is not enough and the program offered is not of the right type. Throughout the United States there are thousands of capable instructors and coaches who could handle this program. It should be so planned to give every boy and girl a fine background of exercise and sports, and in the colleges and universities the program should be much tougher with less recreational sports like tennis and golf and more attention given to the contact sports such as wrestling, hand-to-hand combat exercises and football.

Possibility of the Army and Navy getting into a civilian physical conditioning campaign was suggested by several. The Navy's action in acquainting college athletic coaches and directors with its pre-flight school strenuous physical conditioning process is showing an effect in college athletic programs. Voters in the Esquire Poll suggested that there be a civilian conditioning campaign co-ordinated with the body-building program the armed services use.

"We need more support by the military services and leaders of athletics by publicity, etc., than we have been getting so far," declared **H. Jamison Swarts,** Director of Athletics at the University of Pennsylvania. "We need more expressions like General MacArthur's famous West Point 'on the fields of friendly strife' statement." **Harry Stuhldreher,** Director of Athletics at the University of Wisconsin, urged that: "All of our sports should be directed toward the war effort. We need sports today more than ever. It is absolutely essential that everyone in the country prepare himself physically for an all-out war effort. We should have a compulsory physical fitness program."

"To change the exercise habits of those over fifty," demurred **William MacLeod Raine,** "would do more harm than good. For those not in service I should think sports would be the best way, but I think sports should be continued only for recreational value. Boxing and wrestling matches in smoky rooms ought to be abandoned." **Manuel Komroff** suggested: "Medical examination and advice for best physical shape; diet inspection and little or no exercise for those over forty." He also favored a compulsory physical fitness program, "and improved food and housing conditions." **Lynn Montross** suggested: "The encouragement of sandlot and such amateur sports as distinguished from professional sports in which the average citizen takes part only in a ticket-buying and pants-polishing capacity."

Roscoe D. Bennett, *Grand Rapids Press*, urged:

> We should have a well-organized physical fitness program beginning with training classes for leaders, like Red Cross first aid classes, in factory, office and commercial institutions. Leaders should be trained by experts in classes so they can head calisthenic drills, organize sports, walking clubs, etc. Management must co-operate with the effort, appoint leaders, provide time for them to train and give them a schedule to operate in their plants. Calisthenics should start the program. It must be daily, if only for five minutes. As men feel the benefits they will develop an urge to participate in sports. Leaders should be taught drills, skills, a bit of anatomy, and instructed as to who should take the work and who should not. Such a program is being tried in Grand Rapids industry and it works. Leaders already trained will be called for further training in more advanced work and a winter program.

"Request the American Physical Education to set up regional committees to organize all existing agencies in promotion of a voluntary program with a great deal of publicity," recommended **Hay Finlay,** Montreal. "Since your last questionnaire," wrote **Charles F. Batchelder,** WDBO, Orlando, Florida, "I have entered the United States Navy as a radio technician. From actual contact I believe physical fitness of all citizens should be stressed more than ever. That is the basis of all service requirements and a necessary one. No man should let the need of good condition interfere with his part in our unified effort towards victory."

"Adoption of a physical fitness law, varied as to ages, sex, etc., and restrained to the age limits that eventually would be called into service, defense work, etc., unquestionably would meet with patriotic response from 90 per cent or more of the persons concerned," believed **Nolan Skiff,** Pendleton, Oregon, *East Oregonian*. "Wide publicity over all mediums—press, radio, etc.—even public demonstrations of mass calisthenics—could keep instructional staffs at a minimum so that it would not waste manpower. Recommended diets could be suggested, also wearing of looser, more healthful clothing, particularly on the part of most women and a few men who go in for restrictive garments to assume a healthful appearing figure that actually isn't there. Schools could readily handle the problem of physical fitness for students, and also could have instructional evening classes for adults. Such a program, if followed through for the duration, would be of lasting post-war benefit. Good health habits, formed during a war period, unquestionably would continue throughout the lifetime of most of the participants."

"There must be a government agency with plenty of authority and money to work through the schools, industrial plants, and municipal recreation departments," wrote **Dick Cullum,** *Minneapolis Times*. "Voluntary local efforts are falling down everywhere from lack of funds and a unified plan. The program need not be compulsory if it is properly financed, equipped and manned, and is planned with imagination stressing competition rather than mere calisthenics."

Max Mosely, *Montgomery Advertiser*, said: "Stage community exercise clubs and organize a conditioning program throughout each city and state. In some towns and cities in Alabama, there have been many different clubs and meetings organized and arranged two or three times a week. Classes of exercises and games are held for everybody wishing to come."

Voters frequently expressed the opinion that unless the government put its force behind a physical conditioning program the populace generally is too lazy to get rid of its suet and get into shape for vigorous working or fighting. **David DeLong,** *Allentown Evening Chronicle*, said:

> There is no use appealing to the average American for voluntary exercise. I have seen too many get the "exercise fever" and then quit after the first try. I also have seen too many in this gasoline-rationed area howling bloody murder because they cannot have all the fuel they want for their cars. If they are not willing to do a bit of walking, how could they be expected to undergo a much sterner program of their own volition? The only way is to make it compulsory. The crux of the matter is that the average American will do without many things, will cut down funds in order to buy war bonds and the like; but he will not sacrifice the muscular effort needed to harden himself. Our hope for the future lies in developing the youngsters in the grade schools. It must be a broader program than we have ever conceived. Exercise and athletics must become as normal and natural a part of every boy's and girl's life as eating and sleeping. That's the only way we can hope to have a high national health level. And very distinctly, now that we have been taught a lesson, there should be compulsory military service for every American boy. One solid year of standing on his own feet, with a stiff athletic routine, will do more for our youth than all the gymnasiums, Y.M.C.A.'s and other agencies which depend on voluntary membership. Our pampered youngsters, products of a rich age, and subject of parental petting ("I don't want my child to go through the hard life I had") would have turned into a first class mass of lollypops in another ten years if this war hadn't come along.

Making a case for calisthenics as basic training, was **Henry F. Gruhler,** *Atlantic City Press*, who wrote:

> A unified program of calisthenics is the best method of keeping in condition. Twenty minutes a day will do the work, providing adherents don't undo what they have accomplished by dissipation and foolish diets. This would have to be done on the honor system. No class or series of classes could be held to fit everybody's time. Pamphlets could be mailed to each home illustrating the exercises, the order in which they should be done and a unified count assigned to each exercise. These exercises should be so complete as to put every muscle of the body to work at different times; but they should not be so strenuous as to create a reluctance on the part of the individual to indulge. That strenuous exercise is healthful is a fallacy. Strenuous exercise taxes the

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Recent volumes on Napoleon, Chinese Jade, the Congo, Global War, art of cartooning, youthful boners, murder

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

▪ BOOKS ▪

A BOOK that would be interesting reading any day of any year, but is of added interest in 1942, is *Napoleon at the Channel*, by Carola Oman. So far as I can prove, it contains only one error, and that of minor importance. It says the nineteenth century began on January first, 1800; when of course it didn't.

Anything and everything about Napoleon is interesting. Professor Sumner told us when we were Yale undergraduates, "Napoleon was the most cold-hearted rascal that ever lived." That is indeed the way he should be regarded by rational men and women; but it is almost impossible to do so; the song called *The Two Grenadiers* which I heard sung by Plançon and again by Chaliapin awakens the natural emotional response. And indeed an American poet has expressed Napoleon's most vital contribution to history. He brought into the world and into millions of human hearts *romance*—romance that takes people away from their daily routine and illuminates the dullest lives.

However, that is quite properly very far from the attitude taken by Miss Oman; in *Napoleon at the Channel* she gives us the history of the years from the beginning of the French Revolution to St. Helena. She is a scholar and an admirable writer. This is history the way it should be written; politics, battles—the two subjects emphasized by most historians—receive due attention; but also the hour the children of fashion ate dinner, the clothes they wore and how the styles varied from year to year; how in spite of the war the English ladies followed French modes, the public debates and private conversations among leading men; and, of course, the application of the main theme, *Napoleon at the Channel*, to these present days. For a number of years he planned to invade England; his encampment near Boulogne and what went on there are minutely described. During the armistice, which lasted a little over a year, English ladies and gentlemen hurried over to Paris for the theatres, the art galleries, and the new fashions. Then with the renewal of war, the English began again tremendous and universal preparations to repel the Invader.

On a summer evening in 1804, Carola Oman tells us, while Napoleon was at his quarters at Boulogne and looking through his telescope at Dover, the despatches arrived, and among them was one enclosing a note from the American Robert Fulton (of Irish descent) describing his underseas method of attack with the *Nautilus* (think of Jules Verne!) and then insisting that he had discovered a method of propelling boats by steam—"I can remove the obstacles—wind and storm—which protect your enemies, and, notwithstanding his fleets, transport your armies to his territory at any time, and within a few hours!"

"On the night of July 21st, 1804, the Emperor wrote to the Minister of the Interior with youthful eagerness, 'I have just read the proposition of the Citizen Fulton, engineer, which you have sent to me much too late, since it is one which may change the whole face of the world. Submit it instantly for examination to a special committee.'"

In the next year, Fulton, seeing no hope from the French authorities, gave an exhibition of the power of his submarine in the English channel for the benefit of the British Navy.

Those years on the Continent and in Europe were so full of excitement that a history book requires no emphasis beyond the facts; and it is to our author's credit that she never resorts to sensationalism. Yet she can make a scene thrilling. I had supposed that Nelson and Wellington met each other fairly often; they met only once and then in Downing Street. I shall never forget the description of that meeting as recorded in these pages.

George IV hated his Queen; and Miss Oman tells us that when in 1821 the news of Napoleon's death reached London, a messenger came to the King and exclaimed, "Sire, your greatest enemy is dead." The King replied, "No, by God! is she?"

Ben Lucien Burman, whose books on the Mississippi are admirable, is not so successful in dealing with the Congo, though I admire his courage and his patriotism in going thither. His new book is well named. It is called *Miracle on the Congo* and it is indeed just that. If the things happened exactly as he described them, his own survival is miraculous. Among other deadly perils, he was repeatedly attacked by swarms of tsetse flies, while in a crowded dugout.

Handkerchiefs and bare hands are poor defenses against anything so deadly as the sleeping sickness. And how about all the men in the boat? Some other horrors are more sensationally described.

The trouble with this small and exciting book is that it is over-written. The chapters sound like separate articles written for *effect*—and the effect sought and accomplished is melodrama. Now the distinction between drama and melodrama is that in melodrama the law of causation is suspended. Considering the terrible tropical places he visited, and the fearful dangers he passed through, it would have been better to let the scenery, the climate, and the action speak for themselves. It is an exciting, entertaining book, and the most interesting part comes with the second title: *Report from the Free French Front.* I did not know that hundreds and hundreds of French soldiers had escaped to this African country, and were keeping alive

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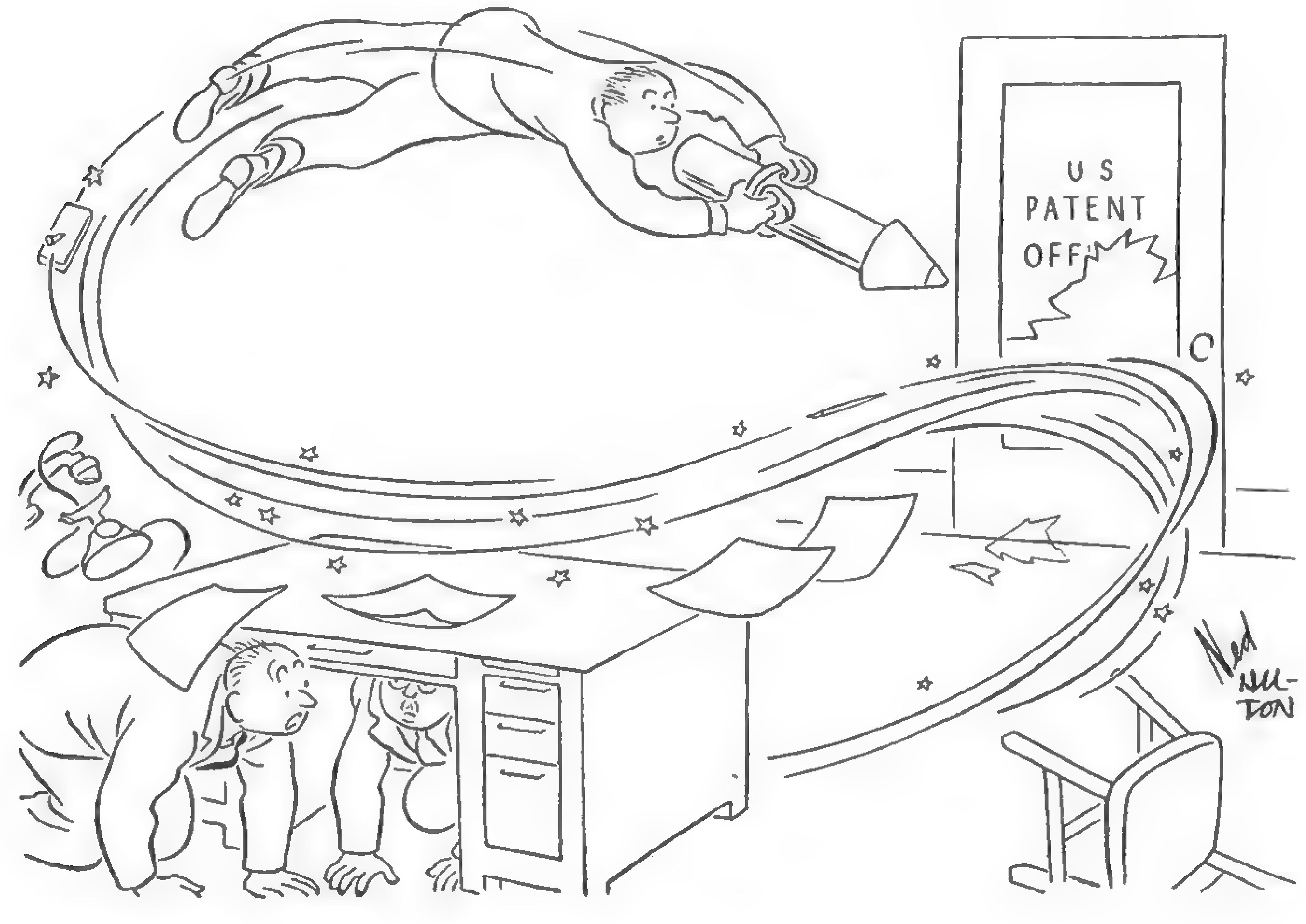
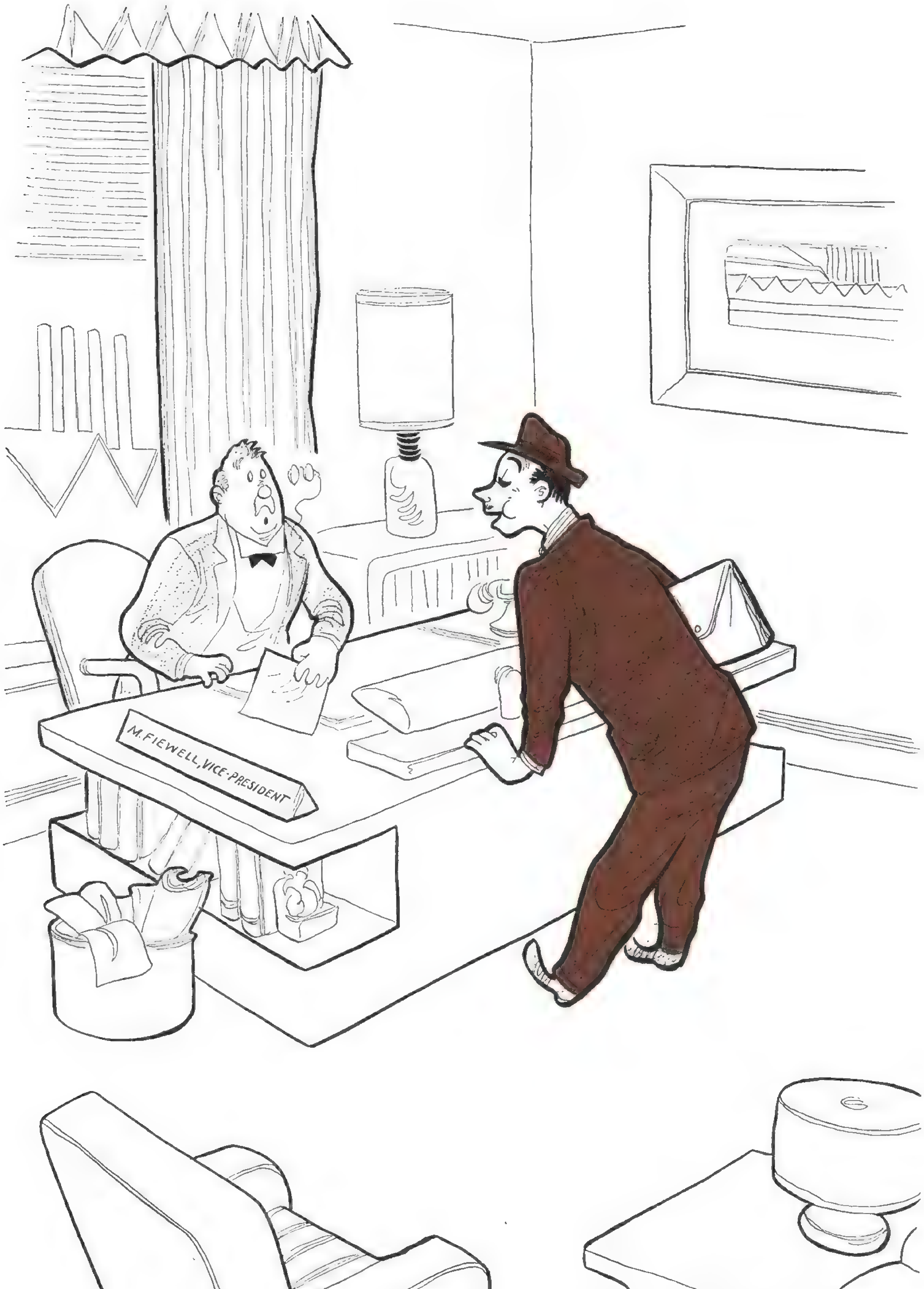


"Let's give him the patent without wasting any more time trying to test it"



M. FIEWELL, VICE-PRESIDENT
Lariar

"All right, Mr. Fiewell, all right, then—I'll go over your head—I'll see your wife!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Evidence for the defense of slapstick and diatribes on critics' prejudices, progress, economy and dramatic champs

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪

Evidence For The Defense—Those persons, a liberal portion of them of the I.Q. of Rumanian peasants and motion picture executives, who insist that the theatre is simply a place for light amusement and that they go to it solely "to be amused" or "for a good laugh," and who are looked at down the nose by those who view it rather as a temple of high dramatic art, have, if they stop to think of it, at least one piece of strong evidence in their favor. And what is more, the evidence is supplied by the most influential of the very persons who vouchsafe them the superior nostril. I refer to the loftier commentators on the theatre and their reactions to the departure through death of the theatre's more eminent players.

Who, when they pass on, twang the heartstrings of these aesthetes most touchingly? Are they the conspicuous dramatic actors or the low comedians? If you are a reader of the newspapers and the periodicals, I need not tell you. Let a Joe Jackson, Joe Weber, Lew Fields, Frank Tinney or Marie Dressler go to his or her Maker—indeed, let a Joe Cook even so much as announce that he is retiring from the stage—and the theoretical Ibsen and Chekhov rooters find their pens and typewriters going wistful with a vengeance and dripping sad and bitter tears. Yet let a Bernhardt, Duse or Terry—or a Salvini, Tree or Sothern—shuffle off the mortal coil and there will be solemn tributes to the deceased's genius but nary the indicated sign of a heart-twinge or a moist eye. It is the funny boys and girls whose passing always uncorks the real sentiment; the serious actors and actresses get only critically minded testimonials, here and there on a few occasions furbished, in the case of an actress, with a story of how back in the early 1890's her devotees removed the horses from her carriage and pulled her all the way from Twelfth Street to the Brevoort or an account of the love letters Bernard Shaw once wrote to her or the painting the admiring Jimmy Whistler once did of her.

I have been reading the obituaries and follow-ups of stage folk for something like forty-five years now, and I have still to engage one that in its treatment of a great serious dramatic star shows half the genuine sadness, half the honest tenderness and affection, or one-third the sense of deep loss in the passing that is shown in the instance of a low comedian whose biggest contribution to dramatic art consisted in falling drolly off a rickety bicycle or stumbling over an imaginary something and landing ludicrously on his behind. It was not the greatest Hamlet the American stage had seen who on his death moved the critics to tears; it was a player whose specialty was making wisecracks while hopping through a whirling rope.

* * *

Inconsistency, Thou Art No Jewel—The closing months of the last theatrical season were devoted by the drama critics largely to acrimonious denunciations of John Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down* on the ground of its sentimentalization of the German soldiery. The closing months of the season before were devoted by the same critics largely to fulsome commendations of Lillian Hellman's *Watch On The Rhine*, which was just as sentimental in its approach to the German underground movement. The closing months of the season before that were largely devoted by the same critics to almost equally warm endorsements of Robert Sherwood's *There Shall Be No Night*, which was even more sentimental in its treatment of the Finns whose land had been invaded by the Russians, then anathema. What you got in other words, dopes, was not dramatic criticism, which you paid your money for, but—as you often do in such cases—mere emotional prejudice. And that, if I may be allowed to say so, is a devil of a trick to play on any dramatist, whether good or bad.

Steinbeck's play was a poor one, but certainly not because he exercised his artist's privilege to view the Nazis as here and there possibly gifted with a few of the qualities of human beings and not necessarily and inevitably all Frankenstein monsters liberally crossed with the attributes of Robert G. Ingersoll, Boss Tweed, Eli Shonbrun and divers other such memorable Americans. In the same way, Miss Hellman's and Sherwood's plays were somewhat better ones, but equally and certainly not because they were similarly generous in their views of pre-Nazi Germans and the Finns, the latter subsequently, like the Russians at the time, in locally bad odor.

This present criticism of drama in ratio to the acceptability of its themes is just a small step removed from the older criticism of drama in proportion to its morality, chiefly sexual, and must lead to the same artistically dubious end. If carried to its natural conclusion in relation to drama dealing with the Germans, it would quite logically denounce as worthless such famous plays as Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*, Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen* and Schiller's *Cabale und Liebe*.

Let us be patriots all, surely, but let those of us whose job is dramatic criticism not confuse it with the job of flying a bomber over Berlin.

* * *

Definition—Actress: One who thinks she could do it much better than the one whose performance she is watching.

* * *

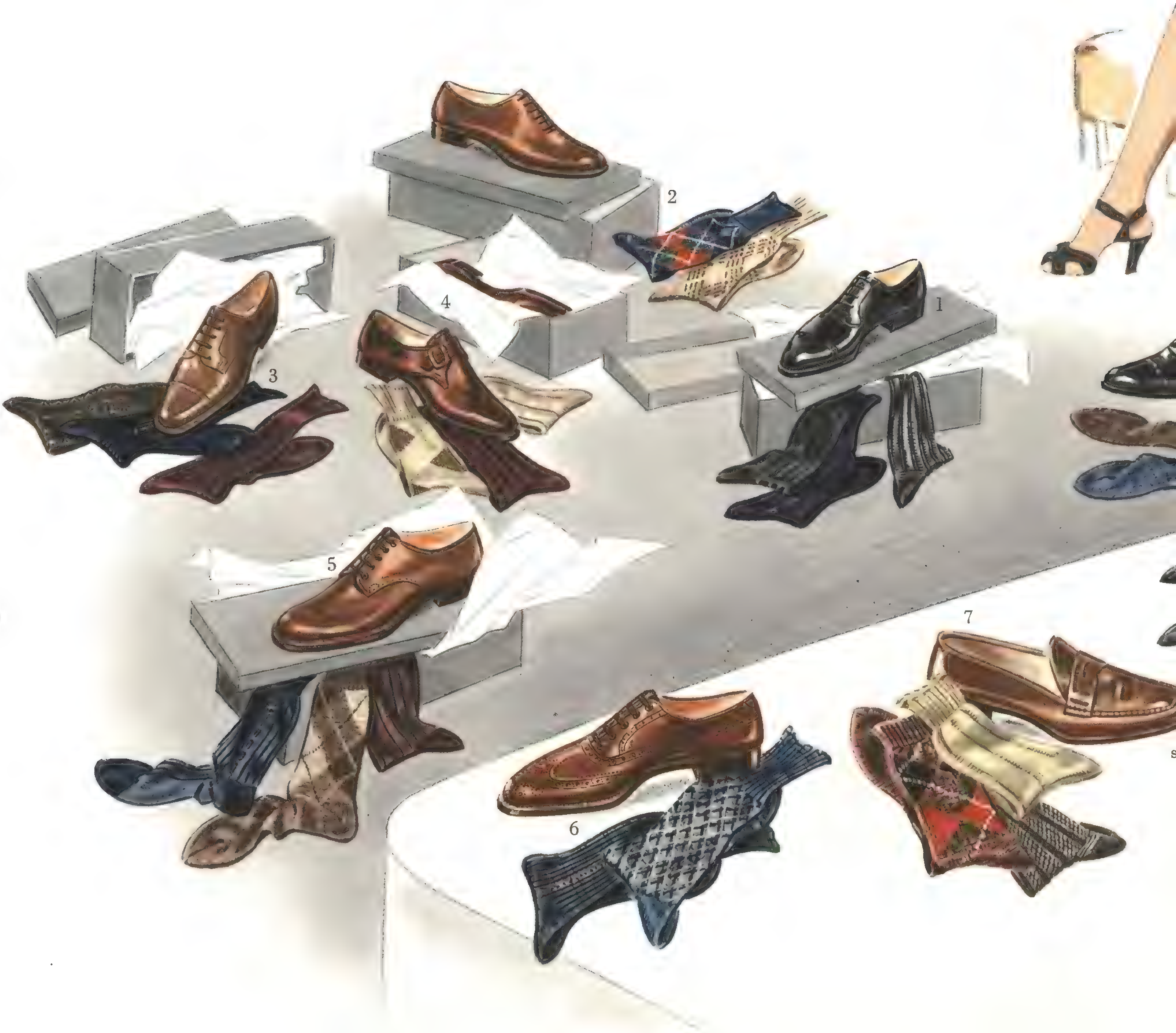
Progress—A big act-climax in the farce of forty years ago consisted in a leading character's sudden, despairful collapse into a chair and the clapping of a waste-

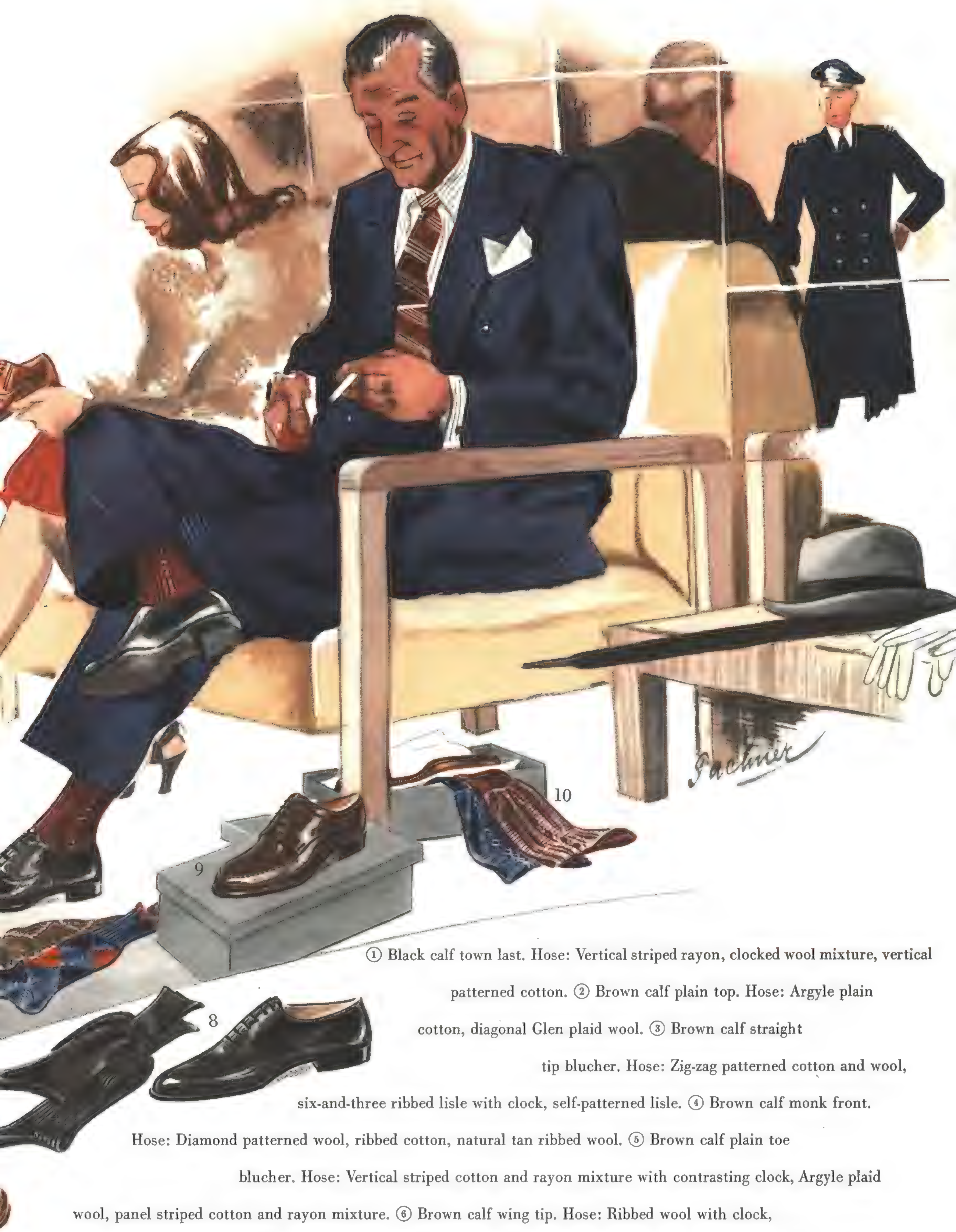
Continued in center of page 149

"Cigars, cigarettes—lollypops!"

Esquire's NOTES ON GOOD FOOTWORK

Simplicity is the important footnote for fall as a more potent military influence becomes evident. Plain toe models, favored in brown calf by men of the Army and in black calf by men of the Navy, gain more advocates among civilians. Lighter weight soles conform to the theme of simple elegance in dress and to the WPB conservation policy. In half hose for business wear, neat effects are the rule. For country and campus wear, however, vivid colors and striking designs are preferred.





① Black calf town last. Hose: Vertical striped rayon, clocked wool mixture, vertical patterned cotton. ② Brown calf plain top. Hose: Argyle plain cotton, diagonal Glen plaid wool. ③ Brown calf straight tip blucher. Hose: Zig-zag patterned cotton and wool, six-and-three ribbed lisle with clock, self-patterned lisle. ④ Brown calf monk front. Hose: Diamond patterned wool, ribbed cotton, natural tan ribbed wool. ⑤ Brown calf plain toe blucher. Hose: Vertical striped cotton and rayon mixture with contrasting clock, Argyle plaid wool, panel striped cotton and rayon mixture. ⑥ Brown calf wing tip. Hose: Ribbed wool with clock, small diamond patterned wool. ⑦ Moccasin slipper. Hose: Argyle plaid cotton anklet, wide ribbed wool anklet, mixture ribbed cotton anklet. ⑧ Black patent leather with plain toe for evening dress. Hose: Flat knit black silk, six-and-three ribbed black silk with self-clock. ⑨ Dark reddish brown calf moccasin last (with spikes for golf). Hose: Diamond patterned cotton and wool mixture; diamond patterned wool. ⑩ Medallion tip brown calf town last. Hose: Mixture lisle with clock, two-tone ribbed lisle.

Columbia's

RITA HAYWORTH

Hurrell Photograph

Teach a Child the Way

Aunt Milly got a great kick out of snatching a sinner, but her biggest moment came when she forgave him

by PETER DE VRIES

• FICTION •

I WAS forbidden to play with Red Dakin and them—guys from across the tracks and the flower of being tough. I can see them now proceeding single file across my Saturday mornings, walking along the curb with one pants leg hanging down picking up buttses, or leering unassimilably at Sunday School socials, leaning against the wall with their arms folded, or sitting on the corner bread box spitting a circle around themselves. Red Dakin's old man drank and beat up his wife, and was in turn beaten up by Red.

When I was nine my folks went to Holland and my Aunt Milly stayed with me for the summer. She knew nothing about the prohibition against Red Dakin and them, and one Saturday morning I cross the tracks to Buckle Street and Red is sitting on a fence.

"Hello, Red," I said.

"What da hell you want?" Red said.

"How's tricks? . . . Well, isn't this a relief," I said pointing at the weather. It had been sticky, sticky hot for four miserable days, but now it was nice and sixty.

Red pulled a pack of Bull Durham out of his hind pocket and started to roll one. I stood there and watched, clearly nettling him.

"You sure can roll those things, Red," I said, which was not the case for the cigarette was a mess and he knew it.

He sauntered off a few steps and lit it, striking the match on his pants. He walked nervously about, puffing it carefully, sitting on several fences. He tried to lick it together again but it kept coming apart and finally he threw it to the ground, only it never got to the ground, a puff of wind scattered it. With an oath, as Horatio Alger would say, he tugged on a piece of twine till a large Ingersoll came spinning out of his watch pocket. He consulted the watch, then grumbled and looked at a house.

Presently Artie Lockwood came out of the house eating a biscuit and almost simultaneously Pete Trask walked up. "What does this guy want?" Pete said.

"Ask him," Red said.

"What you want?" Pete asked me.

"Nothing," I said. "What you guys doing?"

"Listen, we're getting a freight for Nixon," Red said to me. "There it is now, come on," he said to the others as a whistle sounded in the valley. I watched them as they turned and ran, a boiling mixture of emotions. Hopping freights was a strictly blocked-off area—but it was a glamorous one. I had thought of it often; I wondered if I would ever have nerve enough to do it.

I listened to the toiling chug of the locomotive as it steamed up the grade. It was a slow freight; and on this particular incline it would be barely moving. The whistle sounded again, dark and ravishing. Artie looked back once over his shoulder. All of a sudden my legs were carrying me after them.

Now I was hopping my first freight, and it was nothing. Now I was tumbling over into an empty coal car. They were sitting on the floor in a seasoned way, bouncing lightly, their hands dangling from their drawn-up knees.

I came over and sat next to them. For some time nobody said anything. Occasionally they glanced at me, but for the most part they kept a stony silence. Finally Red spoke.

"What you going to Nixon for?"

"I go to Nixon often," I said and spat on the floor.

"Well, when we get there you do what you want. But we got things to do," he said.

"Sure," I said. And then something suddenly occurred to me that left me momentarily in panic. "When is the first freight back?"

"Little after two there's a bunch of empties back into V.G.," Pete said. (Valley Grove.)

At Nixon, where the train stopped for water, we split. I wandered about the town. It was rather a lark and I felt an expansion, a tingling delight, but underneath was the corroding worry about what my aunt would say when I didn't show up for lunch. At last it was two and I went back to the track and met the fellows. We hopped another freight, which would get us back about two-thirty.

They sat around in the coal car spitting with elaborate nonchalance and smoking buttses. But they were itching to impress me and finally it came out. They turned their pockets inside out spreading the loot from the five and dime before me—pencils, bobby pins, a knife, a notebook, a card of hair curlers, six pairs of spectacles and an Oh Henry. Red ate the Oh Henry and we each put on a pair of specs. We sat there with these glasses on, watching Red eat the Oh Henry. Red looked narrowly at me.

"Ever cop stuff?" he asked.

"Sure," I said.

"Like ducks," Pete sneered.

"Ah, nuts, I did too," I said. I was sensitive about that. I knew that, by their standards, I would be a sissy; which was, by mine, insupportable. "I've copped lots of stuff in the five and dime back home," I lied. "I don't need to go all the way to Nixon."

I told my Aunt Milly, who was weeping softly when I got home, that I had been fishing. "To think that's all you think of a person. Getting lunch ready and then you don't come, not to speak of the worry," she said.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"I forgive you," she said.

The next Monday I went across the tracks to Buckle Street again. Red was again the early bird. Short, square and thick, he was dressed in his turtle-neck sweater again, sitting around on various fences, and he was

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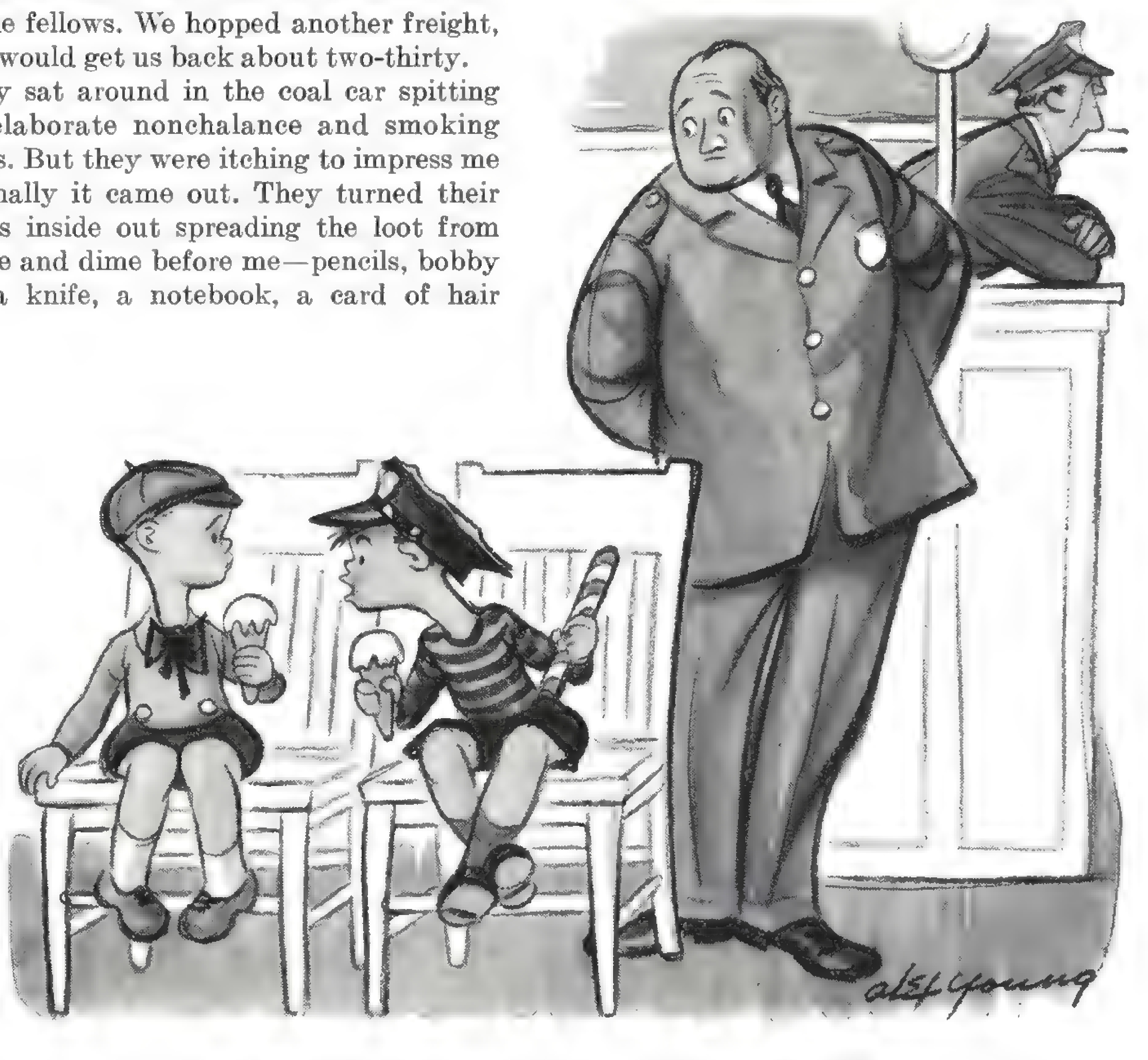

"Lost and Found is my racket—what's yours?"

Man the Kitchenette

Easy recipes for such Chinese delicacies as Congee, Mushroom Egg Foo Young, Tim Shin Yee, Watercress Soup, Shrimp Rolls

by ILES BRODY

▪EDIBLES▪

We all know that the Chinese are a heroic, remarkable and curious people. Few of you know that they are epicures. On account of their enormous food culture, going back thousands of years, gourmandizing is inborn even in the poorest coolie. Yet you couldn't imagine in your wildest dreams what the valiant Chinese soldier carries in his rucksack in the way of food. His rations consist of a few dried sweet potatoes, popped rice and some insignificant looking, wilted leaves, called *ngun lin yip*, which he sucks when he gets thirsty on his long, long march! Hand it to the Chinese when it comes to virtue and self-denial that goes beyond ordinary human endurance.

A few years back in Paris I had occasion to observe the lovely Chinese character very closely. I stayed at a hotel in the Rue Monsieur le Prince, and across the street lived some Chinese students. Every morning when I woke up and stepped to the window to determine the weather, I saw those boys, silent and smiling. Finally a nodding acquaintance developed between us, and when, among other Parisian escapades, I wrote a serial on the lives of foreign students for André Tardieu's *La Liberté*, and I reached the piece about the Chinese, I didn't have to go far for material. I simply walked across the street. My "friends" welcomed me. It was morning and they were preparing breakfast on a sorry looking little iron stove. There were eight of them, living in a small, impeccable room, that showed no evidence of more sleeping accommodations than one large French bed. They studied at the Sorbonne for two or three years, and only one of them received money from home. He happened to be a banker's son, but even the rich Chinese conform to Confucian doctrines, and so, he shared his thousand francs monthly allowance with his seven less fortunate colleagues!

I don't wish to pose as the originator of a current *bon mot* with a culinary air, but already years ago I used to ask "What's cookin'?" and with this I put my inquiring nose into other people's pots and pans. *Jook* was cooking for breakfast on the stove of my Chinese friends, or as the British call it *congee* soup. This is a liquid, obtained by boiling rice into a soup and flavoring it by adding chicken, beef, pork, liver, fish, or frog's legs. It is supposed to be a most healthy repast for the morning hours, and aside from giving one strength to tackle all sorts of chores till lunch time, it cleanses the intestines. Of course, there is plenty of tea to accompany *jook*, but then the Chinese consider tea as we do water, and drink an average of about thirty cups a day.

Reluctantly I leave my Chinese student friends in Paris. They gave me lessons in unity, amity and *congee*. But they didn't teach me much about the intricacies of Chinese cooking. I got my schooling in the culinary arts of that great nation right here in New York, from Mr. Lum Fong, a Chinese restaurateur, and his right hand man, Mr. James C. Y. Lee. And if you are afraid that it is too complicated to prepare Chinese dishes in your home, in a kitchenette, I insert right away two recipes which come from Lum Fong's and are exceedingly easy to follow.

Mushroom Egg Foo Young

Mix two ounces sliced mushrooms, a half cup chopped onions, two ounces diced meat (ham, roast pork or chicken), and pepper to taste. Add four well beaten eggs and stir thoroughly. Just at the moment you are ready to cook, but no sooner, add salt to taste. Divide these ingredients into portions. Pour, one portion at a time, from a soup ladle into deep fat. Cook until golden brown. This will yield three or four portions.

Tim Shin Yee

Tim Shin Yee is Chinese for Sweet and Pungent Fish. Wipe sea bass with a damp cloth. Dry, and fry in one and a half pounds of hot, deep peanut oil until golden. Combine one cup boiling water, one quarter cup vinegar, a half teaspoonful minced ginger root, half a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one ounce Sherry, and four tablespoonfuls soy sauce, and let boil till mixture reaches 230 degrees, or until a small amount dropped in cold water will form a soft ball. Thicken with a small quantity of water chestnut flour and serve with the fish.

You can buy Chinese food ingredients, herbs, and vegetables in New York's Chinatown. Today not all of these are imported from China. A great deal of Chinese vegetable and herb gardening takes place in Florida, California and Long Island. One farm is called Hop Lee Yuen, near Harrington, L.I., and another is appropriately named Lichee Village, at Jericho Turnpike, L.I. Foo Young means a beautiful native Chinese flower; the word is often used to express something pretty, dainty or light. When you see Foo Young with the added word Dan on a Chinese menu, it means omelet—Chinese style.

But besides bamboo shoots and lotus seeds, all other delicacies we hear so much about are available in Chinatown. I will tell you something about them and clear up their mysteries. Yes, it is true that the Chinese eat bird's nests, ancient eggs (though not exactly a hundred years old), and shark's fins, and consider them the greatest of delicacies. I can testify to their wonderful flavor, for I tasted them too. Bird's nests are the work of the Yien-Tse bird, which resembles the swallow, and lives in caves in China's mountainous regions, terribly difficult to approach—one reason for their high price. (Currently one pound costs twelve dollars in New York, and Lum Fong admitted sadly that he has only about seven months supply left.) The Yien-Tse bird makes its nest by using the secretion and saliva from its mouth glands. Bird's nest is thought by the Chinese to be most nourishing to humans, but, of course, this is a connoisseur's specialty, and in China, eaten

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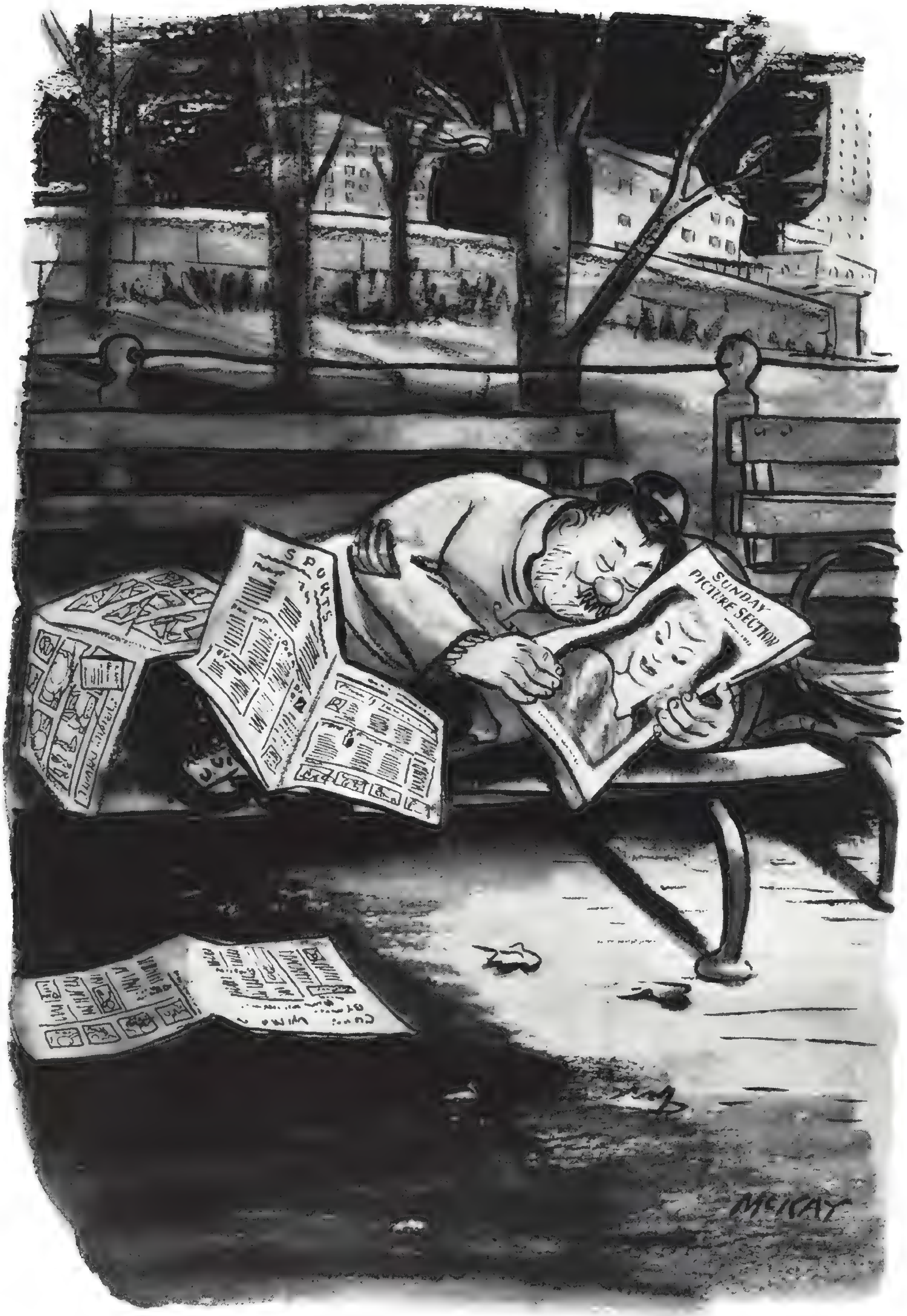
GEORGE WOLFE

"I not only counted sheep—I sheared them—wove the wool into cloth—made it into suits—sold them—and lost money, and I still can't sleep!"


SPORTS
SUNDAY PICTURE SECTION
McKAY

Plymobile to the Rescue

Offering cheap local transportation for the duration and minimizing your use of unavailable rubber and rationed gasoline

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

ARTICLE

Now in 1942, the year of doled tires and eye-droppered gasoline for most Americans, comes a little transportation marvel that solves all problems. Just so we don't have to call it the "Whozis" or the "Whatchamacallit" we'll simply refer to it as the "Plymobile," mainly because plywood is one of its most important elements.

If you're a reasonably handy man, have some time for tinkering and a fair understanding of the affinity between the business end of a hammer and the head of a nail, you can probably build the Plymobile yourself at very low cost. Or you can have the bicycle repair man or woodworking handyman in the neighborhood do it for you at somewhat higher cost. Remember, no strategic war materials are necessary—whether you build the foot-powered model, or the gasoline, electric battery or compressed air powered job. (Don't let the mention of gasoline frighten you. In a Plymobile you're good for at least 80 to 100 miles on a gallon.) In any case, complete detailed plans are available at a nominal cost.

* * *

Why the Plymobile? Essentially, it's designed to provide you inexpensive local transportation for the duration. It's intended to remove as much as possible your dependence upon unavailable rubber and rationed gasoline. Cheap to build, inexpensive to run, it should serve a great number of purposes around the house, whether you live in city, suburb or country. In fact for the latter two locales a Plymobile or a reasonable facsimile thereof seems pretty much a necessity. . . . For shopping in town, getting to the station and the 8:15, taking children to school, or any of the hundreds of things that once required the use of the 100-horsepower, 2-ton wonder, now languishing in enforced exile.

In 1941 there were 28,875,000 passenger cars registered in the United States. Why, we even had more cars than telephones. Those were the wonderful days when in a typical year we would spend more than three and one-half billion dollars for petroleum products and almost three billion dollars for the cars themselves. And they even had to *advertise* to sell tires.

The great era came to an end promptly at 1:31 P.M. on February 2nd of this year when a Pontiac was taken from the assembly line of General Motors Plant A in Pontiac, Michigan. It was the very last passenger car made in this country. A month later Leon Henderson gloomily commented that the Federal Government would be very happy if it could assure the operation of at least seven and one-half million passenger cars—about a fourth of the cars we had—until 1945.

The picture is no happier today. Best informed sources in Washington give odds that artificial rubber will not be available to civilians until 1945 at the earliest. At this writing there is dark talk of rubber tires being requisitioned from non-essential passenger cars.

In short, things are going to get worse on the auto front before they begin getting better. For these reasons and many more, the Plymobile might well be the means of putting you on moving wheels again.

* * *

The two men who worked out the plans for the Plymobile are pretty much the perfect team. The engineer of the pair is Roy Thomas Watts who has been around automobiles for decades. He worked on the highly durable magneto for the old model T Ford; was consulting engineer for Rolls Royce; and designed and built the light weight electric car for the electrical genius, Steinmetz.

Harmon D'Agostino is the 36-year-old stylist and designer of the team. He studied at Yale and has been doing industrial designing for years. He's also a whiz at locating adequate materials to replace strategic metals or rubber. This handy knack was an important factor in the construction of the Plymobile.

The team of Watts and D'Agostino is better known as Design Today, an engineering and design outfit formed to act as consultants for manufacturers and to do research. Organized in March, 1941, this New York firm has landed clients as important as the U. S. Signal Corps, the Connecticut Telephone and Electric Company and the Whitney Carriage Company.

The point of all this is that the Plymobile idea stems from two practical, inventive minds. It's simple and it works easily.

A few words about plywood, the material that forms the floor, sides and interior of our little duration car. Plywood is simply several thin sheets of wood glued together—with the grains of each successive sheet crossing at right angles. Use of modern synthetic resin-glues makes plywood waterproof and completely resistant to bacterial growth and aging. Plywood can be molded in various shapes and curves and today combat planes are being built of plywood.

Best of all, plywood is inexpensive. A 4x8 foot panel of ⅛" thickness shouldn't cost you more than $2 in your local lumberyard. You'll need five panels for the construction of any of the models described. If your lumberman does try to hold you up for more, buy of mail order houses, which will ship your plywood for $1.75 a panel.

The use of another improved wood product is helpful in constructing the Plymobile. Compregnated wood is even newer than plywood. It starts out as plywood but these layers of wood are impregnated with plastic, then compressed in a hot press under pressures up to 1500 pounds per square inch—far higher than the 200 to 400 pound pressures normally used in making plywood. The result is a product with plywood qualities plus greater density, hardness and resistance to abrasion, moisture, shrinking and corrosion. In short, it's the nearest thing to steel to come out of a tree. Compregnated wood will be used in the axle of the Plymobile. If you wish you can also use this super-wood for the wheels and steering stick but it really isn't necessary except for the all-important axle.

The dome-like top of the car can be made of either one of two materials. The first, Lucite, sells for around 60c a pound and the dome would need some six to eight pounds. And then you would have to work it into shape yourself—not too simple a task. Or you can have one made to order for about $10. Actually it would be much cheaper and just as effective to use a material used for covering chicken houses which admits ultra-violet rays. Essentially it is a few layers of cellulose acetate (cellophane to you) spread over screen wire. The stuff is for sale by mail order under trademarks by several firms. You'll need between 15 and 20 square feet and it sells for 5c to 13c a square foot in the quantities you'll need for the dome. The higher priced material is guaranteed for five years of use, the less expensive, for at least two. The dome, of course, is removable for warm

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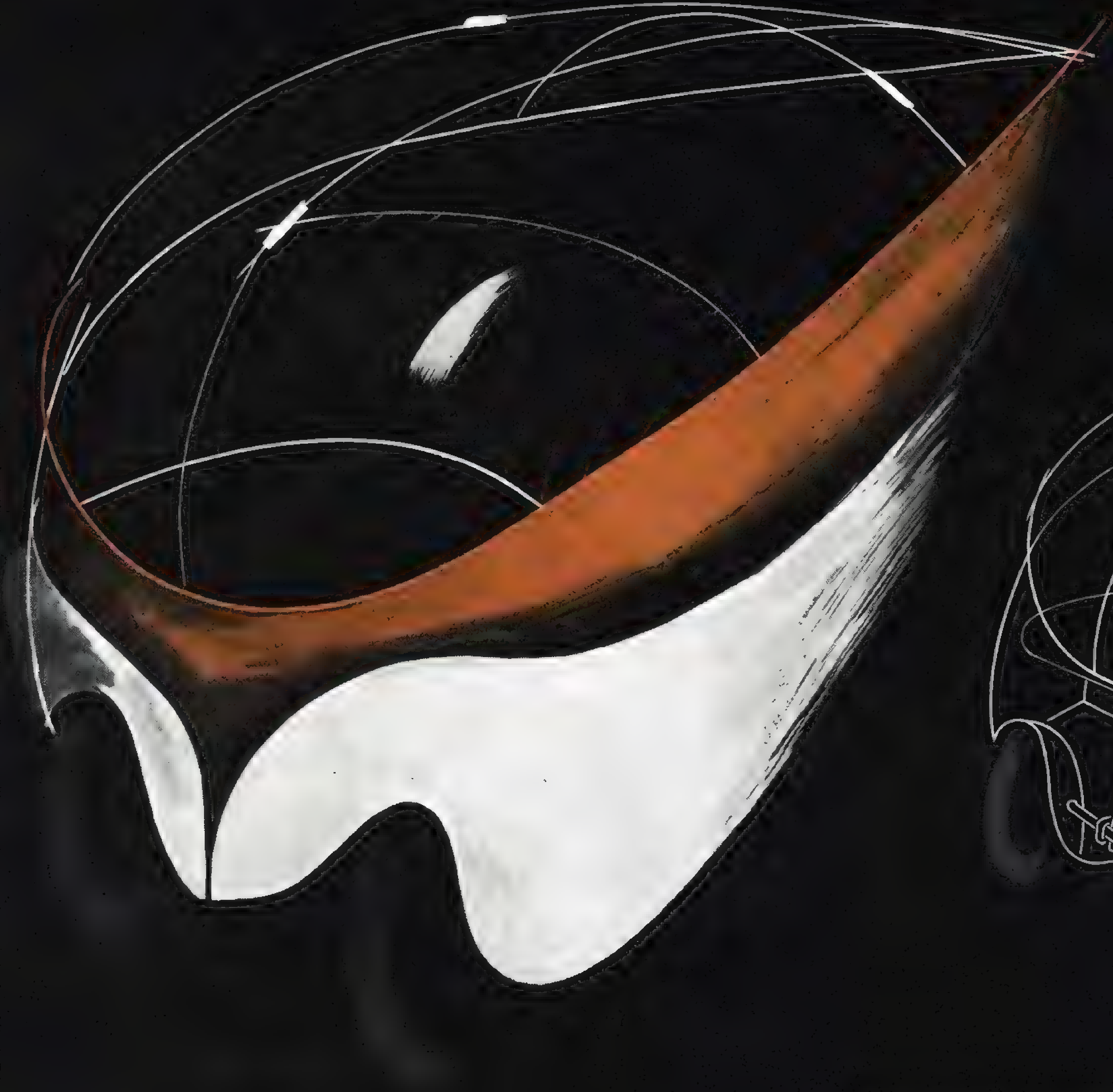
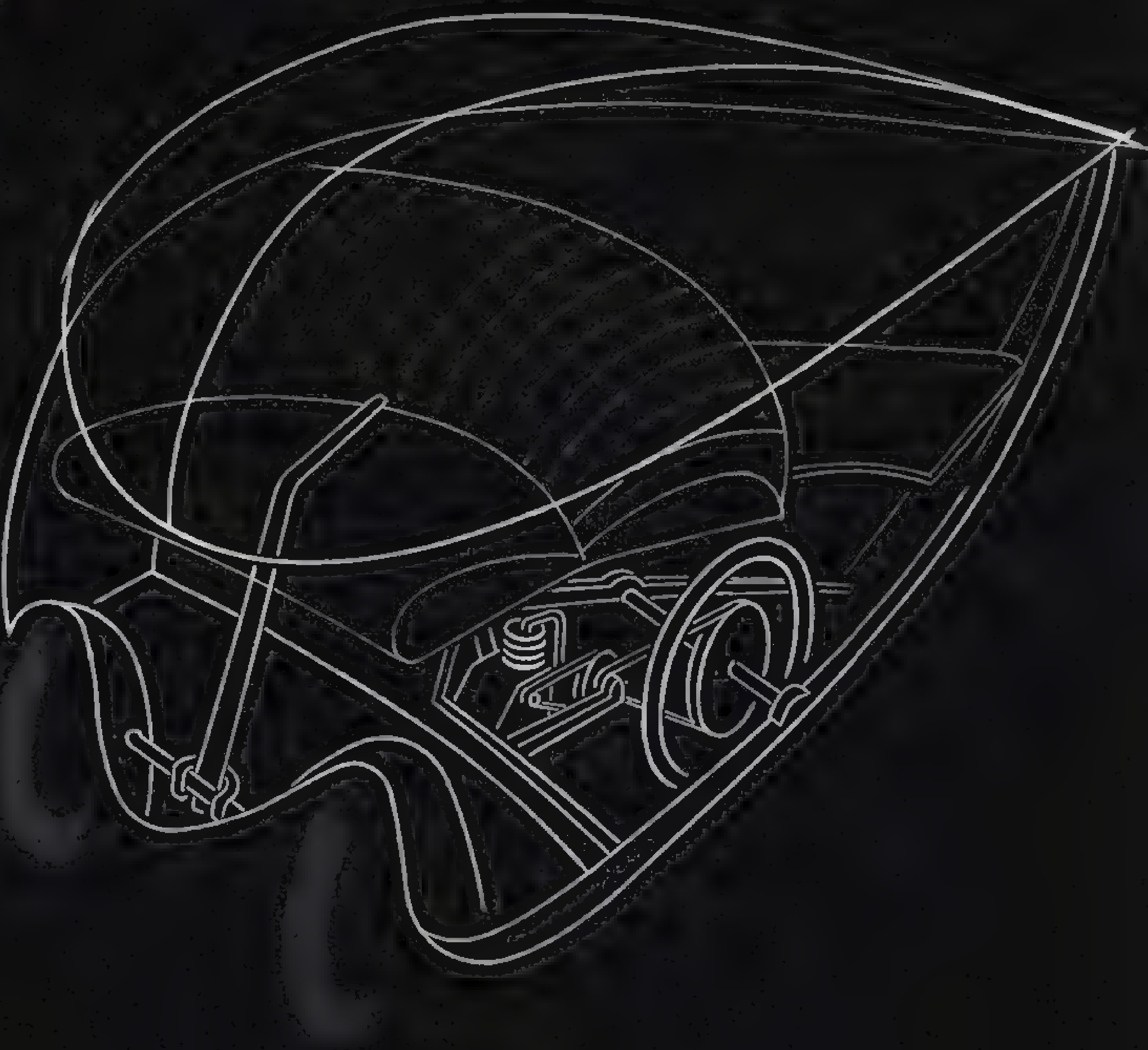
BUILD IT YOURSELF

Two Plymobile models—one power driven and the other self-propelled—are sketched on the opposite page. The top drawing shows a three-wheel powered model, seating three persons. The cut-away view reveals a spacious luggage compartment. Motive power can be furnished by electric batteries, gasoline or compressed air. The Lucite or Sun Glass cover is removable for warm weather driving. The other model is a two-wheel bicycle type, accommodating two persons. This can alternatively be equipped with a motor, if desired. The cut-away view shows a guide wheel on the right side that can be dropped to road level for parking. Complete working drawings for any of these models will be furnished by Design Today, 274 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Send $3.00 for plans of the three-wheel power driven model; $2.25 for the two-wheel power driven bicycle type; $1.50 for the pedalled bicycle type.

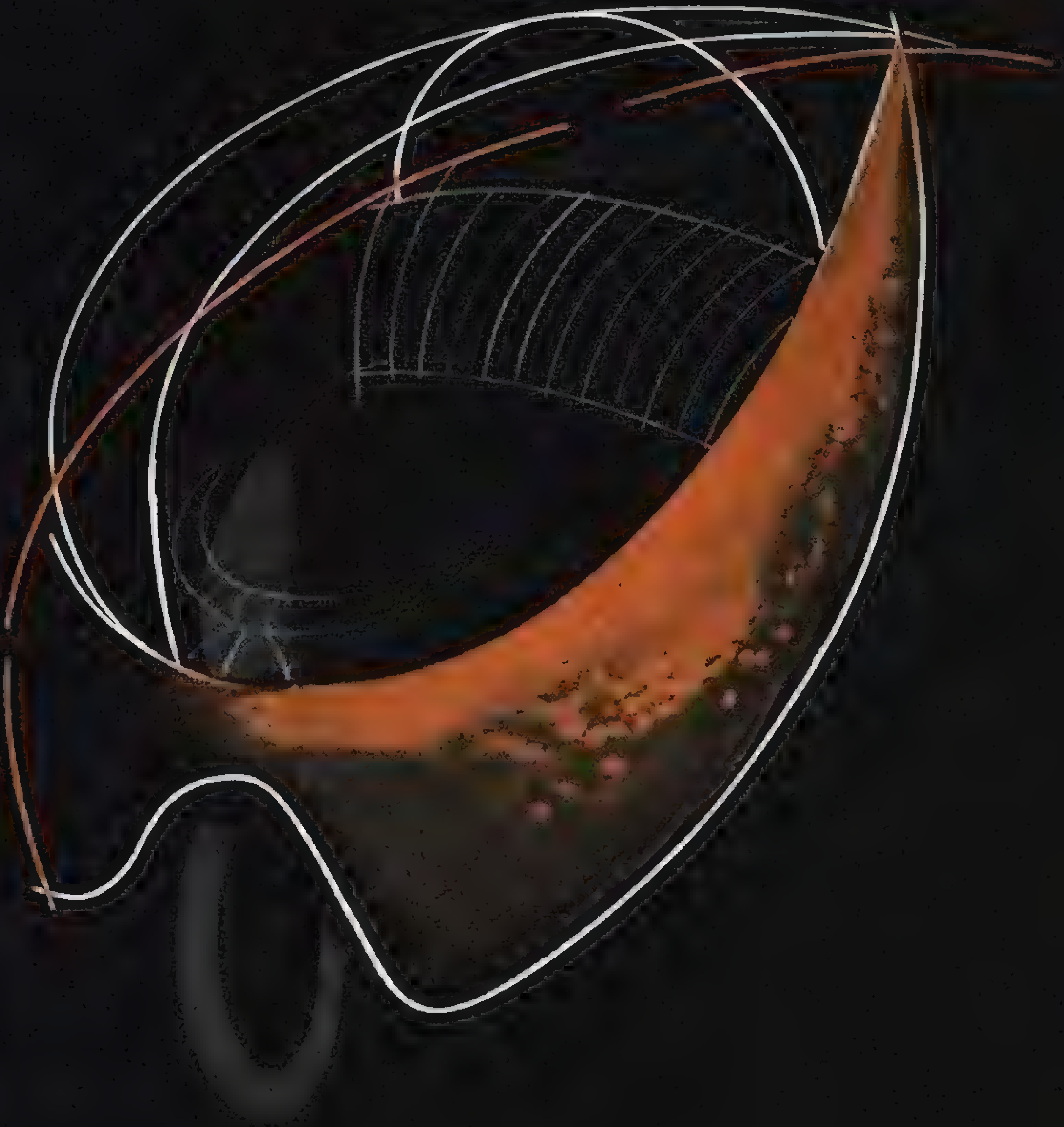
Horseless Carriage: 1943 Model



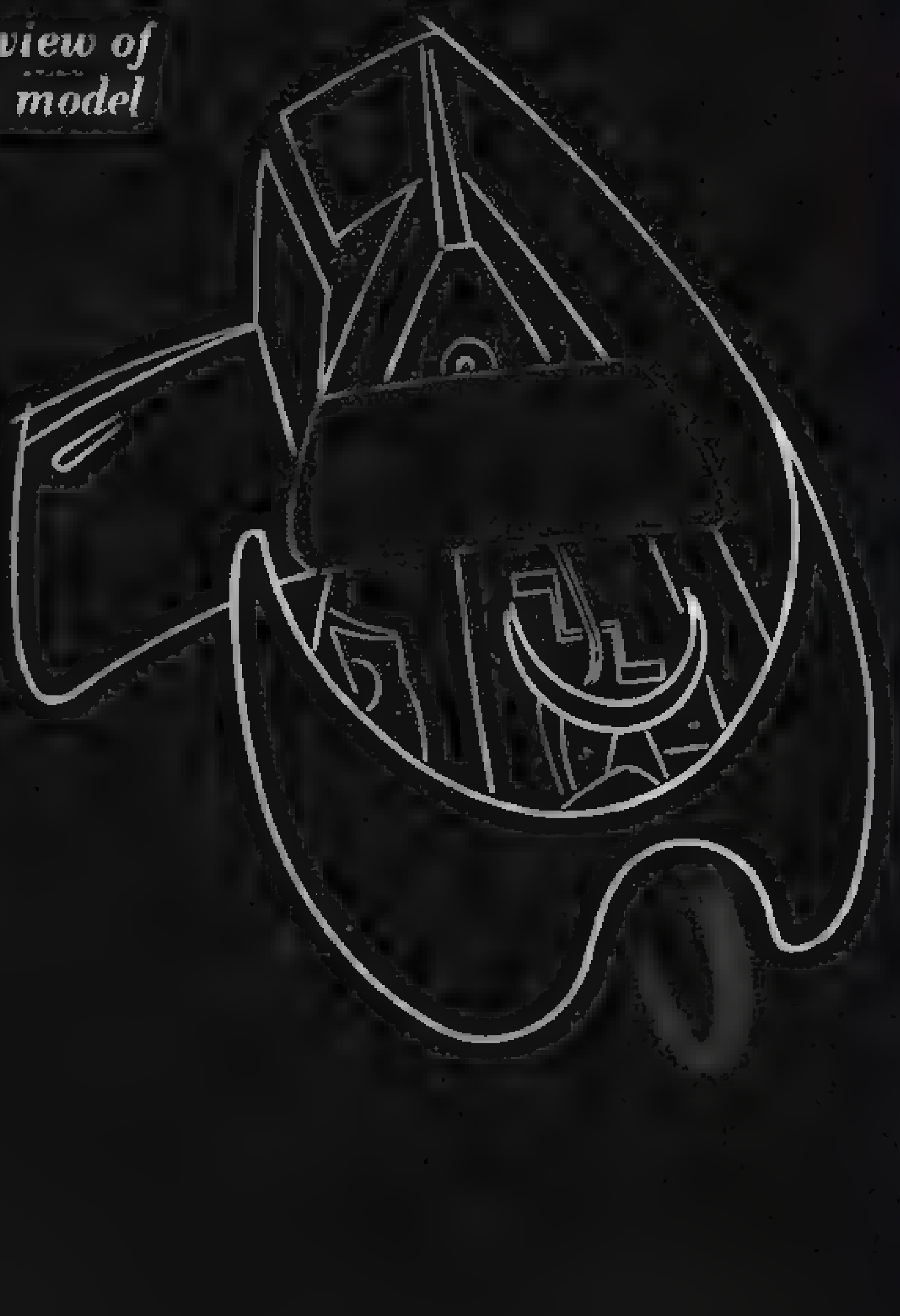
three-wheel power driven model



cut-away view of three-wheel model



two-wheel self-propelled model



cut-away view of two-wheel model

Choose Your Power

Gasoline Motor. Got an old outboard, washing machine or lawn mower motor lying around? Any of these, providing from ¾ to 1 horsepower, will move the gasoline driven Plymobile. You should get at least 80 to 100 miles on a gallon, so don't worry too much about rationing. If you don't have one handy, a similar gas motor will cost about $30. Well worth it, too.

Electric Motor. An old auto starter is the king pin of the battery driven Plymobile. You should be able to pick one up for about $10, or you may be able to get one out of a junked car. The two storage batteries will set you back about $8 apiece. A single charging of both batteries will carry you at least 200 miles in your streamlined Plymobile. You can even do your own recharging.

Compressed Air Motor. The compressed air motor is the trickiest of the lot but it can also be the least expensive. That is, it can be if you can come to an understanding about refilling the tank with a nearby dry ice or pop bottling plant. A single filling will carry you about 100 miles in your Plymobile. The free air outlet at your local gas station won't do as a source of compressed air. Figure $50 for motor and tank.

Plymobile to the Rescue

Continued from page 90

weather driving or knocking about.

If you don't mind providing your own motive power you can save yourself quite a few dollars in making the Plymobile. The power plant of chain drive and pedals can come from an old bike and shouldn't cost you more than $5. Pedalling can be made a whole lot easier by getting a double-gearing arrangement for an expenditure of from $3 to $5. And, of course, the double-gearing setup will make hills much easier on the leg muscles. In any case the net weight of the machine won't be more than 35 to 40 pounds, not too much more than an ordinary heavy bike. "Plugs" we used to call those hefty babies.

This is the only two-seater arrangement of the group, having a 33″ width and a five-foot overall length. It differs from the other models in one other important respect—the bike model has only two wheels, one in front and one in back. But in order to keep the bike-Plymobile upright when idling or coming to a halt one small wheel on the other side of the car is dropped down to road level with a simple lever, operated from beneath the seat. The idea, of course, is from a motorcycle-sidecar arrangement.

The wheels are 18″ in diameter and can be made of compregnated wood or plywood or you can use ordinary bicycle wheels. If no rubber bike tires are available you can use a tire substitute Watts is now patenting. It can be mounted on wooden wheels and serves almost as well as rubber.

Five plywood panels are required, each 4x8 feet, but of varying thicknesses. Two should be ⅛″, for use on the sides; two should be ½″ thick for interior construction, such as seat and luggage compartment which has a seven cubic foot capacity; and one panel of ¼″ thickness for the floor. You should be able to build this model for well inside of $20. It would probably cost you $60 to $70 to have it built. Labor comes high in these things.

* * *

Ahhhh, bikes, you say, are for kids. Besides you hate exercise. All right, chum, you can get moved around but will cost considerably more. At best your engined Plymobile won't do better than 15 to 20 miles an hour. But remember this speed is a lot better than walking, so be reconciled to the fact.

Is there a one-cylinder gasoline motor in the house? Do you have an old outboard motor, a washing machine or lawn mower motor? Any of these, providing from ¾ to 1 horsepower does the trick. It costs about $30 to buy a similar motor. With no trouble at all you should get at least 80 to 100 miles on a gallon of gas. On only three gallons a week you can practically do cross-country travelling.

Like other engine-powered Plymobiles this one also has three wheels, two in front and one in the back. At its widest point this model is 42″ or 48″ wide, comfortably seating three. The overall length is 6 feet. The backrest is an ingenious sliding door entrance to a capacious storage compartment. This, and the other powered models, weighs about 150 lbs.

It will cost you about $75 to build this model yourself. You will have to fork over $150 to $200 to get someone to build it for you.

* * *

A lot can be said for the electric model. Many of the early and famous horseless carriages were driven by storage batteries and to this day the trucks of many large corporations still rely on that form of motive power. Edison firmly believed that the future of the auto depended upon electricity rather than gasoline.

The electric motor edition of the Plymobile can operate with an old auto starting motor. You should be able to pick one up for about $10 or you may be able to get an old starter motor out of a junked car. The two storage batteries you need will set you back about $8 each. On one charging both batteries should take you and the Plymobile at least 200 miles. Recharging should run to about $1.50, but you might pick up a home recharging outfit for about $6. Batteries have a place in this model in the rear compartment.

The trickiest model is one with a compressed air motor. Compressed air locomotives are often used in switching railroad cars in marshalling yards. The same principle on a considerably smaller scale will take you hither and yon in a Plymobile.

The kind of motor you want is the one made for spraying machines. You will find them in artist supply shops or in the catalogs of the large mail order houses. A compressed air motor and tank sells for about $50 at most of them. A filled tank should carry you at least 100 miles at 15 to 20 miles an hour. The tank is hidden in the luggage compartment. Charging the tank isn't so simple. The free-air outlet at your neighborhood gas station won't be of any use. You will have to find an accommodating dry ice plant or pop bottling station in the neighborhood. So unless you're near one of these plants a compressed air motor is not for your Plymobile.

There is also a special two-wheeled power-driven model, using gasoline, electric batteries or compressed air.

* * *

The creators of the Plymobile, Roy Watts and Harmon D'Agostino, have thought of just about everything, including an idling arrangement for the powered models and oilless bearings, employing graphite. They have even discovered where you can get fillers for the seat cushion if you don't have padding or a wide enough cushion available. Steering in the powered models is done with a stick just as in a light plane and in the old electric cars. The clean pear-drop shape of the Plymobile makes it an attractive and striking looking vehicle.

Incidentally, remember that engine-powered Plymobiles need a state license. In some states you may get by with a less expensive motorcycle registration but others required the minimum car license fees, usually gauged by vehicle weight. The bicycle model will require a license only in those states that call for bike registration.

* * *

So think it over carefully. You can't assemble a Plymobile in 56 minutes flat nor can you build one for a handful of pennies and a song on your lips. Compared to a real car, of course, the Plymobile is dirt cheap. It is durable and roadworthy. There are probably dozens of ways in which you will find it useful. Even if the Plymobile is the only way of preventing Junior's frustration, now that the big car is unavailable, our little home-made car will more than pay for itself.

Messrs. Watts and D'Agostino aren't the only ones considering the tremendous possibilities of plywood cars. Out in Detroit, designer William B. Stout, who designed the revolutionary, rear-engined "Scarab" in 1935, is working on another car using plywood. A 40-horsepower engine that will get 50 miles out of a gallon of gas is being experimented with. If Stout has his way dealers will carry not only parts for this new car but also body pieces and engines to replace worn out sections. Stout cheerfully admits that the second hand car dealer would be quickly put out of business by his car.

In any event when you watch Stout's plywood runabouts go by in 1950 you can just tell your cronies:

"Why, my little old Plymobile beat that car to it by eight years. Built it myself, too." ⌗

The American Indian Style

Continued from page 58

time," he said and sighed again.

"Time?" Riccardo said, puzzled.

"Yes. And, of course, a gun and a place to go."

Riccardo did not understand Domenic, who above everything else is a peaceful individual. "But what for?" he asked.

Domenic looked at him in surprise. "Hunting, of course," he said. "The season is on, Riccardo. Ducks, geese, pheasant, rabbits, and all the rest. It is the great sport, here in America. No man can properly be called a real American who has not taken part. Yesterday I saw two flocks—briefly, of course—between the towers there, following the river. The canvasback duck. Fine eating, and great sport to shoot."

Riccardo nodded politely, but he plainly was puzzled. What had come over the headwaiter? Domenic, who wore rubbers even in fine weather, who shunned the outdoors as—

"Perhaps you have never considered doing it," Domenic said. "If not, you ought to think about it. Think of the Entrances, Riccardo. In hunting uniform, a gun, a brace of wild duck. It would be a novelty for the Thanksgiving season. If you could get away for a week or so . . ."

Riccardo said that he had considered it. Which was true. By sheer coincidence a radio executive from the Tribune Tower, a steady customer, several times had invited him to his gun club down on the Illinois river bottoms. Riccardo never had accepted. It is his story that he had intended going shooting anyway when he met Domenic in the doorway. He claims that he already had tentatively accepted the most recent invitation.

It is my story that Riccardo had no intention of going until Domenic blew the possibilities wide open with his suggestion about the Entrances. Let it go. The fact is that Riccardo bought the necessary clothing and equipment and went down on the Illinois bottoms after wildfowl, as a guest of the radio man. He did not return for ten days.

When he did return he had a goose. A wild Canadian goose, and it weighed fourteen pounds. I was present at the time, and I can testify that the Entrance, in canvas hunting clothes with caked mud on the pants and a definite bloodstain on the left sleeve of the jacket, and with Riccardo himself sporting a three days' growth of beard and a new vocabulary, was thunderous in its effect. He carried his gun in his left hand, the goose in his right. He held the goose by the neck, which, as we presently shall see, was a mistake.

The Entrance was too successful to throw away. It was repeated half a dozen times between dusk and midnight, the bird reposing in the refrigerator between tours of duty.

Next day it became clear that the hunting trip had been no mere gesture on the part of Riccardo. Or that if it had been undertaken as one, Riccardo had made a quick switch. No hunter ever breathed who could match Riccardo for sheer enthusiasm. He had gone Davy Crockett the whole hog. Some months before, he had painted an attractive and popular nude on a panel above the bar. One of his first acts following his return was to paint it over in the likeness of a mallard drake about to drop in on a mallard hen, the latter completely feathered.

At Riccardo's order there appeared, after most of the dishes on the menu, the designation "Hunter style." Even the veal *cacciatora* was "hunter style." Riccardo appeared for all Entrances in his hunting clothes (hip boots rolled down to the calves, very hot and annoying but lending a cavalier effect) and with his gun, and with, now, a four-day beard. The goose was defrosted for no less than twelve Entrances.

It was expected that on the third day Riccardo would show up in his former street attire, and that the goose would be disposed of in the usual way. Nothing of the kind. Riccardo appeared with a five-day beard (very black) and his usual equipment, to which he now had added an empty shotgun shell. It was the shell, he claimed, which had done in the goose. When he blew across its open end, a shrill whistle resulted. Riccardo regarded this as a suitable way to open all conversations, or—with the shell held close to the back of an unsuspecting patron's neck—to invite them. Such a beginning led naturally into the subject.

Riccardo had kept his clothing abreast of the growth of his beard by adding new daubs to the mud on his pants, and by freshening up, with the help of the cook, the bloodstains on the left sleeve of his jacket. The goose, alone, followed the natural course of events, as a goose nearly a week deceased is bound to.

The appearance of Riccardo, and a certain something about the goose, plus the intermittent blasts on the empty shell, added up to a day of uncertainty among the waiters, particularly in the presence of new customers.

"American style," Domenic would murmur to the guests. "Riccardo comes of a long line of pioneers." In fact, the whole thing was right up the alley of Domenic, who, with the possible exception of the strictly non-Fascist Riccardo, is the most enthusiastic American in the place. "Every time Riccardo pulls the trigger," he would explain—and in passing it ought to be explained that Domenic now met incoming clients in solitary splendor, since Riccardo was too busy at the bar giving directions about goose shooting to pay any attention to new arrivals—"Every time he pulls the trigger, down comes something or other." Domenic would slap his hands together, in imitation of a goose or other object of Riccardo's virtuosity plopping ignominiously to earth.

It was on the fourth day (six days' growth of beard) that the first signs of the disintegration of the goose were very evident.

The neck of the goose was becoming unfeathered.

Riccardo always held his trophy by the neck, taking fresh holds now and then as the goose worked its way down through his hand—against the grain of the feathers—in order to avoid placing too great a strain on the connection between the head and the rest of the goose. The result, naturally, was that the skin of the neck began to show. In fact, Riccardo had to make his five-fifteen Entrance with a wrapping-paper collar on the goose. "It looks like a butcher shop," said Riccardo angrily.

The next day it was clear that the whole thing had simmered down to a race between Riccardo's Entrances and the staying powers of the goose. Recognizing that time was the essence of everything, Riccardo met the challenge by bringing the goose out, for special displays, between Entrances, and by leaving it on the end of the bar, unattended, for the casual effect.

Finally that night the waiters laid down a sorrowful ultimatum:

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JON ABBOT

Model Conduct

How America's most popular models size up the male of the species

FRANCES DONELON

• INTERVIEW •

SPECIALIZING in high-fashion, Miss Donelon has long been at or near the head of the class. She is also a favorite cover girl, once having graced the cover of Redbook for almost a year's consecutive issues. A glance at her photograph explains why she won a nation-wide contest as the typical American girl.

Miss Donelon on Men: "All I want to have when I go out is a good time. Give me a man who is amusing—the funnier the better. A lot of fellows get much too heavy and romantic or stuffy and sober-minded on dates. The romance ought to come of its own accord instead of being made an unwelcome and boring theme song for the evening. And as far as I'm concerned, the boys can skip art, literature and philosophy unless they know what they're talking about. These are serious times but dates are supposed to be gay and amusing to help us weather them. Also, chalk me up against falling-down drunks and men who haggle in front of their dates over which share of the check is whose."

VITAL STATISTICS: *Name:* Frances Donelon. *Model Agency:* John Robert Powers. *Home Town:* New York City. *Age:* 28. *Height:* 5′ 10½″ with heels. *Weight:* 125. *Bust:* 34. *Waist:* 26. *Hips:* 37. *Hair:* Brown. *Eyes:* Blue.

The American Indian Style

Continued from pages 58-93

the goose must be cooked.

For once Riccardo listened to his employees in silence, and when they had finished he bowed to what clearly was the inevitable. It was decided that the bird would be consumed by the personnel.

The cook, Modini, upon whom the main burden manifestly was to fall, actually was enthusiastic. "Wild goose *cacciatora*," he declared. "It will be the first time."

This announcement was met with a silence which turned out to be temporary. Each waiter had his own idea about the proper way to cook the goose. It must have been an uproar. All I got were the repercussions, later.

"Wild goose *cacciatora!*" Tommy, the bartender, snorted at me as he fixed me a cold rum toddy. "It was crazy to think of such a thing. Cut in thin slices and cooked all day in sauces and spice, like veal. A goose, mind you! The only way to fix the goose was to fry it, in sections."

"I was in favor of boiling it, and having goose soup to start. All wild game should be boiled or parboiled," Carlo, one of the waiters, told me. "But," he added, "you can't tell these dumb clucks around here anything."

"Was it fixed *à la cacciatora?*" I asked.

Carlo gave me a queer look. "No," he said shortly.

"Bouillon," said Pietro, "was the only way. Once when I worked in Minnesota, there was a fellow there, a Frenchman, and he'd go out and shoot some mudhens . . ."

"It should have been roasted, like a turkey," was the opinion of another. "The difference between a goose and a turkey is in the neck and head, which are not the best parts anyway. It is all a question of common sense."

But Modini, I gathered, held out for *cacciatora*, and in the face of opposition retired with dignity to the kitchen and there barricaded himself and would not come out. Modini has a temper. The others carried on until late at night, but without coming to a decision.

The decision was arrived at next day, and it was none other than Domenic who had the final say. Domenic had taken no active part in the uproar during the night, had even gone home early, before the flight of Modini. Nevertheless he was late for work today. The noon rush was well on when he arrived, and he did not have a chance to explain in detail what he had in mind about the goose, but word was passed from station to station, and out into the kitchen, and even behind the bar, that Domenic had the solution and would hold forth during the four o'clock pause, at a meeting in the kitchen.

Rumors flew in every direction, but not one of them was even close to the reality.

When the time came, Domenic led off with a prologue. He said: "The goose is American and must be cooked American style. It was killed in the American way by Riccardo, who waded in mud and suffered chills and slew it after the best American tradition. I have found the way to cook it."

Everybody wanted to know what it was. But Domenic enjoyed a little suspense as well as the next one, and he had to take a drink of wine first. (Domenic never drinks water.) Then he explained:

"First the goose is covered with clay. Feathers and all, just the way it is. Then a fire is built around it, and when the clay is removed the feathers come along right with it. The insides are reduced to a small lump, and you don't even bother about them. The goose is now ready to eat."

Domenic's colleagues scarcely could believe their ears. Modini recovered. "You're crazy," he said. "There is no such way to cook a goose."

"There is such a way!" Domenic shouted. "It is the real, genuine, American Indian style!" Domenic calmed down, and looked around at his friends. He seemed delighted. "I looked the whole thing up in the library this morning," he declared. "It is the way the wild goose is accustomed to being cooked in this country since many years. It is the exact Indian manner."

(I am of course guessing at the actual wording of the dialogue which took place.)

"It won't work," Modini said firmly.

This made Domenic furious. "He does not even know what an American Indian is," he told the others.

"They were savages," Modini said, "with hardly a single stitch to their backs."

"They always ate well," Domenic pointed out.

"However it is, I'll not cook the goose that way."

Domenic was prepared for this. "I thought not," he said. "I have arranged to have the goose cooked. It is my idea that we have a friendly poker game tonight, all of us. By three in the morning the goose will be ready, and it will be brought to us. I have arranged everything. We will wash it down with Chianti. Out of stock."

All agreed that this program had its points. Riccardo was consulted. It was so ordered.

It is one of the regrets of my life that I was out of town and could not be present, although I was invited, since this was a few days before payday and the waiters had learned to invite me to the poker game in times of financial distress.

What happened was approximately as follows.

The goose was delivered from the refrigerator to Domenic, who took it to a secret destination and was gone for two hours. Upon his return he announced that it would be ready in plenty of time.

The poker game started at one in the morning. Domenic appeared to be nervous. Modini was very calm. During the fourth hand around, the phone rang and it was for Domenic. He listened for a few minutes—as did the rest—then hung up. When he returned to the table he seemed ill at ease.

"How is it?" the others asked.

"Don't worry!" Domenic snapped. "The goose is coming along fine."

But it was observed that Domenic was not himself. Twice in a row he bet against stud hands which plainly he could not beat with his cards. A half hour later the phone rang again, and Domenic answered it, and this time he cupped his hand around his mouth and gave directions which the others could not hear, but which seemed to be frantic. He went into a disastrous losing streak.

After a third phone call, Riccardo himself took a hand in the matter. He demanded that Domenic explain what was up. Domenic threw down his hand and wiped the sweat from his forehead and admitted that things were not running smoothly. The report had been made to him that the clay was simply crumbling away from the goose, becoming merely dirt, exposing the feathers. Instant inquiry by Riccardo brought out—

1. The 'clay' had been dug by Domenic himself, in his own back yard, thus was probably one-half topsoil and one-half Chicago soot.

2. The goose was being cooked, not in an open fire, but in an oven, which Domenic maintained was the same thing, in principle.

Riccardo's orders were immediate and final. Domenic, go get the goose, or what was left of it. Modini, go to the kitchen and prepare to save the goose, if it was not already beyond saving.

Cabfare was taken from the current pot, and a dismal and heartbroken Domenic went after the goose. Modini, singing snatches of a gay Italian song, skipped briskly downstairs.

The goose, it turned out, was not beyond repair, though it could not be called in good health. It was more dead than alive, but not much more. Modini had to skin it, in sections, saving as much as possible of the half-baked bird, and it is said that when he came to clean it, his remarks were audible beyond the kitchen. Nor was there time to make true *cacciatora*, nor was the goose in proper shape. Modini sort of chunked it up and cooked it in some hurriedly prepared sauce, and served it with plates of spaghetti.

It was satisfactory, though surprisingly tough.

Domenic did not eat any.

And that is the end of the goose. Riccardo appeared for his Entrances next day in mufti. But it must be said that Riccardo has a sense of proportion, a penetrating mind, and an attitude toward life which includes recognition of valor with a suitable reward.

Even when Riccardo is on hand, Domenic is allowed to greet the guests alone. ⌗

Logical Epitaph

Peter Darrick, writer of the smash song hits, You Electrify Me, The Thrill That You Give Me, You Make Me Delirious, I'm Out of My Head Over You, You're Giving Me Heart Failure, You're Driving Me Insane, *and* You Set My Blood On Fire, *died today at the premature age of twenty-six. It is evident that Darrick meant everything he wrote, as medical authorities listed heart failure, excessive excitement, high blood pressure and general nervous and mental exhaustion as causes of his demise.*

THE DOBERMAN PINSCHER

WESTPHALIA'S URSULA owned by Westphalia Kennel. The Doberman was bred originally in Germany, and was officially recognized there in 1900. Since then the breed has made swift history and its popularity in America is nationwide. Black, brown, or blue in color, with red-rust markings, the Doberman is far from a frivolous dog. He takes himself seriously and insists on being considered in the same vein. This is a throwback to his early days when he was used exclusively as a guard and watchdog of the home, followed later by rigid training in police work. The breed is instinctively possessive and this commendable trait must be respected and treated intelligently by the owner of a Doberman. Forthright, honest and to the point in both disposition and appearance, a dog in the pink should weigh sixty-five to seventy-five pounds and be so compact in structure and so cleverly muscled under its short coat and at the same time have such a well chiseled outline as to mislead any professional weight-guesser by at least fifteen pounds.

—CHASE HERENDEEN

WESTPHALIA'S URSULA
(Doberman Pinscher)

Color Photograph

by HENRY WAXMAN

RING-NECKED PHEASANT

by WALTER E. BOHL

Walter E. Bohl '42

The Care and Feeding of Shoes

Uncle Schoeff gives out with timely hints on protection of leather that will increase your footwear mileage

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

• WEARABLES •

Just as a definite schedule for attention to clothes, as described in preceding articles of these pages, is economical, a similar program serves the sage in looking after footwear. The dividend yielded from spending a few minutes every day on your shoes is appreciably greater wear. Such little details as these which follow may seem minor, and even boring, to the average slug. But in aggregate they result in a formidable saving which is the new way of keeping up with the Joneses. This all-out economy is in harmony with our government's wartime policy of making all commodities last just as long as possible.

When you get a new pair of shoes, make sure you have them polished before they are worn. Members of the Stitch-in-Time fraternity who have formed the habit, have proved that this precaution prevents staining and spotting from water and other causes. A shine also minimizes the chances of scuffed leather.

Of course, shoes should be changed every day. They last longer if they are not worn for intervals of one or two days. This rest period permits moisture to evaporate and it doesn't take an expert on leather to know that wet or damp leathers will wear out quickly.

Keeping shoes on trees when they are not in use is another wise practice. The forms inside the shoes will prevent the tips from turning up. They also tend to remove the wrinkles worn in the leather across the vamps. Some trees are made to order, and others, adjustable as to length and sometimes also as to width, are quite satisfactory.

Shoes should be kept in a place where moderate atmospheric conditions prevail. Extreme dryness will cause the leather to dry out quickly and crack. On the other hand, if shoes are kept in a damp place, mildew forms on the leather, speeding up deterioration. Excessive heat is also injurious to leather.

Shoes should be polished every time they are worn, not only for the sake of good appearance, but also for preservation of the leather. A good cleaner, or saddle soap and a sponge, removes most spots and dirt. Some preparations and dyes contain ingredients with nutritive qualities. Who knows—vitamins for shoes may be just around the corner.

Sport shoes should be given special attention. Brown reverse calf shoes should be brushed with a soft wire brush. The sides of the soles of such shoes may be neatly groomed with a special varnish. All white or white and brown shoes should be cleaned with a polish that does not rub off. The whitening on the soles may be washed off with warm water.

Patent leather evening shoes should be refurbished with a soft cloth and vaseline. This treatment restores lustre and tends to keep the leather from drying out.

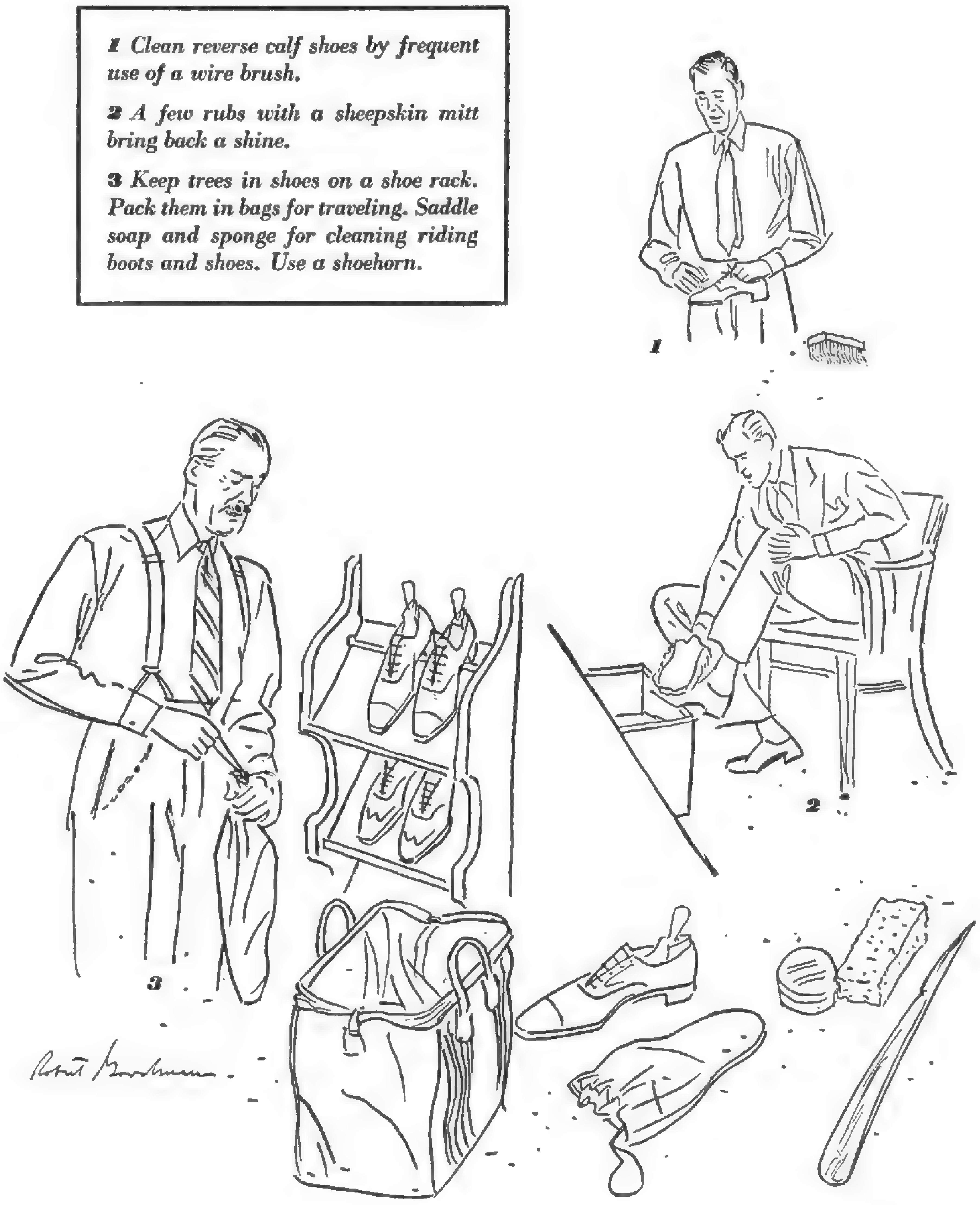
The use of a shoehorn is recommended for the rather obvious reason that it prevents the backs of the shoes from wrinkling or the counters from being broken.

A shoe rack for a closet is a convenience and a joy forever. Some metal types are still available, and others are not affected by priorities. A rack conserves space, makes shoes easily visible, saves them from offside kicks, and allows free circulation of air for drying. Shoe bags for traveling will prevent shoes from soiling other articles in the luggage, as well as protect them from scuffing.

It's a good idea to have a sheepskin mitt in the bottom drawer of the desk. A few rubs will remove dust and restore lustre at any time.

Special types of footwear require proper care. Riding boots should be kept in trim by frequent applications of saddle soap, and laid away on trees when not in use.

Now, more than ever before, rubbers and galoshes should be stored in cool, dry places when not worn. Excessive heat causes the priority-precious rubber to loose its resilience.



1 Clean reverse calf shoes by frequent use of a wire brush.

2 A few rubs with a sheepskin mitt bring back a shine.

3 Keep trees in shoes on a shoe rack. Pack them in bags for traveling. Saddle soap and sponge for cleaning riding boots and shoes. Use a shoehorn.

The Fighting Filipinos

Continued from page 29

communiques began to carry the citations from MacArthur's headquarters that the average American realized just how much of a first-class fighting man the Filipino soldier really is.

Last year, shortly before I left my home in Manila on a vacation, I heard an American army officer telling Carlos P. Romulo, publisher of a string of Philippine newspapers, what would happen in case of war with Japan.

"We'll shoot them by day, and the bolo men will slit their throats at night," said the American.

"Count me in," said Romulo, ordinarily as inoffensive and friendly a gent as you would wish to find. They counted him in, as a major in the army, and a few days later he lost almost everything he had in the world when a Jap bomb destroyed the building in which his newspapers were published.

As it became evident that Manila could not be held, Romulo bid his wife and four children goodbye and headed for Bataan, to join MacArthur's gallant handful. The enemy was at the gates, and Rommy was going out to meet it in the time-honored tradition of his people.

After months of eating rice and mule meat (while the mules lasted) Rommy got away from Bataan on the last plane out, and in a series of hair raising adventures made his way to Australia where he joined MacArthur's staff. At Melbourne he learned he had been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for distinguished foreign correspondence, and he came to this country to receive the award. But, he said in Chicago, his one goal in life is to march back into Manila at the head of his troops.

Those who knew their history expected the Filipinos to answer the Japanese challenge with blood and courage. Frederick Townsend Ward, the American military adventurer who organized an army of mercenaries in China during the Taiping Revolution, recruited hundreds of Filipinos for his first line troops.

The great Scotsman who fell at Khartoum, Charles George Gordon, better known as "Chinese Gordon," took all the Filipino volunteers he could get for his "Ever Victorious Army," which helped restore peace to war-torn China in the nineteenth century.

On their coral-girt, tropical islands, the Filipinos have fought countless bloody engagements against unwelcome invaders. Ferdinand Magellan died on the shore of Mactan Island, when Filipinos armed only with knives, spears and bows and arrows cut his armoured, gun-bearing troops to shreds. The Spaniards, who held the Philippines for 300 years, and the British, who ruled central Luzon for a year, both know the sharp cutting edge of the bolo.

It took 100,000 American soldiers three years to "pacify" the Philippines at the turn of the century, and even then it was 1,000 American school teachers who laid the basis for peace by convincing the Filipinos that the United States would give them their independence at the earliest practicable date.

At the turn of the century, before Hitler and Hirohito were dreamed of, the Filipinos knew something about total war. "In one battle," reports William Thaddeus Sexton in *Soldiers in the Sun*, "the Americans were opposed by a 'battalion' of children, whose defense consisted of throwing stones against the advancing lines."

Don't Ask Us Why—

Our favorite radio comedian has a flat program when we get a friend to listen in on him for the first time . . . People put ketchup on fried potatoes . . . Band leaders can't stay happily married . . . Teams trailing 40-0 in the final period start passing from inside their ten-yard line—thereby running up the score to 60-0 . . . Women talk so long on the telephone . . . Women talk so long . . . Some of those songs get on the Hit Parade . . . Tennis and golf players squawk at the least distraction while ball players cheerfully put up with twenty times the din.

When there weren't any foreigners to fight, the Filipinos battled among themselves. Throughout the Christian portions of the Philippines—and ninety per cent of the Filipinos are Christians—you can still see the ancient stone watchtowers from which guard was maintained against the ravaging Mohammedan Fipilinos, or Moros, from Mindanao and Sulu.

The Philippine Constabulary, formed as an insular police force in the early days of the American administration, has a history of heroism and a record for individual bravery in tracking down lawbreakers that can be matched only by the Texas Rangers and the Canadian Mounted Police.

On Northern Luzon the headhunting Igorots constantly went on the war trail, and required continued policing. The "colorums" of Cavite, the "pulihanes" of Samar, the "tangulans" of Nueva Ecija, the "sakdalistas" of Laguna and other long-forgotten sects have shed their blood on scores of Philippine battlefields.

But it took Jap invasion to focus the world's spotlight on the warlike nature of the Filipino.

Let's look at a few of MacArthur's Filipino soldiers who have written their names into American history since December 7, 1941.

Let's take, for instance, the case of Pedro Calugas, thirty-three years old, five feet four inches tall, weighing 116 pounds. He was born in Iloilo, where the plantation owners live high on the fabulous sugar industry.

Calugas was not an *hacendero*, with a big home in Manila and another in Iloilo. He didn't travel in Europe, or own a swank limousine. But he did go to free public schools, the heritage of those early American teachers. He did have the benefit of the best public health system in the Far East, established by such Americans as Dr. Victor Heiser. He did enjoy the Filipino standard of living, probably the highest in the Orient.

Calugas enlisted in the Philippine Scouts, those tough professional Filipino soldiers who always were the backbone of the United States army in the Philippines, and when war came had risen to the rank of mess sergeant.

On January 16, 1942, Calugas was serving with his unit, Battery B, 88th Field Artillery, Philippine Scouts, on the rugged uplands of Bataan Peninsula. Nearly a quarter of a mile away, another Scout battery had been subjected to such severe shelling and bombing by the oncoming Japanese that all of its cannoneers were either killed or wounded.

It was none of Calugas' personal problem. No one expected the mess sergeant to give up his own position of comparative security. But the little Filipino—who after all was as tall as Napoleon—left his own dugout and started across the 1,000 yards of shell-raked terrain which separated him from the silenced battery.

Somehow he made his way through the enemy fire. From nearby fox holes he recruited a volunteer crew of his countrymen, and they put the battery back into action, keeping it going in the face of enemy shelling until the Japs broke off the engagement and retired to safer positions.

For this exhibition of "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action above and beyond the call of duty," President Roosevelt awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, this country's highest military honor, to Sergeant Calugas. He was the first enlisted man to receive the award in this war.

Calugas came from what we would consider the "middle class" of Filipinos—an oddity in the Far East, where usually there are only the well-to-do and the coolie classes. Jesus Villamor came out of the top drawer. His father was a Supreme Court Justice, who had been the first Filipino president of the University of the Philippines.

Back of Jesus was a great heritage of wealth and culture. He attended one of the old Catholic colleges in Manila, a school which was teaching Latin and Greek before Harvard was established. The last time I saw him he was escorting a beautiful Filipino girl to a ritzy dance at the Manila Hotel.

Jesus could have studied law, gone into the government, perhaps become as distinguished a jurist as his father. But he saw the war clouds gathering over the Far East, and he knew there wouldn't be any Philippines in which to practice law if someone wasn't ready to fight for them. So he went to General MacArthur, who had arrived in Manila in 1935 to build a Philippine Army, and offered his services.

MacArthur made him a third lieutenant, then put him in the newly formed Philippine Air Corps. The lad was smart, adaptable and, like all Filipinos, anxious to learn. MacArthur sent him to this country, where he studied aviation at Randolph and Kelly and Chanute fields. Then young Villamor went home to teach other Filipinos how to fly.

When the first Japanese planes came screeching over Zablan field last December, Villamor and his squad of brand new pilots were lolling in their barracks. Most of them had been flying less than a year. But they whipped out of their quarters like veterans, and Villamor got his flight of three planes into the air in time to prevent "appreciable damage to his station." For that "conspicuous example of courage and leadership" Villamor was awarded the distinguished service cross.

Five days later Villamor's squadron drew the assignment of beating off a Japanese aerial attack 100 miles south of Manila. Fifty-four enemy bombers were in the attacking force, and Villamor had only six pursuit planes behind him. But the Filipinos drove off the Japs, and Lieut. Villamor himself accounted for one of the Jap bombers. When the reports came in, MacArthur gave Villamor an oak leaf cluster to go with his distinguished service cross.

While the middle class (Jose Calugas) and the well-to-do (Jesus Villamor) were fighting the good fight, the poor people of the Philippines were doing the best job of all. Most of them are field hands, generally referred to without contempt as "common taos," but their love for freedom and their ability with a knife are far from common.

When he was governor general of the Philippines, Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt used to call the tao the "little man," and Roosevelt along with the other

American administrators did everything within his power to elevate the men and the women at the base of the Philippine social scale. Those efforts have paid off in big dividends.

The Filipino field hand is now an apparently peaceful farmer by day and a deadly guerrilla at night. He has adopted the tactics of warfare by which China has been able to survive. The Jap military authorities in the occupied portions of the Philippines have paid him high tribute by ordering him to turn in his knives and bolos, those long keen-edged weapons equally adaptable to working or fighting. The bolo is as necessary to the Filipino farmer as the hoe is to his American counterpart. If he can't use it, his crops will be small and starvation will ravage the land. But if he can use his bolo for work, he can also use it to slit the throat of any Japanese soldier he manages to catch off guard. Between starvation for the Filipino and death for the Japanese, the Jap authorities have quickly chosen the former.

One of the finest illustrations of the loyalty of the Filipinos of the humbler classes is contained in the story of a cook, a chap much like the Filipino bus boys you see in New York or San Francisco or Chicago. He was working for Admiral Francis W. Rockwell, commandant of the Cavite Navy Yard, when the war started.

The cook, whose name was not mentioned in the dispatches, asked permission to move his family back into the mountains behind Cavite, in order to get them out of range of the enemy bombers. Admiral Rockwell told him to go ahead, probably figuring that was the last he would see of the cook. After all, a cook's salary in the Philippines is hardly large enough to risk a life for.

So the cook bundled his wife and kids and a few family possessions into a rickety carretela, that two-wheeled, horse-drawn vehicle which always seems on the verge of tipping over, and carted them off into the hills. The next day he was back at the comandancia, cooking the admiral's breakfast for him.

"Admiral Rockwell has to eat," he explained solemnly to the sailors and marines who expressed surprise at seeing him.

Later in the morning, when the Jap bombers came over, Rockwell and the cook dove into a narrow ditch, the only bomb shelter available at Cavite. Side-by-side they lay there, with bombs falling closer and closer. Finally a fragment caught the Filipino cook in the forehead, and he died as quietly and unobtrusively as he had lived. He didn't get a medal, but he gave all he had to the United States—and the Philippines.

Although most Filipinos are Catholics, the Mohammedans and Pagans have been just as quick as the Christians, to rise to the defense of their country.

When the Japanese made landings at Davao and Zamboanga and Jolo, the handful of American and Filipino troops in those areas took to the interior, and can be counted on to continue their guerrilla tactics almost indefinitely. In 300 years the Spaniards were unable to conquer the proud Moros of Mindanao and Sulu, and the Japs won't have any better luck in the time at their disposal.

Datu Gumbay Piang, a captain in the Philippine Army, reported to Secretary of War Stimson that he had enlisted 20,000 Cotobato Moros as bolomen and that they would "fight to the last and die for America and their country."

Sultan Sa Ramain, of Lanao, a senator in the Philippine Congress, reported that 10,000 of his Moro tribesmen had sworn on the Koran to fight "all enemies of the United States" with "no mercy asked." Because they lack firearms, Sa Ramain told MacArthur that the Lanao Moros will fight with kris, barong, campilan, tabaf and spear, all native knives with an edge as famed in the Far East as the Toledo blade is in Europe.

The Moro isn't the sort of a fellow to fool with. A well-authenticated story is told of one who, years ago, went "juramentado." This meant that he wanted to fly to the arms of the houris waiting for him in paradise, and the more Christians he killed before he died the more beautiful maidens would welcome him.

After mowing down half a dozen assorted Chinese Tagalogs and Visayans, he came up against the might of the law in the form of a fully armed constabulary soldier. The soldier, at too close quarters to shoot, plunged his bayonet into the stomach of the Moro. Lunging forward, the Moro seized the barrel of the soldier's gun and pulled it toward him, thrusting the bayonet more deeply into his own entrails but at the same time pulling the soldier close enough to sever his head with one mighty sweep of his kris. Then the Moro fell over on his back, and died with a smile on his face.

Mr. Tojo, as every Jap in the Philippines is called, will have little liking for the sort of fight the Moro will give him if he ever leaves his closely guarded cities of Davao, Zamboanga and Jolo.

Probably the most amazing fighting of the entire Bataan campaign was done by a handful of Igorots, those Pagans of the mountains of Northern Luzon. Few illustrated articles on the Philippines fail to include at least one picture of these well developed hillsmen, who wear only G-strings in their native mountains and who still like to take an occasional head to show their manhood.

When MacArthur's men drew back into Bataan for their last stand, there were some Igorot soldiers among his Filipino troops. A company of them was assigned to one position which was stormed by the 20th Japanese Infantry Regiment. Absolutely fearless, not knowing what the word retreat meant, the Igorots died to a man as they defended the position against the vastly superior enemy.

MacArthur ordered an immediate counter-attack by American tanks, supported by Igorot infantry. Because of the dense jungles and closely matted bamboos, the American soldiers driving the tanks had difficulty in seeing where they were going.

Without waiting for orders, the Igorot commander boosted his men onto the tops of the tanks, where they served as "eyes" for the drivers. "Bataan has seen many wild mornings," reported MacArthur, "but nothing equal to this. No quarter was asked and none was given. Always above the din of battle rose the fierce shouts of the Igorots as they rode the tanks and fired their pistols.

"No gun, no thicket, only death itself could stop that mad rush. Of all the bloody spots on the peninsula that proved the bloodiest.

"When the attack was over, the remnants of the tanks and of the Igorots were still there, but the 20th Japanese Infantry Regiment was completely annihilated."

General MacArthur finished his account with this stirring tribute:

"Many desperate acts of courage and heroism have fallen under my observation on many fields of battle in many parts of the world. I have seen forlorn hopes become realities. I have seen last-ditch stands and innumerable acts of personal heroism that defy description. But for sheer, breathtaking and heart-stopping desperation, I have never known the equal of those Igorots riding the tanks.

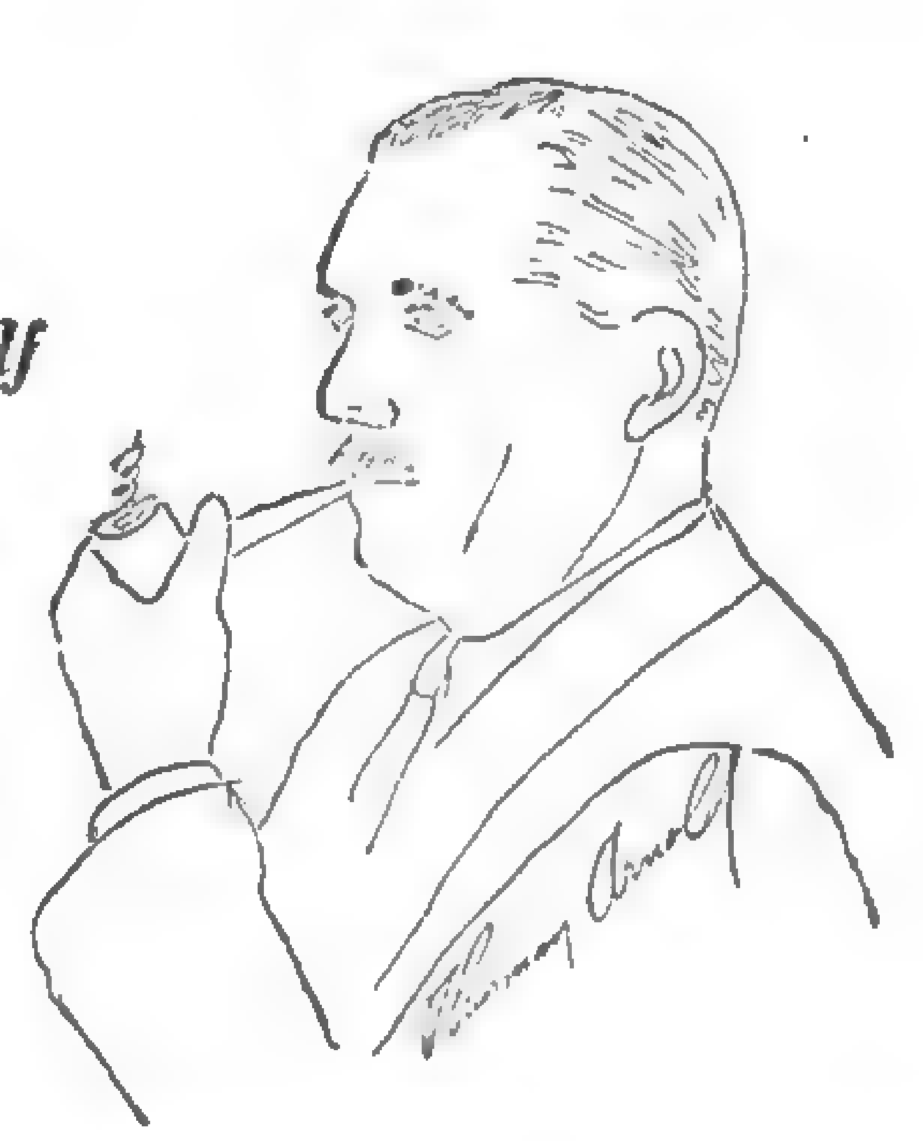
"Gentlemen, when you tell that story, stand in tribute to those gallant Igorots."

Better than any other man, President Manuel L. Quezon symbolizes the Filipino people. On January 1, 1942, on the island fortress of Corregidor, he was inaugurated for a second term of office, having refused to give up the fight when MacArthur declared Manila an open city. On March 1st, he issued a proclamation to his people, which keynoted the spirit of Filipino resistance.

"Our soldiers in the field and the civilians behind the lines are animated by one determination—to fight the invader until death and to expel him from our land," said Quezon. Neither the ending of organized military resistance nor the brutal Japanese reprisals against civilians have affected that determination.

President Quezon has since come to the United States, and has signed the United Nations pact in behalf of the Commonwealth of the Philippines. From Washington, by short wave radio and secret courier, he continues to direct his 16,000,000 countrymen in the unceasing, unrelenting warfare which the fighting Filipinos are conducting against Japanese aggression. ###

Thurman Arnold,
as sketched by himself



A Portrait of Thurman Arnold

by Thurman Arnold

My Job: To help preserve independent capitalism by protecting the many from the few who seek to stamp out competition.

Recommended Reading: Parts 1 and 2 of the Hearings before the Committee on Patents on Senate Bill 2303—an account of the victimization of business that is as fascinating as any novel.

Department of Utter Confusion: The article on the Aluminum anti-trust suit in the New Yorker magazine—the relevant facts are omitted or misstated, the issues completely confused.

On Being a Public Figure: Don't worry about a hostile press—people get tired of any public figure who has nobody against him.

Eighty Million Germans: First crush them in an overwhelming military defeat and then treat them as well as possible consistent with our own safety.

Spilt Milk: The construction during the last two decades of economic Maginot lines around various privileged groups, thereby encouraging inefficiency through over-protection.

The Future of Advertising: Very bright; with a new era of mass distribution over the horizon, advertising has a happy job cut out for it selling goods on a heretofore unheard of scale.

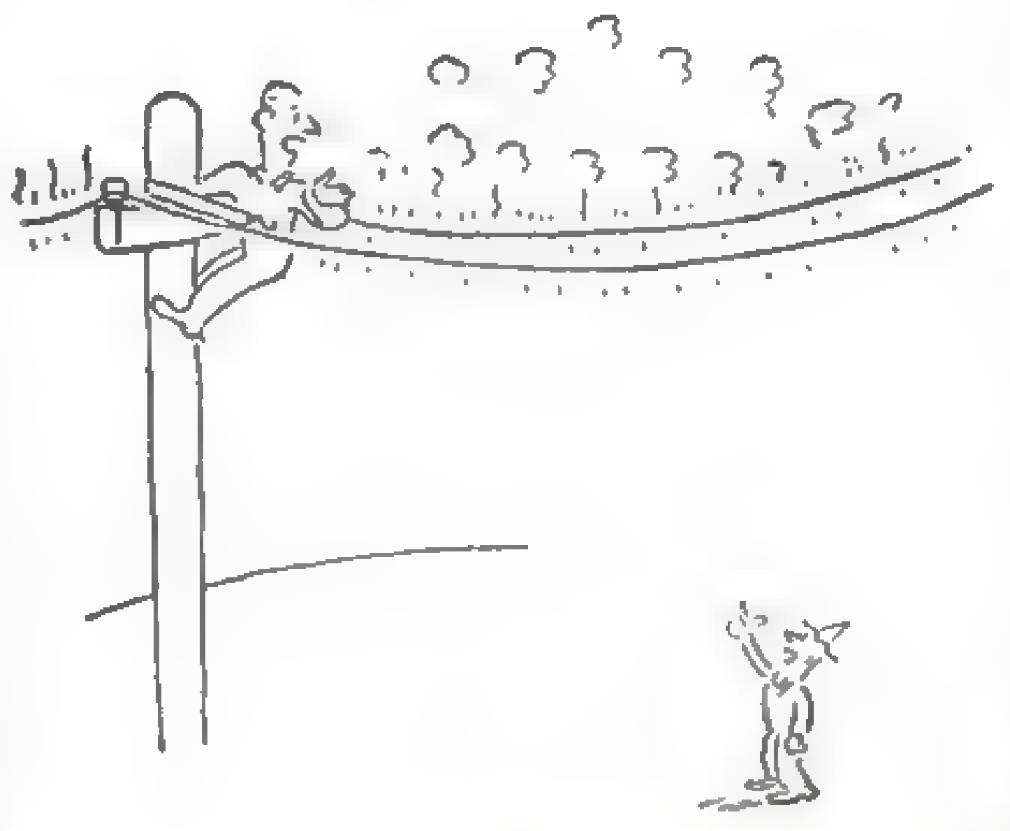
Post-War Boon: A bigger consumer dollar for the housewife, the farmer and the laborer.

Lest We Forget: At War's end and thereafter our productive capacity will be the greatest in history—unless we allow selfish groups to curtail it in order to control prices and exploit the consumer.

Ad Libbing With Esquire

NOVEMBER 1942

VISION ON A STREETCAR . . . Don't let anyone tell you a girl with green eyes can't be beautiful . . . her eyes were fringed with the blackest lashes this side of mascara and her blue black hair was in tight little ringlets. Her hips were so slim she could pass through a crack in the door and her bosom would never have got past the Hays office in calico . . . she was beautiful, so beautiful that we got up and gave her our seat.



"Don't worry, the telephone wires smoke like that every evening when the soldiers talk to their sweethearts"

Question: name two persons who took off their pants and got famous . . . never mind looking on page 187—the correct answer is Sally Rand and Mahatma Ghandi.

Here is a little idea that you might like and it may save you coffee—the next time you make coffee in a glass coffee maker add a pinch of salt to the water in the bottom and use a little less coffee—you may think it tastes better, you save coffee for the war effort, and the water has less tendency to boil over.

Coca-Cola is becoming so scarce in some localities that it is becoming an article suitable for bootlegging . . . if you know Joe . . . you get a bottle. Wouldn't it be funny if the old Bootleg Gangs began to operate with their article of commerce . . . Coca-Cola.

Fairy Story

"A couple of my neighbors have been getting away with murder on gas rationing," admitted a motorist the other day, "but just because they've been chiseling, there's no reason why I should too."

Names are a screwy thing—whoever did more for his country than Jimmy Doolittle?

Football Fable

"I'd have tried the same thing myself," conceded John C. Oldgrad when his alma mater's quarterback threw a forward pass which was intercepted for a touchdown. "It was the only logical play under the circumstances."

Greater love hath no woman than she who goeth on a fishing trip with her man.

The Beefsteak Eaters are with us the year round but they make the most noise about this time of year when they begin telling people how they would rather have steak than turkey for Thanksgiving dinner.

The Steak Eaters are a great and powerful clan with many subdivisions among which are the Steak-with-Mashed-Potatoes, the Steak-with-French-Fries, the Steak-with-Mushroom addicts, etc. Another powerful division is the Rare Steak Eaters, the Medium Rare Eaters, and their sissy fellows—the Well Done and the Over Done Steak Eaters.

Each year they argue loudly about how nothing ever quite equals a good steak dinner but when the day of Great Eating comes we never knew one of them who didn't sit down and devour his portion of Turkey, Stuffing, Potatoes and Cranberries—with gusto.

November means cold winds and nights by the fire and that means we will search out big books and long tales. There is something about a cruel wind howling in your chimney that makes the characters in a book come to life as they do at no other time in the year. We'll give you odds that the Three Musketeers have been joined in their Adventures by more readers on an early winter's eve than in all the rest of the year put together.

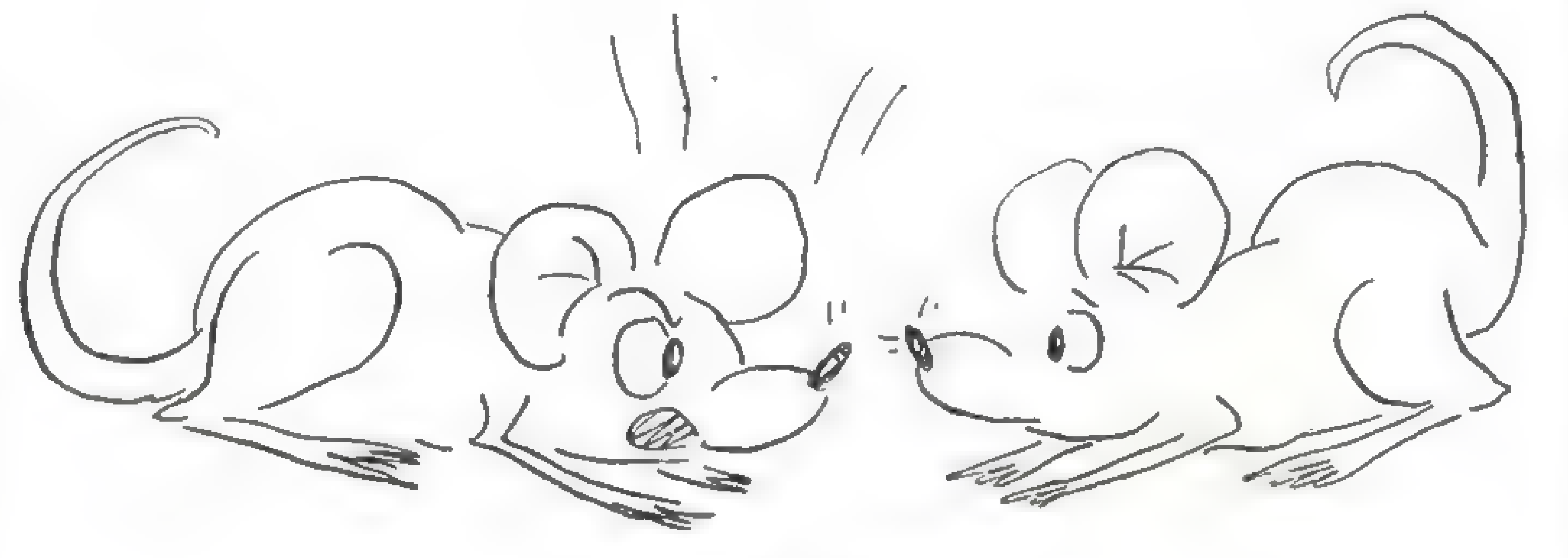
Just think! A year ago some people thought the automobile was going to take the place of the home.

Our Uncle Harry fought a lifelong battle against cactus on a Colorado dry farm. He dug them, burned them, cut their roots and poured oil on them in a long and vain attempt to get them to make room for his crops.

We wonder what he would say if he could see the cactus plants all dressed up in fancy pots and on sale at fancy prices at the Florists.

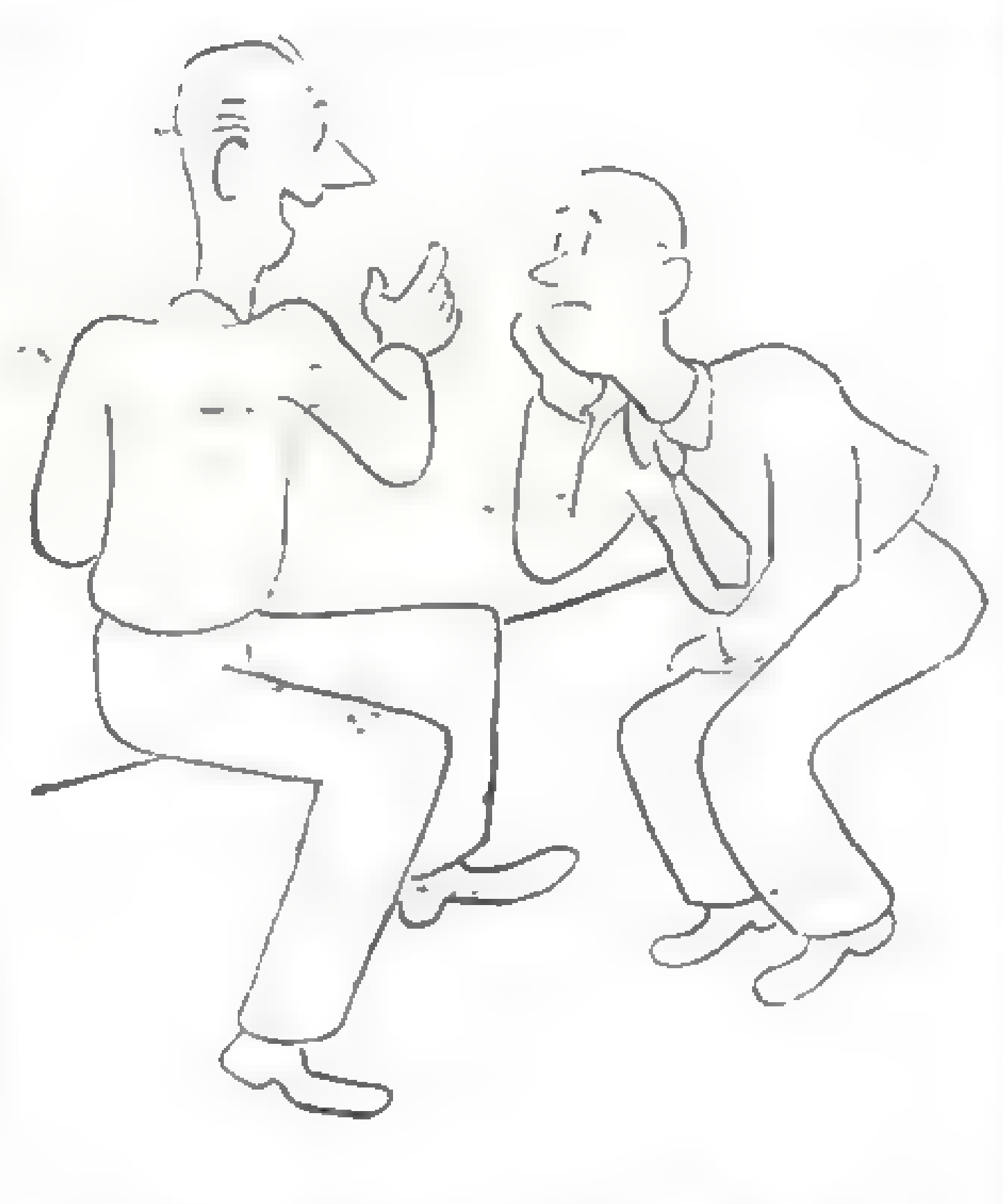
When are the Mystery Writers going to discover the Juke Box? We don't believe it has ever been used as a means of murder—yet think of all the murderous thoughts it has 'roused in people.

Yes, Belinda, a motorist with all his gas ration units punched, and four more weeks to go, can be said to be punch-drunk.



"You dirty LAVAL"

Weather must be a state of mind . . . How else can you explain the happy actions of a man whose football team is weak in passing during a blinding blizzard.



"She isn't a W.A.A.C., and she isn't a W.A.V.E. but she is a WOW!"

Some women do have a sense of humor. Not long ago we were on a streetcar and passing a stretch of newly laid cement pavement—as you know they sprinkle it with a garden hose to keep down the temperature while it hardens. One of the ladies on the car stuck her head out the window and yelled to the working man . . . "Mister, you're wasting your time; nothing will ever grow there."

If you want our idea of a lucky fellow we give you Hurrell the photographer of Hollywood—we'd buy one of those white bearskin rugs and set up business tomorrow if Janet Blair would come over and pose on it for us.

Cold weather is the time for famous people. We have a theory that snow brings out character and to prove it we cite how few heroes of world wide stature have come from tropical countries. Even our own national Heroes grew greater in the time of the snows. Washington at Valley Forge and Lincoln in the last dread winter of the Civil War grew greater in heart and character. It is snowing as I write this . . . pardon us while we go out, walk around a bit, and who knows, may even develop a little character.

The current favorite Movie Cowboy in our neighborhood movie is Wild Bill Elliott. We weren't sure what his drawing power was due to until we heard a young man seated behind us say: "I come to see him because every time he shoots—somebody falls."

My girl's lips stick out so far
She can sit at a table and drink
at the bar.

SHORT WAVE HUMOR

QUISLING: "If the Germans lose I'll just put on my hat and leave."

NORWEGIAN: "But where would you put your hat?"

Some of the most important types of junk these days are tin cans, old tires, and battleships.

. . . A SHORT, SHORT ROMANCE . . .

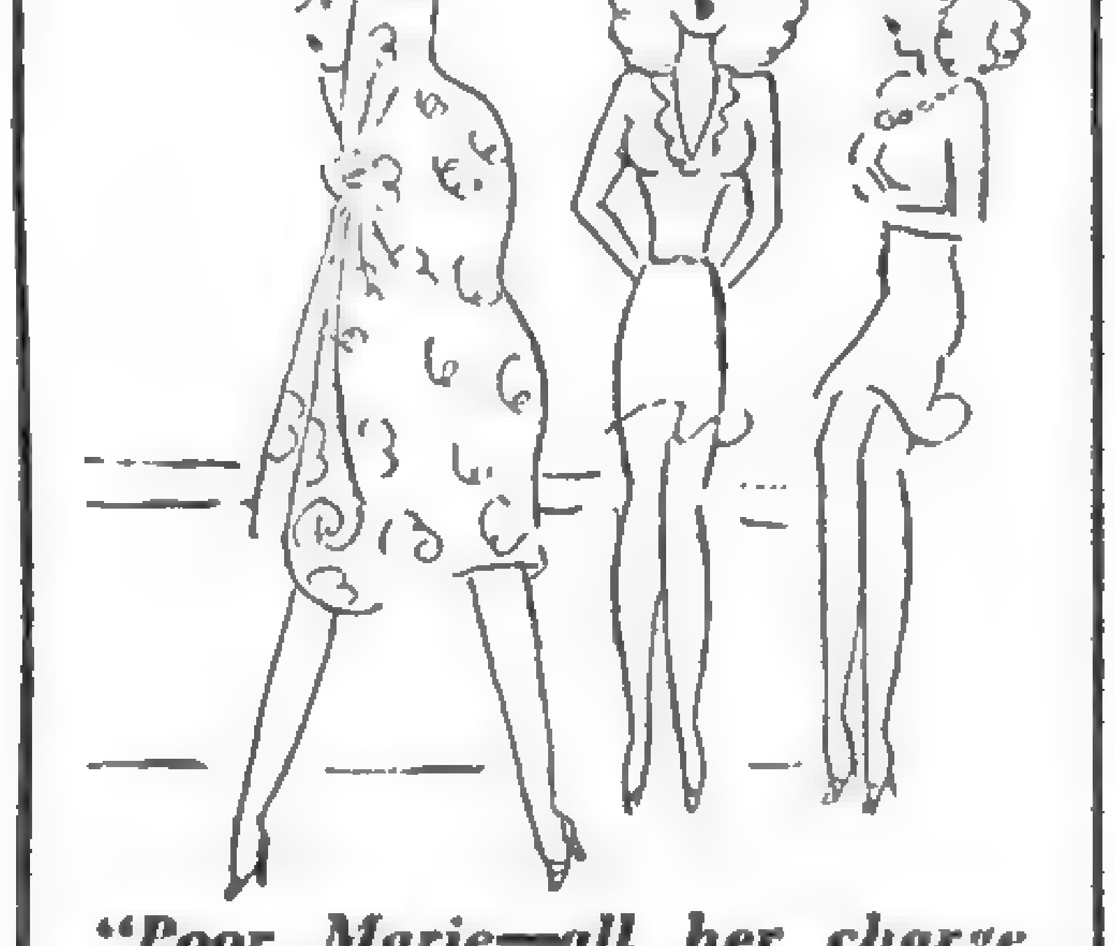
Jerry was riding a streetcar to work when he noticed the cool, crisp, clean little girl across the aisle from him. Her large eyes and cute chiseled nose intrigued him. But didn't intrigue him enough to make him ride past his stop.

When he had got off and the car had started up again he looked up at her window and it was then it happened—she winked at him—gave him a big smile—and threw him a kiss. He jumped but saw he couldn't catch the car by running . . . and a quick look around showed him no taxi was available—so she rode out of his life—probably forever.

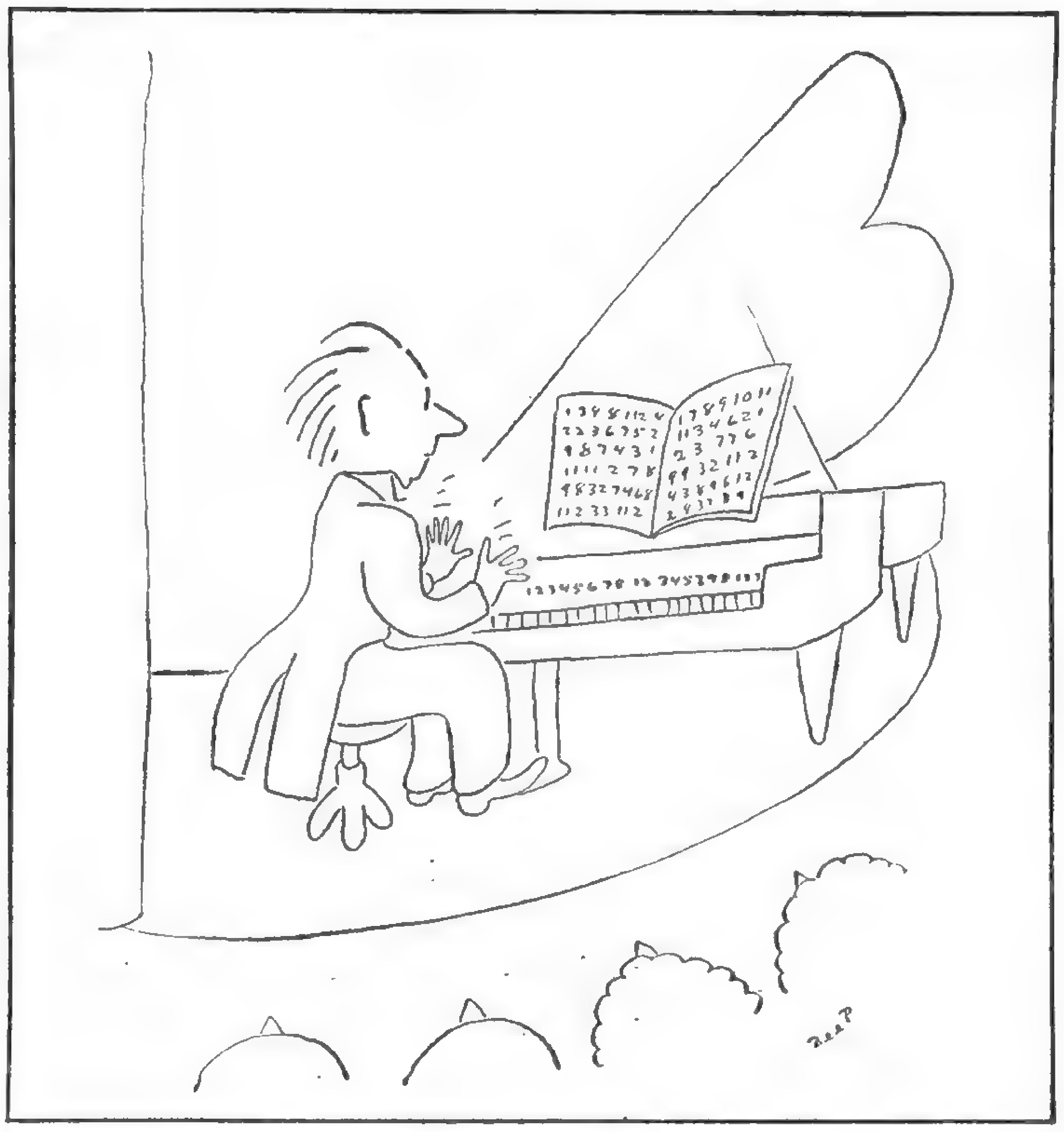
After listening to that song for the 2,843rd time, we've got nerves that jingle jangle jingle.

Who remembers the good old days when rival fleets crowded in on one another and fought close-range battles at twenty or twenty-five miles?

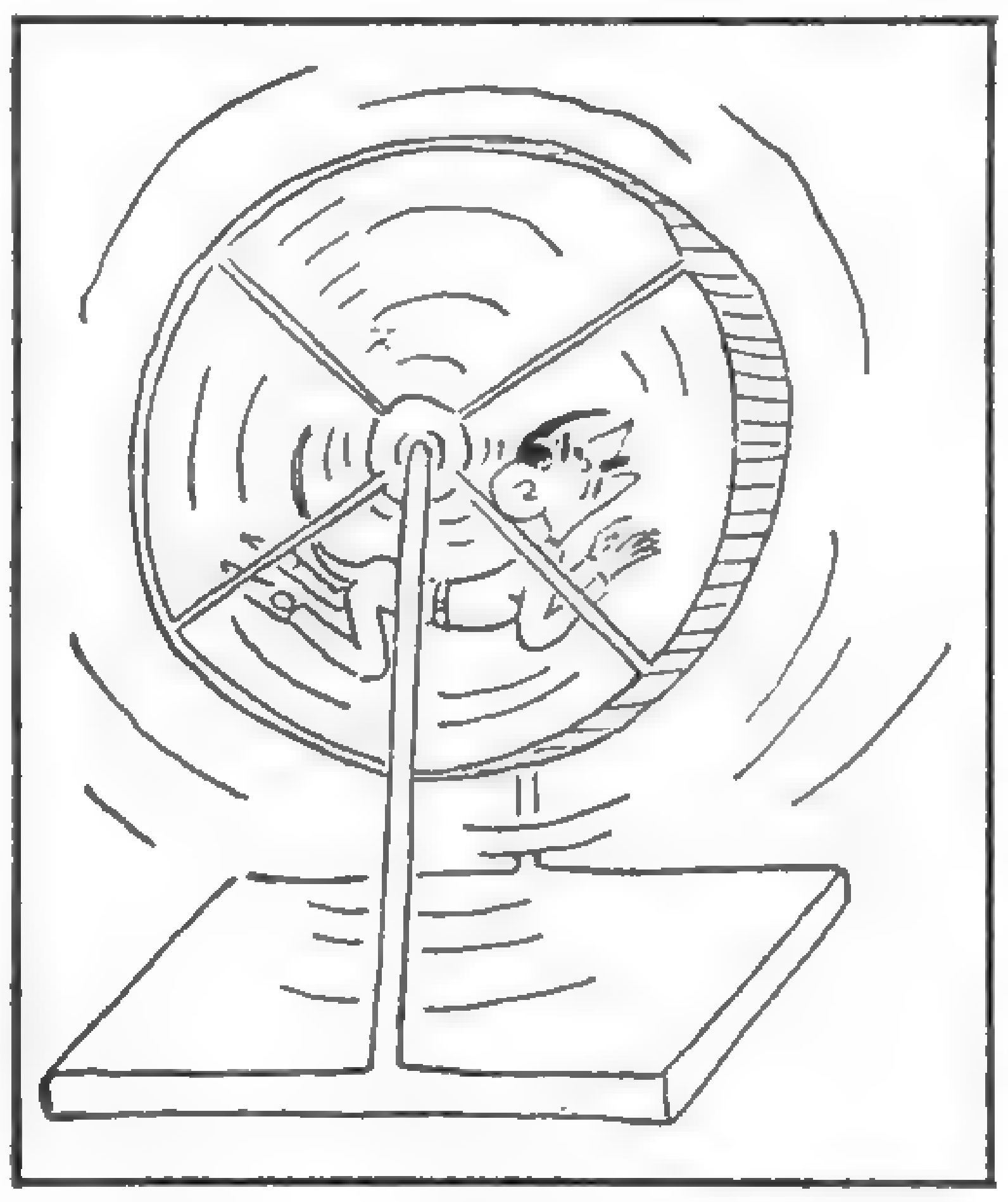
Pre-war days can be defined as those when references to the Swiss Navy got a bigger laugh than mention of the Italian one.



"Poor Marie—all her charge accounts are frozen"



The hunting season is now on. This is the time of year when a versatile cow should be able to give fifteen quarts of milk a day and dodge a bullet at twenty-five yards.



The average Northern resident of the U.S.A. will have unlimited freedom of choice this winter. He is free to wish he had more fuel to heat his house or to wish he had the gas and tires to take him to Florida.

We have no sympathy for the Nazi's claim that they need Lebensraum. The average visitor to Washington is the one who really needs it.

We think a lot more people would study art if they didn't have to associate with arty people while doing it.

The radio comedians are now back on the air after their summer lay-off. Even their gags sound rested up.

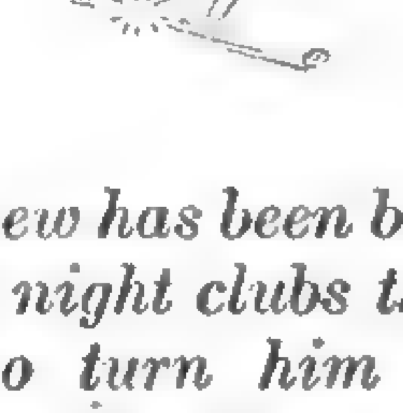
A soldier must be able to travel with seventy pounds on his back. So, if transportation gets much tougher, must the average marketing housewife.

Girls—don't feel too badly if your boy friend is only a Buck Private, for the cleverest fellow we know never got to be a Corporal in the last war, yet he came back and clicked in such a big way that he is on all the eligible lists—be they social, financial or artistic.

Another thing we like about dogs is this—while people hitch their wagon to a star—a dog hitches his waggin' to his master—be he star or extra.

My wife and my Landlord will be glad to hear that the first letter that came in about this department was favorable. For which we are grateful . . . of course the man who wrote the letter was in a very favorable frame of mind for he just won $190 after studying that Esky article on *How to Win with Dice.*

The weather around the Aleutians is continually foggy—and so is the news.



Our nephew has been bounced out of so many night clubs that we feel we ought to turn him in to the rubber scrap collection.

Tennis at Forest Hills observed its fiftieth birthday recently. There is no truth in the rumor that, as a treat, contestants were allowed to play with some of the original balls in play half a century ago.

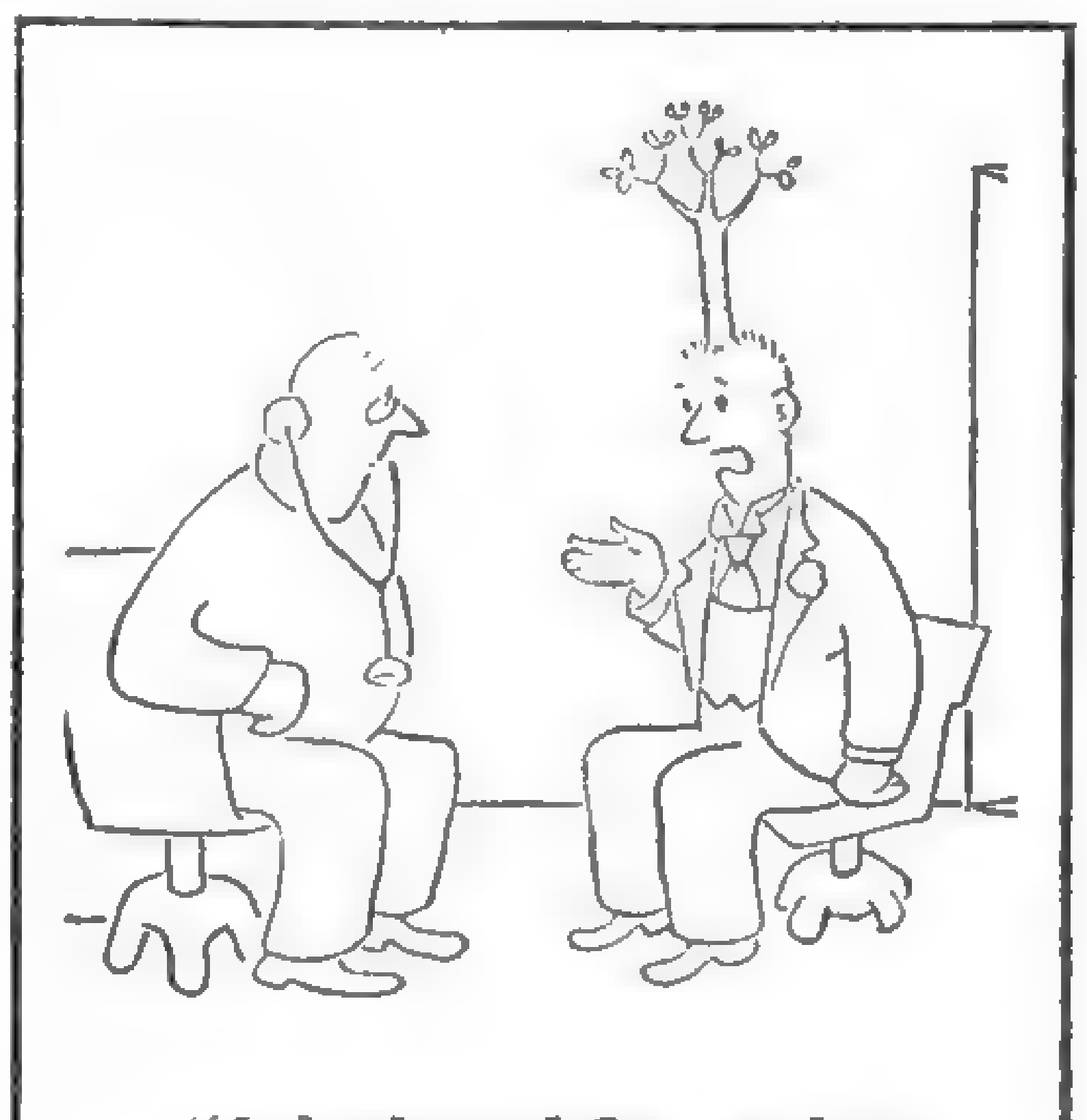
The buffalo is coming back. Herds have been reported roaming in the parking fields outside big football stadia.

It is possible to get synthetic rubber from goldenrod.—And in these days, brother, that's not hay-fever.

With war speed-up the average college student is now graduated in two and a half years instead of four—giving him more excuse than ever for not memorizing the words of his alma mater song.

There is a man in our office building who buys a cup of coffee and three defense stamps for his lunch. He says it isn't very nourishing but that it is satisfying.

Another odd Block Captain takes as much interest in getting the lights back on as he does in getting them off. When the Blackout period is over he goes around hammering on doors and yelling "turn on your lights." Most folks say it is easier to turn on your light than to go to the door and explain to him that you have retired for the night.



"It buds and flowers but it don't bear fruit"

The phrase "what do you hear from the mob" has been supplanted by "what do you hear from the Draft Board"!

One of our Western friends says that in the study room where he went to high school was a statue of Venus de Milo full size, and that he used to avoid studying by sitting and looking at her. He thinks it must have been his formative years because ever since then he has been looking for a girl seven feet tall to make love to.

The Hell with being clever about it—just Buy War Bonds.

This morning we looked up at the immense grey side of a fashionable Chicago hotel. There fluttering in pink gayety against the dull stone was a pair of panties where some girl's lingerie dried in the breeze. We concluded it was a sign that there was a good girl living there for the other kind don't do their own laundry.

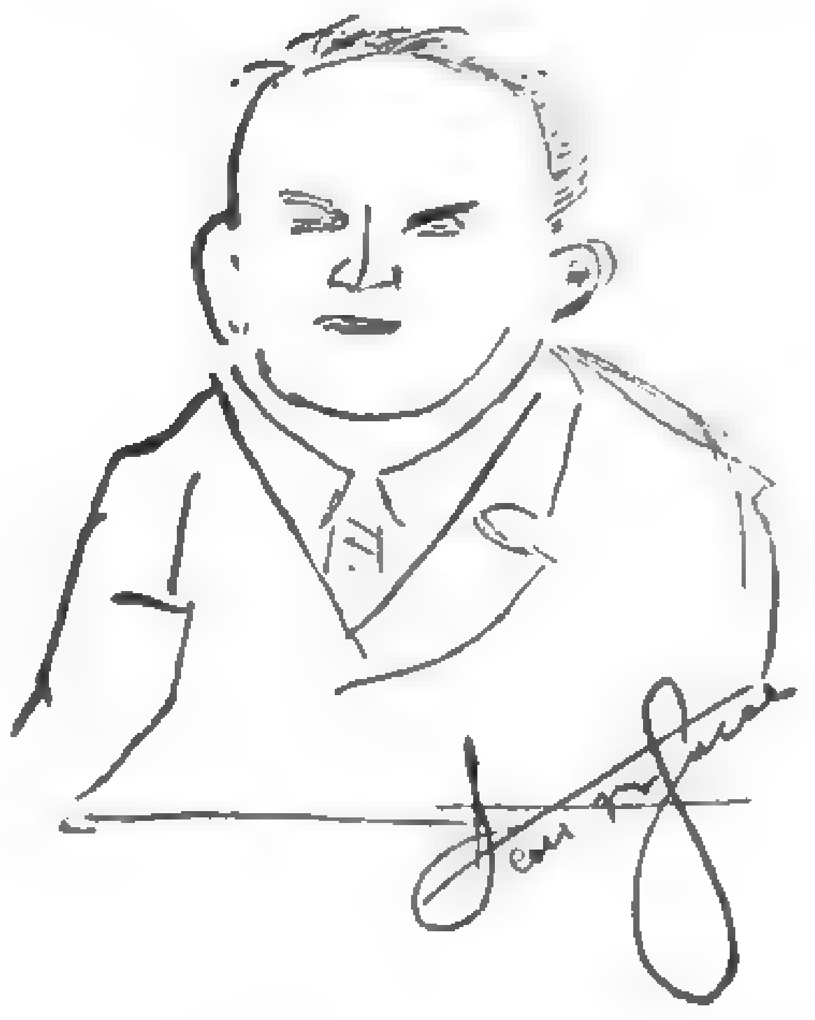
RE-DEFINITION

A gentleman soldier kisses and never tells where he is being sent.

Self Portraits of Four U.S. Senators

Senator Lucas

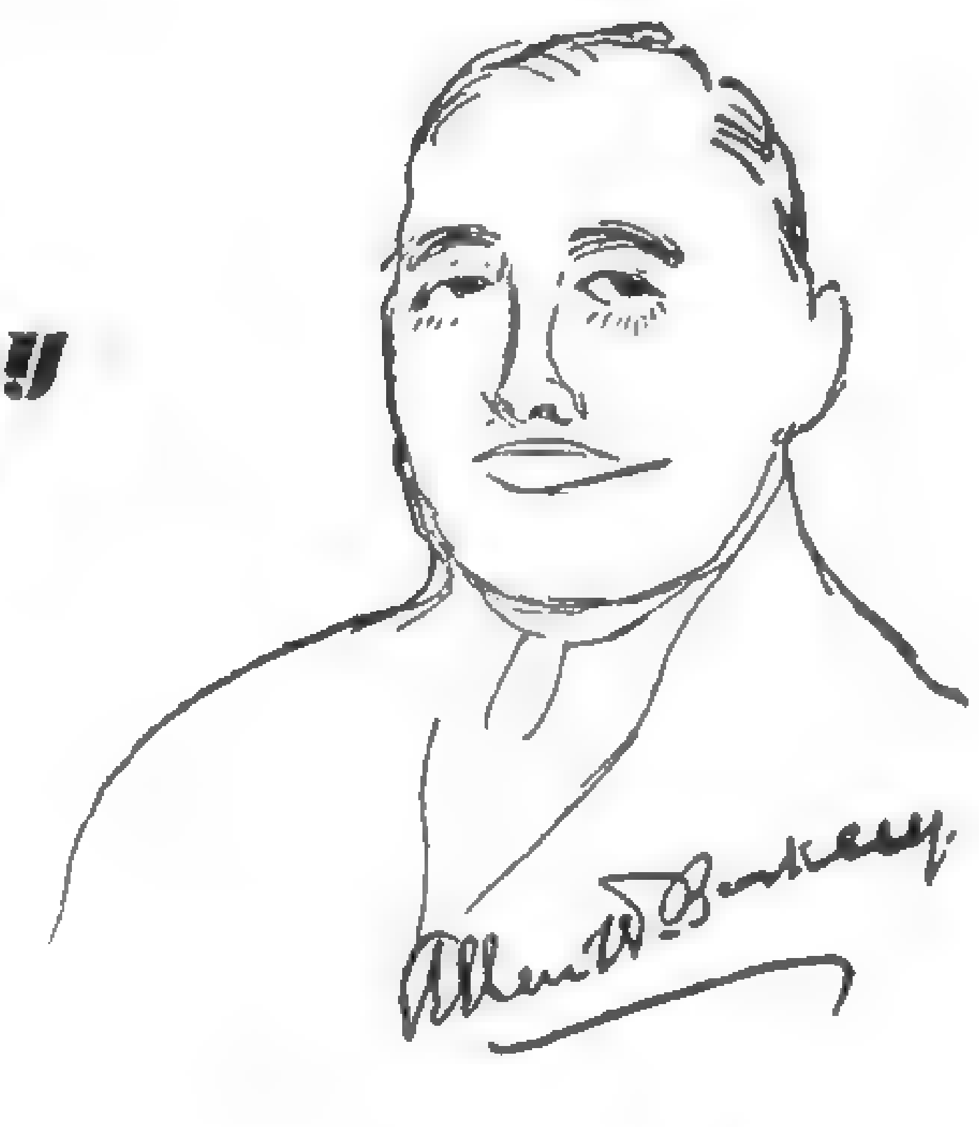
as Sketched by Himself



Alma Mater: Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill., plus hard knock degrees in farming, teaching, soldiering and the practice of law.
Original Homecoming: The covered wagon journey made by my great-grandparents from Tennessee way out west to Illinois.
Humble Tribute: To the expert judgment of Big League Baseball scouts who, throughout my three years as an outfielder in the Minor Leagues, never once gave me a second look.
What Every Senator Knows: One year of novelty and five years of hard work.
Favorite Nay: Against the Hatch act which, by preventing Federal employees from expressing their political preferences, assaults our fundamental guarantee of freedom of speech.
Favorite Aye: Any vote cast by me in support of the President's pre-Pearl Harbor foreign policy; had we followed the isolationist line we would now be fighting on both shores with our bare knuckles.
Reaction to Pressure Groups: The harder they press the more likely I am to move in the opposite direction.
For the Record: Sponsorship of the Mandatory Corn Loans which, unglamorous though they sound, helped maintain our farm price structure at a time of serious danger and led to similar constructive legislation affecting other basic commodities.
Favorite Mode of Relaxation: Can't remember that far back.

Senator Barkley

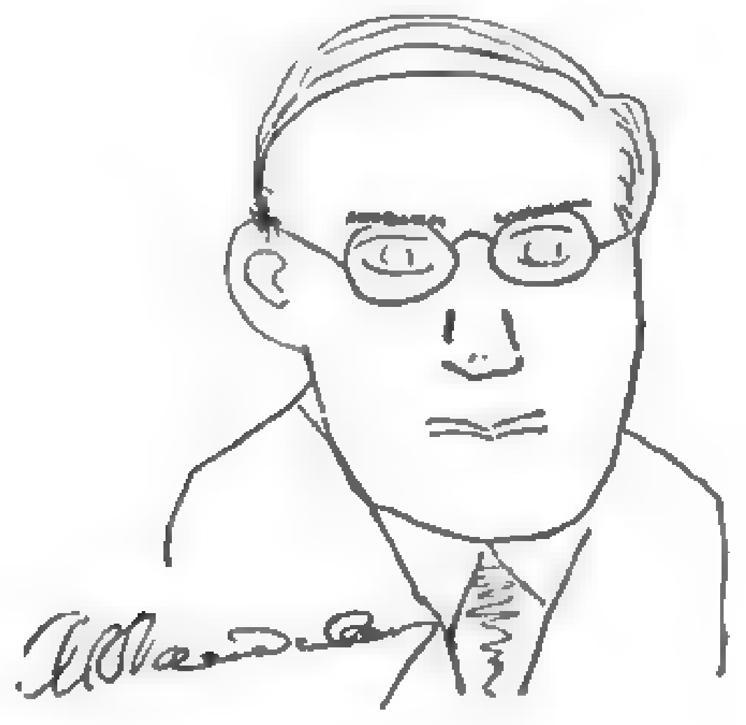
as Sketched by Himself



Stay-Putedness: Three decades as a lodger in both our Houses.
Lesson in Relaxation: Serve as the Majority Leader of the Senate in a time of crisis and, when you get to the point where you must learn to relax under stress or bust, you'll relax.
For the Record: Sponsorship of the Howell-Barkley bill, which set up a board of conciliation in 1926 to deal with railroad labor disputes—a pre-eminently successful anti-strike mechanism that might well be adopted in other industries.
What Makes F. D. R. Tick: In my opinion, an unparalleled ability to line up a worthy objective with an open mind and drive on to its achievement with a closed fist.
Recommended Reading: The Congressional Record, for a truly liberal education in contemporary history.
Favorite Statesman: Abraham Lincoln, with Thomas Jefferson a close second.
Favorite Politician: Henry Clay, with William Jennings Bryan a distant second.
America's Coming of Age: The realization that the oceans are not a moat separating us from, but a highway connecting us with, the rest of the world.
The Tides of History: A century and a half ago it was necessary to wage a separatist revolution to win this nation's independence; today a revolution is taking place that will achieve a higher degree of independence through world co-operation.

Senator Vandenberg

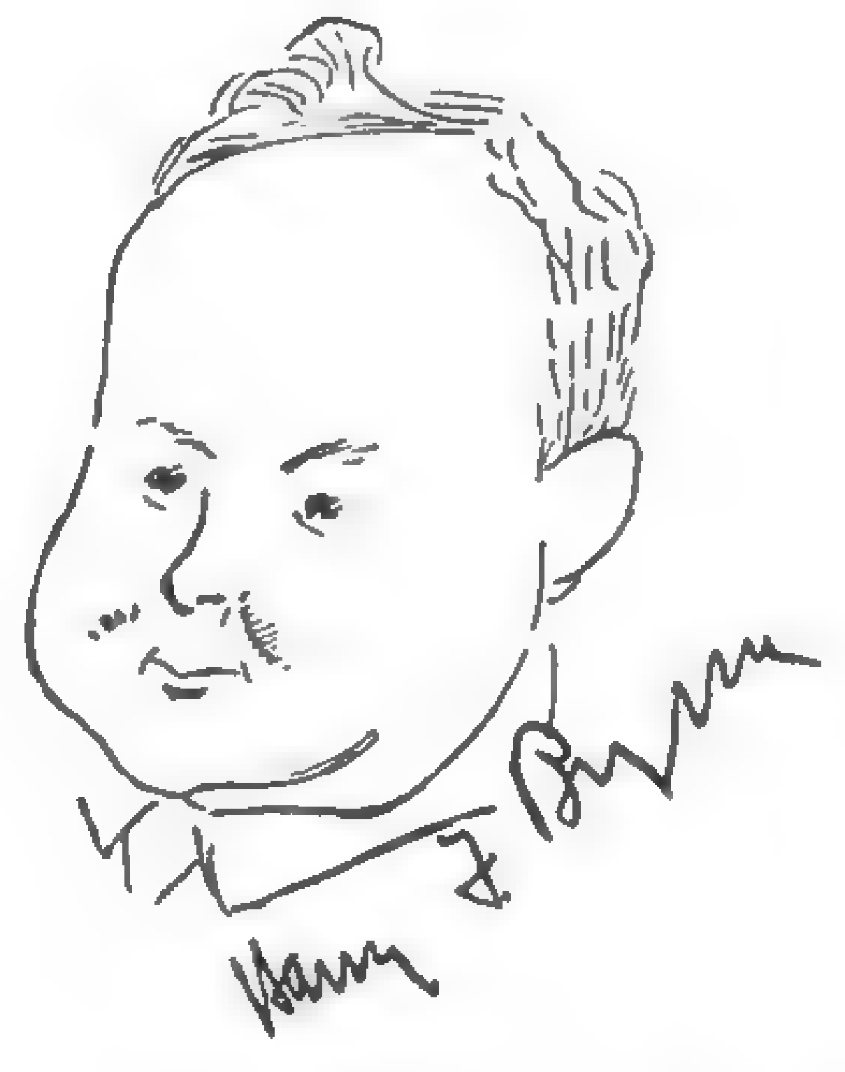
as Sketched by Himself



Sic Transit Gloria: From 28 years of telling the public what to do as a newspaper reporter and publisher to 14 years of being told by the public what to do as a Senator.
For the Record: Winning more consecutive senatorial elections (since 1928) than any other gentleman from the State of Michigan.
For Mental Clarification: Type out what I think of both sides of a question; as the page rolls out, I know pretty much where I stand.
Favorite Vice: Being a chain smoker of denicotinized cigars.
Point of Pride: Being called, though the parentage is perhaps not undisputed, the father of the Bank Deposit Insurance Law.
My Idea of Futility: Attempting to control prices without controlling wages, which make up 80% of almost any price.
The National Disease: The monstrously lazy habit of condemning Congress as a whole, instead of realizing that unless a decision was unanimous the men who fought it deserve praise instead of blame.
Its Cure: Let every citizen keep a box score of how his Congressmen vote; ballot the destructive men out of office and re-elect the constructive ones; within a decade we will have a fine legislative body.
History Books Please Copy: In 1933, the American form of government underwent a scarcely noticed but basically revolutionary transition and became a government by executive decree.
Weighing Our War News: Tons of propaganda and ounces of facts.
Suggestion to the Chief: Let a committee of 12 Congressmen work freely with you as a corrective influence on an uninformed and misinformed legislative body.

Senator Byrd

as Sketched by Himself



Recommended Reading: Major de Seversky's *Victory through Air Power*, except for his stand on aircraft carriers.
Personal Pulitzer Award: To Washington newspapermen, whose reporting is the most accurate and least partisan in the world.
Pleasurable Privilege: Establishing, as Governor of Virginia in 1928 the Shenandoah National Park, thereby providing 400,000 acres of bait to lure people out of doors—where they belong if they want to retain their physical and mental health.
Declaration of Mental Independence: Use other people's information but always draw your own conclusions.
It's a Wise Father: George Washington, for his great good judgment and his decisions which contributed so much to the Jeffersonian democracy we now enjoy.
State of the Nation: The public is ahead of both the Administration and the Congress.
Winning Strategy: Get more help to Russia at all costs.
Definition of Inflation: A ruinous state brought on simply and directly by the excessive spending of *borrowed* money. It must be controlled.
The Myth of Complacency: The public is more than willing to make sacrifices, just as soon as Washington exercises enough gumption to tell them when, where and how.
My Legacy: The 200,000 apple trees in my orchards, a tangible contribution to the nation's well-being that will probably outlive anything I have ever said or done.

Where's the Goat?

Continued from page 48

per cent. The college officials would do no better. Trained officials who sat in groups in the stands during pro games claimed three times as many fouls were seen from the stands as were called by the officials. This was also true of college games which they attended for their research. Four officials simply cannot see all infractions of rules. Those they do see, they usually call. Miscalled plays, if caught, are righted instantly. The "movies" sometimes show infractions that are not penalized, but they do not always synchronize illegal actions with the sound of the whistle which ends the legal play. No official in his right mind will call a holding penalty or illegal use of the hands where no personal injury is done that occurs after the ball is dead or the whistle has blown, unless that foul is in the immediate vicinity of the play and has some illegal bearing on it.

Isolated fouls away from the immediate vicinity of the ball are frequently uncalled, yet they are recorded by "movies" and seen by thousands. If there were an official for every player, there would still be infractions of rules escaping notice. Yet in recent years, there has seldom been a college game won or lost on misinterpretation of rules. Questions involving judgment on what happened are usually the sparks that detonate the powder of abuse, clamor, and "gripe." And the official has no recourse to: "Play it over; I didn't see it!"

Did A or B interfere on a forward pass; or did both interfere; or was the interference legal according to rule? Was the touchdown made or did the ball stop just short of the goal line? Did the kick for a field goal go over or under the cross bar, over an upright or just outside of the goal post? Was the checking of an eligible forward pass-receiver legal or was it holding? Did the ball-carrier touch the sideline between the goal lines or just miss it? Did the sidelines or coach convey information by holding up fingers, or by other strategems? Was the offside player, on the line, going forward or backward as the ball was snapped? (It makes a big difference.) Was the kicker or fair catcher knocked down, or did he fall dramatically on being touched in order to invoke a penalty. (To some observers, this is cute; to others, it is cheating; to the officials, it is a pain in the neck.) Did a player have "possession and control" of the ball before he dropped it, or was the loss of the ball due to a "muff"? A muff is different from a fumble, and this can make a vast difference.

These and many more call for trained eyes, good judgment, and experience. A decision must be rendered instantly. A goat cannot bleat that he was not in position to see what happened. He cannot say, like the judge on the bench, "Come back in thirty days and I'll give you a decision."

The laws governing the game are complex, but usually are well known by the officials. While the rules do not govern the length of the grass on the field (long grass slows up runners and dodgers) or the presenting of a field ankle deep in mud prepared by a fire hose, or any other mischievous acts by students, they have been built up by a governing body to prevent unsportsmanlike conduct, plays or acts likely to injure players or to be unfair to opponents, or, to prevent plays that give either the offense or the defense too much advantage.

In the past, some of the artifices resorted to by coaches and players have been anything but clever. When the day was cold, a team now and then willfully appeared late at the start of the game. Once on a cold day, in a game in which I officiated, the visiting team came out on the field an hour late. The late arrival was calculated to let the opponents freeze, become impatient, and tire out by constant exercise in an attempt to keep warm. No consideration was given the public or the home coach, and there was nothing in the rule books enabling the officials to act. That incident stirred up one of those intense rivalries that still rages.

The twelfth man on the field—not the official—was not accounted for in the rules until that famous Great Lakes game of 1918 in which a man ran out from the bench to tackle a runner in the clear. The shape of the ball frequently was abused by making the ends of the long axis round or pointed to allow the home team passer or kicker an advantage; or it was inflated soft to prevent the opponent's star kicker from being too effective. The home team furnished the football for the game.

The ball was hidden in the jersey, or a headgear was substituted for the ball, or a big pad shaped like a football was worn on the elbows or side of the chest. Signalling from the sidelines by having designated players wearing large numbers on their backs running up and down the sidelines even in this day of football chivalry is still being done . . . illegally; and it must be remembered that a single illegal act can often win or lose a game.

Nobody except a few gamblers wants to win on fouls. Yet in every game fouls are made. Some are intentional, some are accidental; some are due to a fit of temper which momentarily deranges mental equilibrium, or due to a player who is "out" from a severe jolt. Football is a rough contact game and what sometimes looks like assault and battery is still legal.

Whatever the frame of mind a player is in when he commits a foul, it is an illegal act. This act may make or prevent a gain or score, and the rules do not permit illegal gains or scores. Therefore if the foul is seen, the illegal act must be "tooted" and penalized not by a sour look or a smile of condolence, but by a stinging rebuke of such yardage as to make "the punishment fit the crime" as decreed by the football code.

If fouls could be projected into the future of the game and their influence seen as to the outcome of the game, perhaps some would not be called. For instance, an offside on a kickoff may be called before the ball is run back for a touchdown. The offside may not have figured in the play at all; again it may have made a great difference in whether or not the runner should have been tackled. The official has no occult power to know what is about to transpire when he calls an obvious foul.

The goat's pet peeve comes from false accusation which smears him when he is not responsible for a decision or when he is correct in his decision. He usually is defenseless in publicizing his side of the story, and therefore is left hanging on a limb. If he "baas" too loudly, he may be left hanging there forever, so far as that college or coach is concerned. If he becomes too violent in maintaining his correctness, he will be through as an official. If he swallows his pride and is endowed with a thick hide and short memory, his diplomacy may win again the privilege of working for colleges which sought to make his decision the alibi for defeat.

Some of the treed goats still swinging from the limbs of trees, with never an offer of a stepladder of apology to help them down, are now going to be heard from:

First of all there is the late Colonel Horatio "Dumpy" Hackett, West Point graduate, star football player, colonel of artillery in the first World War in which he was frightfully wounded, president of corporations, strict disciplinarian on the football field, and in his day one of the country's best referees. He is gone to rest, but he is still up that tree on many an alibi for lost football games. One of his narrow escapes from an angry mob that chased him for miles occurred years ago while officiating in the southeast. The flames of disapproval and abuse sought to use him for fuel as the angry partisans chased him, immediately after the game, until he reached a friendly horse and buggy with which he drove to a railroad station. There he caught

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The Office Life

by JEROME WEIDMAN

Salesmanager: His relationship to the rest of the staff is approximately similar to that of a vaudeville magician to his audience. Everybody can see the materials he works with, yet nobody knows quite how he does it.

Because he stands at the apex of business effort, where the firm's product is finally passed into the hands of a customer in exchange for cold hard cash, he reaps from his colleagues a measure of respect, not unmixed with awe, to which he is not completely entitled.

He is brilliantly, rather than faultlessly, tailored in double breasted suits that break a bit too sharply at the hip line. He wears expensive hats which he leaves on tables crown down so the exclusive label will show. He chain smokes nervously from a monogrammed gold cigarette case that matches his lighter, his cuff links, his tie clasp, his collar pin, and his key chain.

He smiles far too much. He laughs too loudly and too often. He always seems excessively barbered and smells of good but strong hair tonic. He talks very fast, using the very latest slang, modifying his phrases with darting gestures of his beautifully manicured hands.

He knows a reasonable number of celebrities and is known by the headwaiters of the best restaurants and night clubs, where he has accounts and never adds up a check. He is the only member of the staff who is on intimate terms with the boss, who calls him by his first name and winces only slightly when the questionable compliment is returned.

Three or four times a year a rumor, which he starts himself, circulates around the office to the effect that a rival firm is seeking his services. He is not a thoroughly objectionable person, but he comes pretty close. He earns large sums of money through a combination of drawing account, percentage of net, and swindle sheet, but he is always broke because the demands of alimony and his current doll are both inexorable.

He seems to know everything about everything except the rather simple fact that the phrase "high-pressured" toppled some time ago from the position of eminence it once held in American life.

Where's the Goat?

Continued from pages 48-103

a caboose on a freight train, and so made good his escape from the field of honor. He never received his pay for the game, nor his civilian clothes that he was forced to abandon.

Walter Eckersall, another of the great all-time football players; All-American quarterback for three years, and a noted sportswriter, is still treed by that hard-fought Michigan-Wisconsin game of 1923. He, too, has passed, but his exploits live after him. After this particular game, *The Daily Cardinal* headlined: ECKERSALL 6, WISCONSIN, 3. He was hanged in effigy, slugged on the field by a mob of fans, and if the gallant Wisconsin team had not surrounded him for protection off the field, he would have been manhandled right there. As it was, he had to be sneaked out of town by automobile to Milwaukee for fear of "unnecessary roughness." The penalty for this on a football field is fifteen yards. On a train, it might be life, or ejection from a running train.

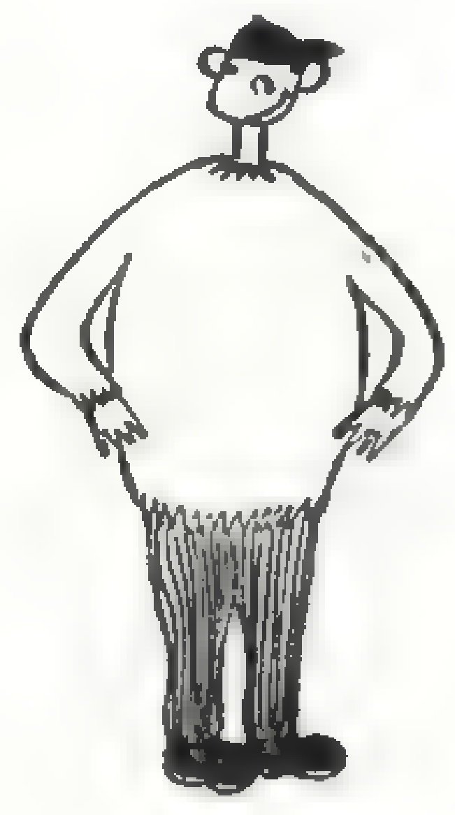
The cause of all this was simply a judgment decision on whether a Michigan runner was legally downed. Colonel Mumma of Iowa, the field judge covering the play, who assumed full responsibility for it vocally and in a written statement, declared the runner was not legally downed; and therefore, when he arose, after being tackled and thrown to the ground, and scored a touchdown, it was allowed by Eckersall after consultation with Colonel Mumma. "Eckie" took all the rap, and for many years was not permitted to officiate again for Wisconsin. The rule on a runner being legally downed has since been changed.

And there is Joe Magidsohn, grinning from his perch up on that old twig. He was a famous back at Michigan years ago, an engineer, broker, realtor, and a great referee. He was treed often. One of his pet peeves was the famous Iowa-Illinois game at Urbana in 1922. The controversy was over a safety or touchback, revolving around the question of who gave the impetus to a kicked ball blocked over Illinois' goal line by Iowa. All agreed on the facts. Joe was right in allowing a safety and this was the margin that defeated Illinois, 8 to 7. But some diehards, confused about the rule, put out stories that Illinois was going to protest the game, which made Joe look in the wrong. Later, the accusers found out they were wrong and asserted they would withdraw the protest because of good sportsmanship. But they left Joe treed, by not publicizing the fact that his decision was correct.

Look now who is clambering down from limb to limb: Frank Birch of the Quaker College of Earlham, mayor of Sterling, Illinois, president of a steel company, and the greatest diver into piles of humanity for a football who ever acted as a referee. The scene of one of his acts which brought him dismay was also on the field of Illinois. It was the hectic nerve-splitting Ohio-Illinois game of 1920. Ohio was the favorite and barely won with four seconds to go, 7 to 0. Early in the game, after a magnificent march, Illinois arrived close to the Ohio goal line. "Doc" Crangle, a powerful Illinois back, crashed off Illinois' right side. There came a stop, a whistle, relaxation on the part of Ohio, a twist, and Crangle shot away over the goal line. The question to settle was one of judgment. Was Crangle legally stopped when the whistle blew? (The sound of a referee's whistle ends all legal play and the ball is dead.) Birch thought the runner was legally stopped and he played his lute. Illinois thought otherwise, and Birch never worked again for Illinois.

Fable

Once there was a football coach whose team lost four straight games by a 7-6 score. When interviewed he remarked: "I am heartily in favor of retaining the point-after-touchdown, as I consider it an excellent criterion of a team's worth."



Who have we now? Fred Gardner, famous back of Cornell, lawyer, and a great referee. He also has been frequently treed. There was a question of his judgment on a backfield offside in a recent Northwestern-Michigan, as the Wolverines drove eleven yards to the Purple one-yard line for a first down. The play was called back by Gardner, who thought a backfield man of the Wolverines was offside. The movies showed one of Michigan's linemen in motion toward his own goal line before the ball was snapped, which was illegal. But Gardner is still on the limb on that game.

Then there is Jim Masker, one of the Big Ten's best referees for many years. In one of his games, a newspaper started a violent attack on a decision of his with thousands of copies exposing his lack of judgment and knowledge of the rules. However, it was presently discovered that his decision had been most excellent. The presses were stopped, and an attempt made to recall the faulty copies of the paper. But many of them reached the public.

The decision involved a fumbled ball behind the goal line. The teams were lined up in kick formation. The kicker dropped the pass from center, and then he either lost his head or attempted what he thought was a smart play. An opponent was racing in to fall on the ball in the end zone, and to prevent the recovery, the kicker deliberately kicked the loose ball which rolled out of bounds on the two-yard line. The rule covering the play said: "A loose ball may not be kicked or kicked at." Penalty: "Ball goes to opponents at spot of foul." Should two points be awarded for a safety, or 6 points for a touchdown? Jim ruled a safety but explained to the offended captain that a foul had been committed. So he gave the captain a choice of 2 points or taking the ball out on the two-yard line. The latter was chosen and a touchdown resulted. One side claimed two points should have been given; the other side claimed six points. Jim claimed that when the kicker kicked the loose ball, the opponent had no chance to fall on it before the ball was kicked. That was not covered by rule, but became a part of the rules the next year. There was no apology ever made to Masker.

Then let me say that I have had my own share of abuse that was not coming to me, to take on decisions. I also have been a lost spoon hook hanging on the snag of disgrace. One that shook the country for weeks and brought every known vindictive and obscene appellation on me by mouth, letter, phone call and newspaper publicity from one end of the country to the other, was the decision of "not possession and control" rendered in the 1927 Notre Dame-Southern California game on Soldiers Field, Chicago. I gathered the facts on the twenty-yard line, and some one else gave them. Then I made the decision and bore the consequent abuse for many years.

The play was a forward pass by Southern California. The pass was intercepted by Riley of Notre Dame who while coming down after a leap in the air for the ball, turned in the air and was facing his own goal when he touched the ground. Riley started to run. He took two or three steps (he could have taken a hundred steps because the number of steps in a decision of "possession and control" has no legal bearing on the play, then or now). He ran to the four-yard line, was hard hit on a tackle by Southern California. The ball shot on the fly into the end zone, rolled across the end line and was recovered by Southern California. The Trojans claimed a touchdown. By simple definition the play could only be a touchback or a safety. The former gives the defending team the ball on the 20-yard line with no score; the latter, the same marker, the defenders' ball, but 2 points scored against them.

The teams were told that in either event the ball would be put in play on the 20-yard line, and the question of points would be settled by consultation of the officials. Neither the headlinesman nor the referee came in on the debate. Since I could see only the back of Riley as he started back to his own goal line, I could not see whether he had "possession and control" of the ball. The play was coming right at the field judge who was but a few yards away and thus had a better view than had anyone else on the field. The field judge claimed that Riley did *not* have "possession and control" of the ball. By that fact the play resolved itself into the same condition as if the ball had never been touched by anyone or muffed, not fumbled. So the ball striking in the end zone on a forward pass under the rules of that year was a touchback for the defenders—Notre Dame. This gave Notre Dame the ball on their own 20-yard line for play, and there was no score. The game was won by Notre Dame by one point, as Southern California missed their goal kick after their touchdown. The writer never again officiated in a Southern California game. But I did have the pleasure fourteen years later, in 1941, of receiving a letter signed by the late Howard Jones absolving me of all blame of rendering the decision "not possession and control," and explaining that I gathered the facts and then gave the ruling. This letter was sent to me by a doctor last year who with others had debated around the hot stove over this decision. They decided to write Jones, myself and others as to what actually occurred. That was a long lane before it had a turn.

So you can see how much the officials, who have helped so much through their long years of effort on rules and policing games, have had to suffer for honest and correct judgment and decisions as a result of unsportsmanlike attacks from coaches, publicity writers, magazine articles, newspapers, quarterback clubs, orators, alumni and others.

There is always the "out" of panning us, if you need an alibi for defeat. That is "the American way" . . . or is it? Remember, as has been said in print by one of the country's best coaches: "The football officials are one of the few real honest things left in American College football today."

I thought maybe you might want to keep that, and some of these other facts, in your hat when you go out to the stadium goat hunting this fall. ##

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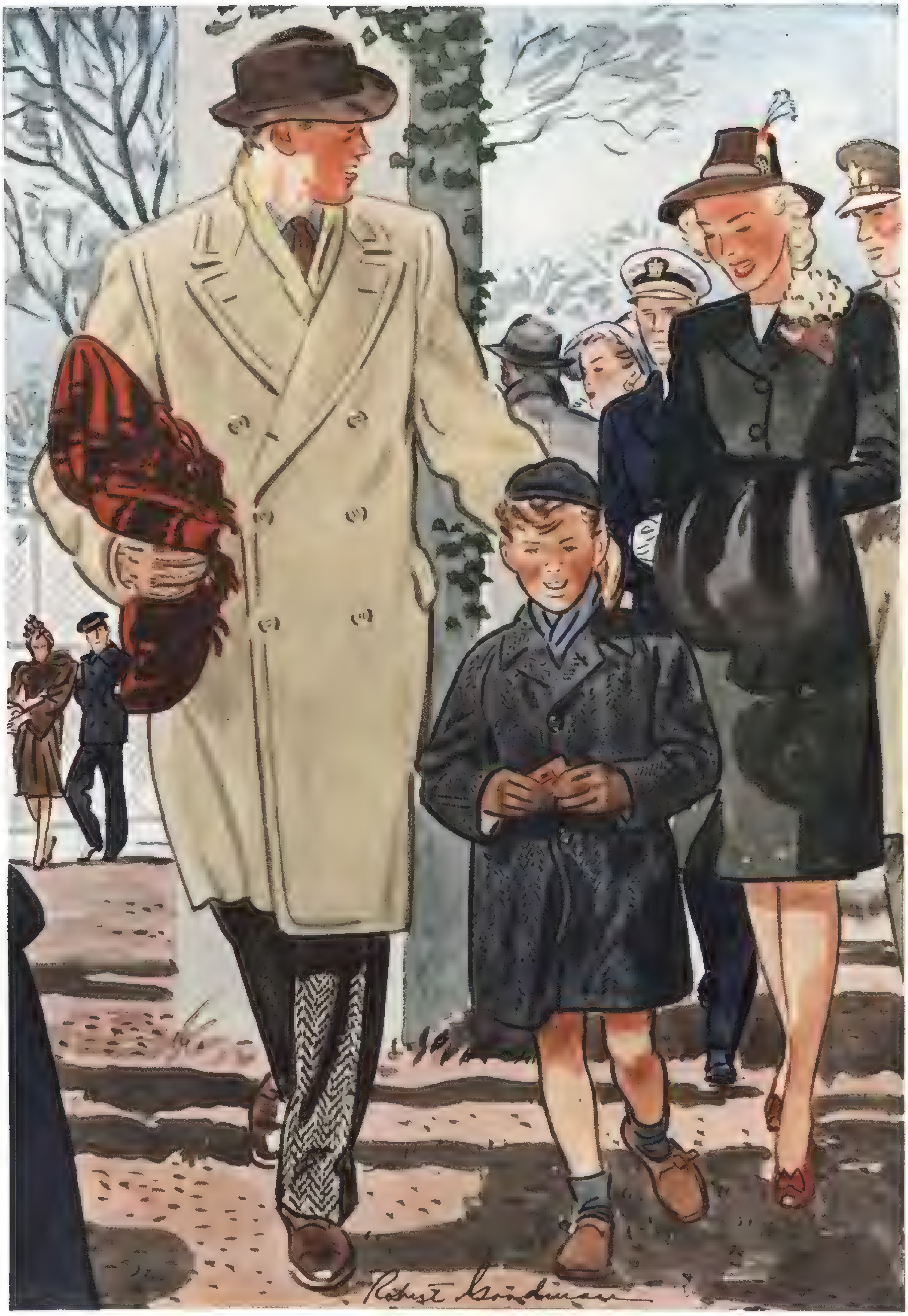
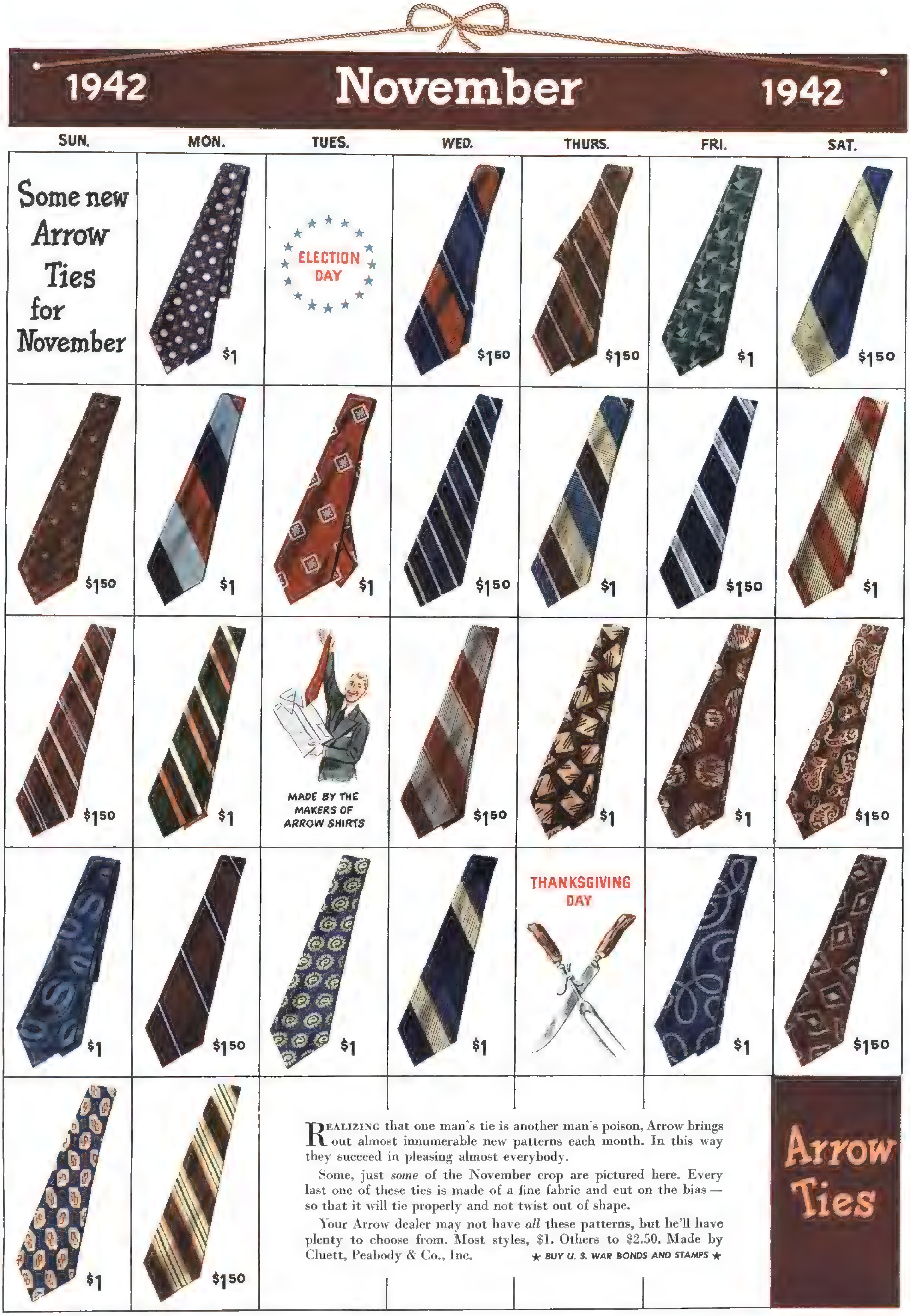


teaming up for fall benchwarming

"Why that spinner play in the last quarter is the same old trick I used ten years ago! If I'd been in that game I'd have come around the left and . . ." Okay, varsity '32 . . . move along . . . you're a grandstand rooter now, but you might pass for a college man if we were using clothes as our standard. That natural camel hair coat trimmed down to Boss Henderson's specifications might give you senior standing when it's teamed up with your brown casual felt hat. Then your Glen plaid shirt, wool tie, cashmere muffler, pigskin gloves, tweed suit, and brown shoes are strictly on the campus beam, too. But little junior there beside you sort of gives you away and we know you're an old grad making a comeback at homecoming! Who's that little sorority dish in the green suit? She's no left over . . . must be a new freshman . . . what a neat package! . . . Huh? . . . the missus? . . . Oops! So sorry!

(For sources of gifts shown, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.)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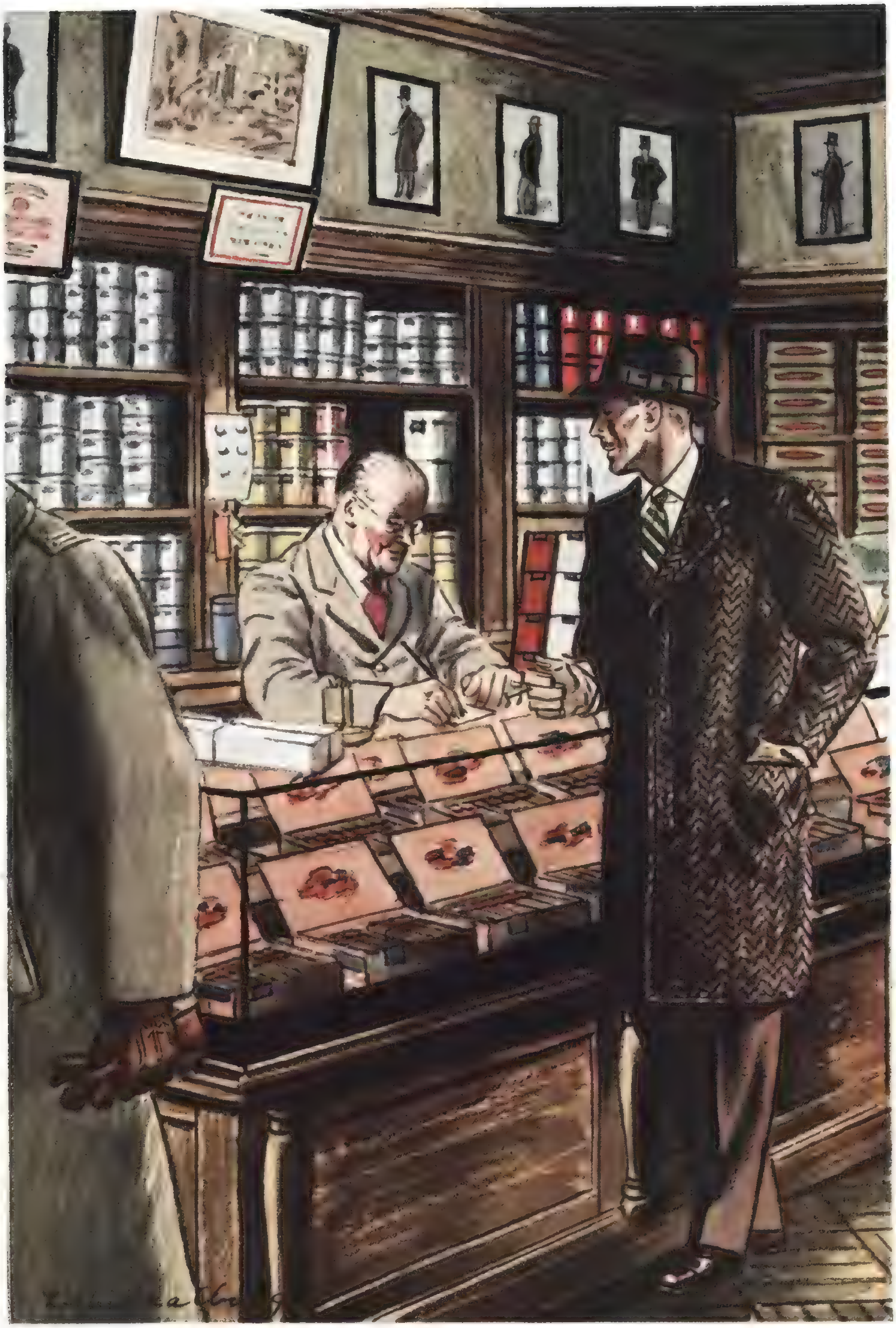

the gentleman does it up brown

A solid sender and spender is this civilian when it comes to remembering his buddies in camp with cartons of cigarettes. He's a daily customer of ye olde tobacconist, and shows his strong taste for clothes as well as tobacco today by wearing mellow shades of brown tanged up with a green striped repp tie. The tweed of his graphite brown overcoat is a good mixture of black and brown threads woven into a sturdy fabric to last for the duration. Note the shorter length, absence of the chest pocket, and the long, tubular lines of the coat giving a slimmer, trimmer appearance. His graphite brown felt hat has a raw edge brim and no dents in the crown. The suit is brown plain weave worsted complemented by a tan and white striped shirt. His gloves are chamois, and his shoes are brown straight tip town last. "What brand of cigarettes? ... The same as that captain just bought, of course!"

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Are Women Jurors?

Continued from page 36

woman as a juror without being completely informed on her background. And that's every time you accept a woman as a juror.

Then, too, there's that saying about women having no sense of honor. You can be pretty sure, with a man, that accepting a bribe for a jury-fix will not be his first dishonest act. So, if you know that the man has been, up to the time he was called to jury service, a "substantial citizen," with no criminal record, you can relax your fears about the fix. But a woman? That's another matter. Even assuming that most of the women on juries are 99 and 44-100 per cent pure—a charitable assumption if I ever made one—it's hard to have confidence in a woman's maintaining that purity if she's tempted with a bribe. It has been said that no genuine woman gives a tinker's dam for the law if it happens to stand in the way of her private interest—and where a man might figure he stood to lose more position and respect than he could gain in money by being party to a fix, a woman is unpredictable. Too, if she lent herself to such a plot, she could not be detected so easily as a man. Even her long vote against overwhelming evidence wouldn't arouse any particular suspicion—coming from a woman!

The ombré patterned wool muffler creates a striking design in color gradation.

Not long ago a woman juror in a Federal case caused a lot of publicity for her sex as jurors. She had heard a case involving the construction of a will, and had agreed upon a sealed verdict. On the next morning, when the jury reconvened, the clerk went through what he believed to be a routine poll of the jury. But when he came to this woman with his question of "was this and this your verdict in the case?" she replied, "No, I've changed my mind." The result was a mistrial, and the whole thing had to be gone through again, from start to finish.

Even if a man regretted his agreement to the verdict after sleeping on it, he certainly would not admit to a change of heart in open court. Maybe that's honor—a sense of being bound by one's word—or maybe it's just not having enough courage to speak out the way the woman did.

Back when the woman's place was in the home, we found out that the morals of twelve men were higher than those of any one of the twelve. A man will, as one of a group, readily condemn another for doing exactly as he has done or would have done under the same circumstances. Whether or not the women will do the same as a class we can't be sure, but my guess is that a woman is more apt to use her own standards as to herself in this regard in passing judgment on the other fellow. On the other hand, it's said that women are intolerant of moral digressions in other people . . . particularly digressions by their own "fallen sisters." Maybe they know their own sex better than we do—not that it would take much!—but they seldom fall for the sob stuff, and in more cases than not assume the worst about a woman defendant.

There was a case recently—with women on the jury—where they convicted a man charged with attempted rape. The girl and the defendant agreed on many circumstances about how he met her at a dance, took her to his hotel room for some drinks. He contradicted her, however, when he told the jury he hadn't touched the girl. After the guilty verdict came in, a newspaper man who had talked to the women on the jury told me they said they'd have acquitted the man if he had admitted the whole thing and had said he thought he had the girl's consent. But when he said he hadn't touched her they gave him the axe.

I remember my first experience with women jurors—when I went up to St. Paul to defend Roger Touhy and his pals on a charge of having kidnapped William Hamm, Jr., the brewer. I confess I was afraid they would not clearly see and weigh the evidence because of a natural feminine prejudice against kidnapping and because of the harrowing experiences of the victim. I was forced to accept them in preference to some of the men tendered as jurors, however, and as it turned out I have no reason to regret my choice. The women detected the fact that many of the witnesses for the Government were either mistaken or were deliberately lying. And to convince them that the end justified the means and that the defendants were bad men who should

Continued on page 110

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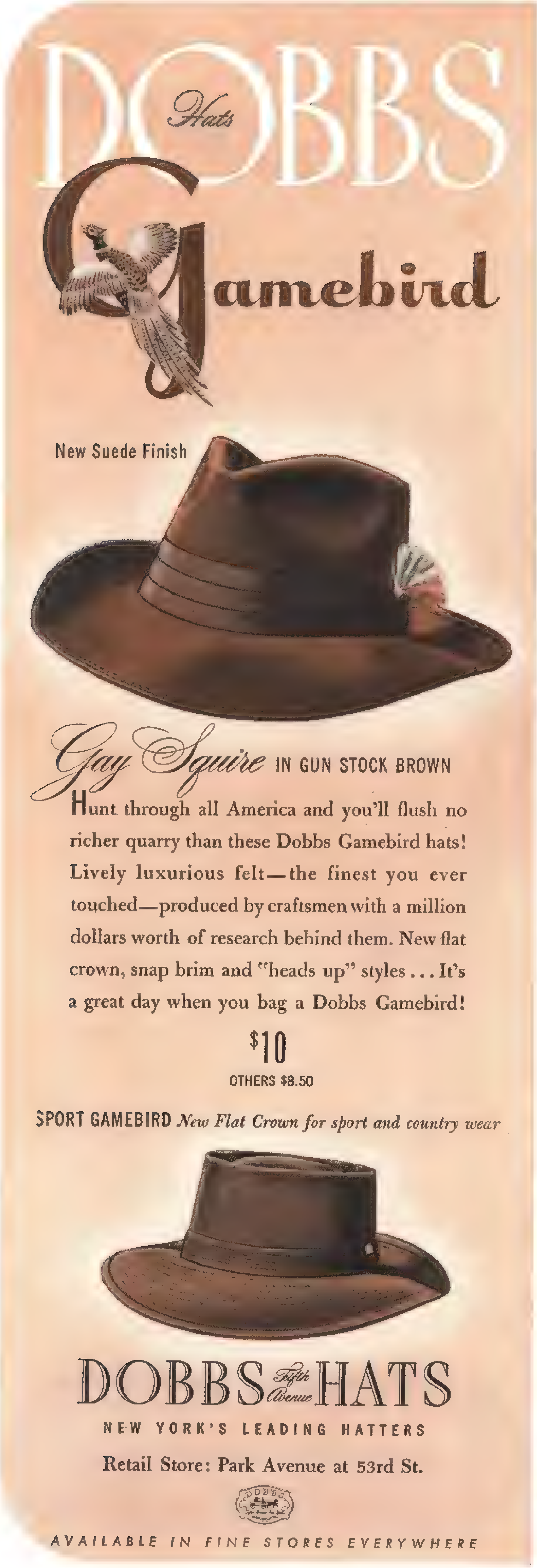

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Are Women Jurors?

Continued from pages 36-109

be convicted on general principles, fell through. The jury acquitted the Touhys. Shortly afterward, authorities arrested and successfully prosecuted the real culprits.

Incidentally, women are generally better at judging the credibility of witnesses—and once they decide a witness is lying they discount everything he has to say. In many cases, too, they lose respect for the side which would try to put some shady liar's testimony over on them—it doesn't pay to fib to females!

In civil suits women tend to return verdicts low in damages. When the ladies hesitate to pass out the other guy's money as freely as men seem to, it may be because they think of money in terms of how they themselves are cramped in that department.

By the standards of the long-bearded law, women are still rank beginners, though now accepted on juries in twenty-four states and the District of Columbia, including federal courts. It's too soon to say whether or not their swooping down on the juror's box will have any long term effect on the administration of the jury system, other than to increase its cost by making women bailiffs and separate quarters necessary. I'm afraid that actually, instead of cleaning up the mess that men have made, women are gradually falling into the same rut.

The fact that their so-called leaders, of the suffragette category, are conducting schools for women jurors is one indication that improvements on present methods of administering justice are not to be tolerated by women juries any more than they have been by men. Advocates of the schools explain that women are completely uninformed about court procedure and the law, but if that's their reasoning they are defeating the spirit of the law. Our forefathers weren't so dumb. They figured that if a jury were called from the people to decide, then were returned to mix again with the people, justice would be done. They had reason not to trust judges, prosecutors, in fact, all lawyers, fully, no matter how well-intentioned those lawyers might be. If jury service required any knowledge of law or procedure, it would be easy to dig up twelve judges or twelve lawyers who weren't so busy. Women should realize that mere forms of courtroom procedure are unimportant. There's no reason for a woman to get excited at receiving a summons for jury service, once she realizes that a juror is not expected to take any active part. All you need to know is where to go, and where to sit, and the bailiff will show you that in two easy lessons. Pretty soon the neophytes may realize that those who sponsor schools-for-women-jurors are afraid that women might get out of hand and amount to something in the jury box.

One outstanding opportunity they have is with the grand jury. Any grand jury has the power to throw all the officials out of the room and go to work, if the community needs cleaning up. As the law is run these days, though, grand juries are nothing but stamps for the prosecutors, and often for the politicians in power. Women need have no fear, having no axes to grind. But, just as the men have failed, so the women appear to be pulling up short. Their alibi that they're new at the game won't be good much longer.

Right now there seem to be more women than men serving on juries, probably because, with the women to take over, more men are able to get themselves excused to avoid interrupting their bringing-home-the-bacon processes. Women make no excuses, seem glad to take the front seats for a per diem, no doubt expecting a good show of fireworks and movie glamor. Actually, however, most jury service is pretty boring. Thousands of cases are being tried by juries every day, but in most cases the result is a foregone conclusion and there is only one proper verdict—a verdict obvious to everyone concerned, including the losing party. Our jury system in actual operation is something like the fire department—standing by ready to protect when needed, but seeming superfluous most of the time. The borderline cases, where a real jury problem exists, are in the minority. That's one reason why the excitement-seekers are doomed to disappointment. There is nothing romantic or even interesting about the finding of a proper verdict in most cases. The jurors are often sorry they came.

My hunch is that when the women find this out—when the novelty of their excuse for entering public life wears off—they'll do as all clever women have done throughout history: throw the dirty work back into the men's laps.

I've got to get along in this man's town, so even if I could back up any statement like "Women, as jurors, make fine quilting champions" . . . or . . . "Women make better jurors than men" . . . I doubt if I'd do it. As a matter of fact, women being what they are, it's impossible to draw any clear-cut conclusions about them as jurors. This is not a case of "those who know won't tell." Reporters have tried to answer the "how're-they-doin'" question after quizzing judges, jury commissioners, court attachés and lawyers, but the opinions so gathered have nothing but entertainment value, because the truth is that *nobody knows from nothin'!*

Abe Lincoln once said that there were three uncertainties in life—a woman, a jury and a mule. Here we deal with two of them, the woman as a juror. So your guess is as good as mine, mister, and neither guess is going to bother Madame Juror one bit! ⧺

Celestial Touchdowns

Continued from page 34

speed of the World War is exceedingly difficult, requiring super flyers—a race almost apart from ordinary men.

As this is written I have now been a member of Uncle Sam's Army Air Force for three and one half months and am half way on to my "Wings." I am just graduating from Oxnard, California, at the Primary Training Base at Mira Loma Flight Academy. I am crazy about flying, and only hope that I can make the grade after I get to Basic. Then if everything goes as I hope it will, perhaps I can get into this thing and get me a Jap before it is all over.

Instinctively I think of flying in terms of a game; for most of my leisure time in my twenty-two years has been spent in some type of athletics. I have played for some of the finest coaches in the world in games, but I have never been put under so much pressure to get into top physical shape and stay there as I have in the Air Force. When the big time comes I am positive that you will find our boys ready to take the toughest blows the Axis can give, and then hand them right back some tougher ones. We Americans have the come-back thing better than any of the others. We are at our best fighting up-hill, and the last battle is the only one that really counts in a war.

Aviation appeals to the type of boys who are attracted to football, and a countless number of former grid stars are now making good in the Army and Navy Air Forces. Two outstanding things that a football player has to have are also prerequisites of flying—courage, co-ordination. I couldn't say whether or not football *develops* courage in a boy (that is a moot question); but I do know that men who play football well have to have plenty of courage. The boys who lack courage are weeded out in early scrimmages.

Football Note

No, Dolly, a sleeper play doesn't take place on a Pullman.

To become a top-rank pilot a boy also must have, above all things, good co-ordination, and athletics develop co-ordination—particularly if a boy has tried his hand at the games while quite young and plastic. I wouldn't say that a boy has to be a great athlete to be a good flyer, but as a rule good athletes have finer co-ordination than boys who have never participated in athletics. Some fellows have a natural knack of doing things well with their hands and feet in union, or the ability to correct these movements at will; but about nine out of ten get all balled up in the simplest co-ordination exercises.

Competition brings out the last extra ounce of ability in a man, and Americans always have had the desire to be the best at anything. This factor also helps football men to do well in aviation. Furthermore, success in athletics gives a person poise and confidence that he can take on and handle satisfactorily most any assignment, no matter how superhuman and tough. There is plenty of pressure on you in a big football game, with the thousands looking on; but there is more pressure on you up there in the air, with probably no witnesses. Up there if you ball up a play, or miss a pass—down you go.

For good flying, you have to be *right*—both mentally and physically. And since physical condition contributes to your mental attitude, one way or the other, it is of utmost importance that the air men be in absolute top physical condition all the time. It is a different type of training than you have in football, which has its climaxes and letdowns. An aviator has to be *right* all the time, day after day—more like a big league pitcher for the long season.

During the first eight weeks at Oxnard we were under very strict guidance pertaining to physical condition. Every Cadet follows the same procedure, flying half the day, and studying the other half in school, with an hour of every day devoted to athletics. From the first day you arrive at the induction center, you are given a definite athletic schedule, which is maintained until you get your wings. The first day at Santa Ana we were put immediately through the Athletic Test for the Air Force. This includes various exercises and races: 75-yard dash, 150-yard dash; "push-ups" and chinning exercises, leg-lifts, and "Burpees." This exercise starts with a standing position. At the count of one, you bend over and touch the ground with the palms of your hands by bending down like a catcher in baseball. As your knees spread apart, your arms go between them to the ground. At the count of 2, you throw your legs and body back until you are in the position of a man at the top of a "push-up." At the count of three you pull your legs back to the original position with knees bent and hands still on the ground. Then at the count of four you straighten up again. The idea is to see how many times you can do this in a 20-second period.

After these exercises, comes a

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Celestial Touchdowns

Continued from pages 34-111

standing broad-jump test, which is intended to build up your reflexes for rudder control in an airplane. All of the exercises have some definite role in making you a better pilot. That is the whole key to the training program. The program is figured from every angle to give the flyer *complete* preparation. As soon as the individual tests are given, they are noted down on the Cadet's record. This record will be tested at every post he goes to after leaving the reception center, and he is expected to improve on each succeeding performance. And I may say that he does, because he is put through a stiff conditioning routine for that purpose.

His time in the dashes improves because he has to run a quarter of a mile every day. He has more "push-ups" and "chins" as he goes from school to school. The athletic hour at Mira Loma is cut up into three periods. The first 15 minutes are spent in calisthenics of the type that the tests are made on. Next there are flights around the track in double-time trot to condition the legs and wind; and then the remaining time is given over to competitive games such as touch football, soft ball, outdoor basketball, and volleyball. The squads are arranged from the flights and select their own baseball, basketball and volleyball teams to play against each other.

On Saturday afternoons when the athletic periods are two hours long, the flights have inter-flight competitions, which I may say, are red hot. If there is any criticism that I could find with the physical training setup at the Air Force camps it would be that athletics have not been allotted enough time. One hour a day is not sufficient to accomplish the amount of work that has to be finished. At the present time, however, this is all that can be given over to athletics. But this condition probably will be remedied in the future, as the Army is now training more men who have those special qualifications in Physical Education to become officers in the Air Force.

The nervous strain of combat flying is so great that careful work has to be done to keep the men just right to pitch their best possible game. This is a rather new art and science that still has a long way to go. Too much physical work can wear a man down emotionally, while not enough may let his fine nervous edge sag.

I don't know if you have ever experienced the thrill of flying acrobatics, but I can assure you that military flying is far tougher than just pleasure flying. In combat flying a pilot is required to use every ounce of strength he has——and quickly, and almost continuously, when he has to lose an enemy on his tail. The maneuvers that are called for in military flying are of a type that should be smooth and yet be to a point. When a young pilot is just beginning training, it often happens that he cannot move his arm for a couple of days because of the pressure he has had to exert on the stick in some quick maneuver. This is just one example of the type of thing that has to be overcome in a scientific training program, because a boy who developes a stiff arm or back must drop behind his class, thus slowing up progress.

This war is going to be settled by air power, and that is all to our advantage. We have assembly-line production that our enemies cannot touch, and we will have the pilots, as an outgrowth of the superior skills, courage and muscular co-ordination developed in all of us in our early boyhood as a result of our devotion to the American type of competitive games. It happens that these superior skills will count to our advantage in the air more than they possibly could in any other phase of the war.

Of course all this is another world from all that I once knew back in the midlands of America, in high school in Gary, and at Michigan. But I go into it with the same feeling that we used to have going into a big football game. We knew that it was not going to be easy going; we knew that it was going to be tough—a struggle and a fight for every inch of that sod. But none of us ever had any feeling but that we were going to win. We had confidence in ourselves, and in one another.

There is a lot I wish I could tell you about these fellows here with me now. But all I can say is: Don't let the war get you down. These boys in the Air Force are tougher than Minnesota, and as soon as they get a chance they'll take care of Mr. Jap.

I know that some day we will look back to these days, as I now can look back to those great days at Michigan. These days, too, will once seem old and far away. We are just another *team*, drifting in here from here and there and everywhere to form this little unit, to do this big job that has to be done before we can go on to better days. And so, together, confident in our skill and ability:

"To steep ways we climb to the stars." ⁜

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Teach a Child the Way

Continued from page 87

vigorously eating an apple.

"Cobs," I said quickly.

He was clearly peeved but he had to give me the cobs of course —with precious little apple left on it. I stowed the whole thing in my mouth and chewed it up, seeds, stem and all, then, sitting down beside him, looked casually at the sky and sucked my teeth.

There was a long silence.

"Another hot one today," I said.

He didn't say anything.

Art came out.

"Listen," he said as he came up, "what's this guy hanging around here for, we're busy."

"The more the merrier," I said.

Pete came out, and they discussed me, looking in the end to Red.

"There's three of us—the Terrible Trio," Red explained.

I told him that I saw his point, and asked him what was the matter with the Frightful Four. Red looked at me, then at the other two. He admired anything like that, because his own mind could go just so far.

"It's okay with me, if he wants to come along for a while," Red said finally, making it clear that I was on trial. It was okay with the other two and I took my next step in the direction of disaster.

We went up to the loft in Murphy's barn. They lit a candle standing on an old beer case which served as a table, and we took seats on orange crates. There was a pack of greasy cards, as in almost all of Zane Grey's books. "Get out the swag," Red said "and show him."

They pulled a gunny sack out of the corner and dumped out the contents. The biggest conglomeration of dime store gadgets and gimcracks I ever saw in one pile. The loot of a whole year of swiping at Neal's, in town, and the two stores in Nixon and Bright. They made me take an oath of secrecy, sign a paper, and then said I was a member in full. "And remember, everything you swipe you got to bring in," Red said. "That's the way it is."

I was expected to bring in my first stuff the next day, no later.

A fellow whom in jail I'd gladly throw
Is he who says: "I knew that years ago."

I lay awake half the night. It was to be my test, I knew. I was nervous and on edge, taken by regular sinkings in the pit of my stomach. Everything in me shied at the thought of stealing; that was a line over which I did not expect I'd ever go. But otherwise, I'd be a sissy."What's the matter, you haven't touched your cereal," my aunt said the next morning. I went out, after not touching eggs and toast and milk as well.

I walked over to the Elm Street lot and sat on Mercer's moving van. After a while I went over to Neal's five and dime and looked in the window. I looked down the street to see if any of the fellows were around. Then I went in and walked once around the store, straight down the aisles, my insides churning, marched out and went home for lunch. I picked at my food again, my aunt standing there feeling bad because I didn't seem to eat anything she fixed, and what kind of a rail would I be when my folks came home.

I got my cap, walked to the Catholic church and back, threw a hundred stones at the van, counting them, then suddenly turned and went briskly to Neal's, walking right through the open door without stopping. I went clear to the back of the store, where there were few customers. I looked at the clock. Two-thirty. I was to get to the barn by three. I thought of the rest of them up there waiting for me, the candle burning, the huge shadows wobbling on the wall, Red smoking a butts with his feet up, fiddling with the cards. . . . I had to do it now. My solar plexus was a tumult of fear, determination, conscience and necessity. I was sweating. I looked for the floorwalker, who was also the manager. Was he looking at me? Yes, he was. I froze. He turned away. Thunderpuss came in to buy some fuller balls for somebody and I kept back till he left. Then a surge of courage carried my eye once more to the object I had picked out—picked out already yesterday afternoon in a preparatory visit. It was an eversharp, the one on the extreme left of a row on display at the very edge of the counter. Two dogs started fighting in front of the door and the manager went up and watched. Now was the time, now was the time. I edged over to the counter. I was touching it. A salesgirl came back. I walked to the front, out the door, went straight home and got a scissors, a paring knife, two spools of thread and four apples and took them to the barn and dumped them on the table.

"Not bad." Red said.

"I came back by Dickinson's grocery and thought I'd pick us up something to eat," I said, biting into one of the apples.

Now I was in solid with them. Every several days I brought something from home. This worked out ideally because my aunt would never miss any of it. The others kept stealing from the dime store and soon we had a

Continued on page 114

Jockey joins the Bathroom Laundry
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No longer is the bathroom wash line sacred to the flimsies of women. For Dad learned about undies from her and now proudly flaunts his Jockey underwear between Mother's stockings and Sister's scanties.

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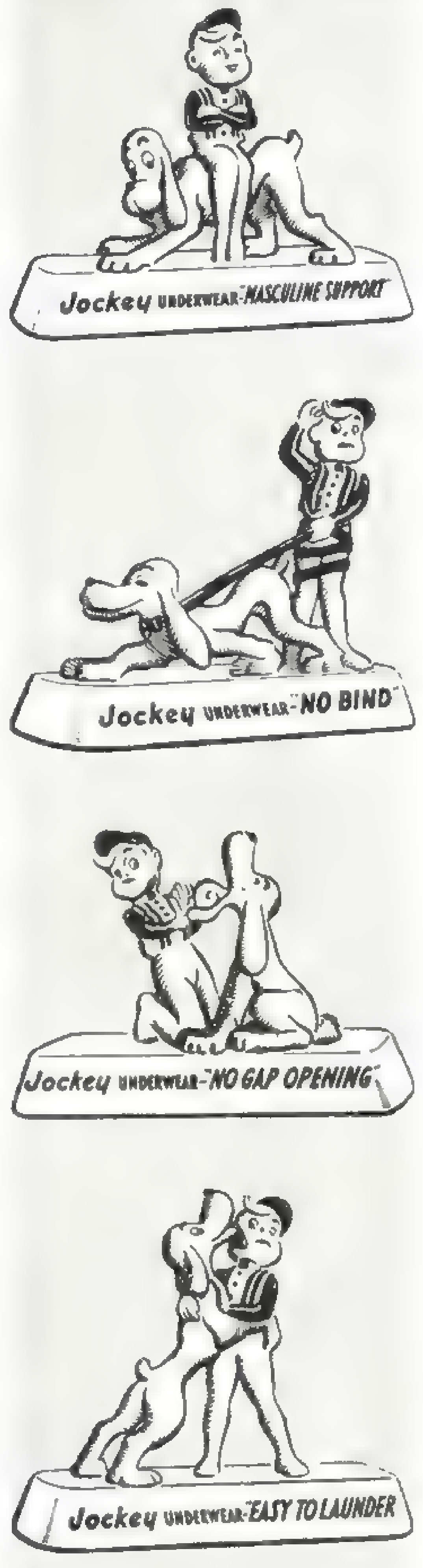
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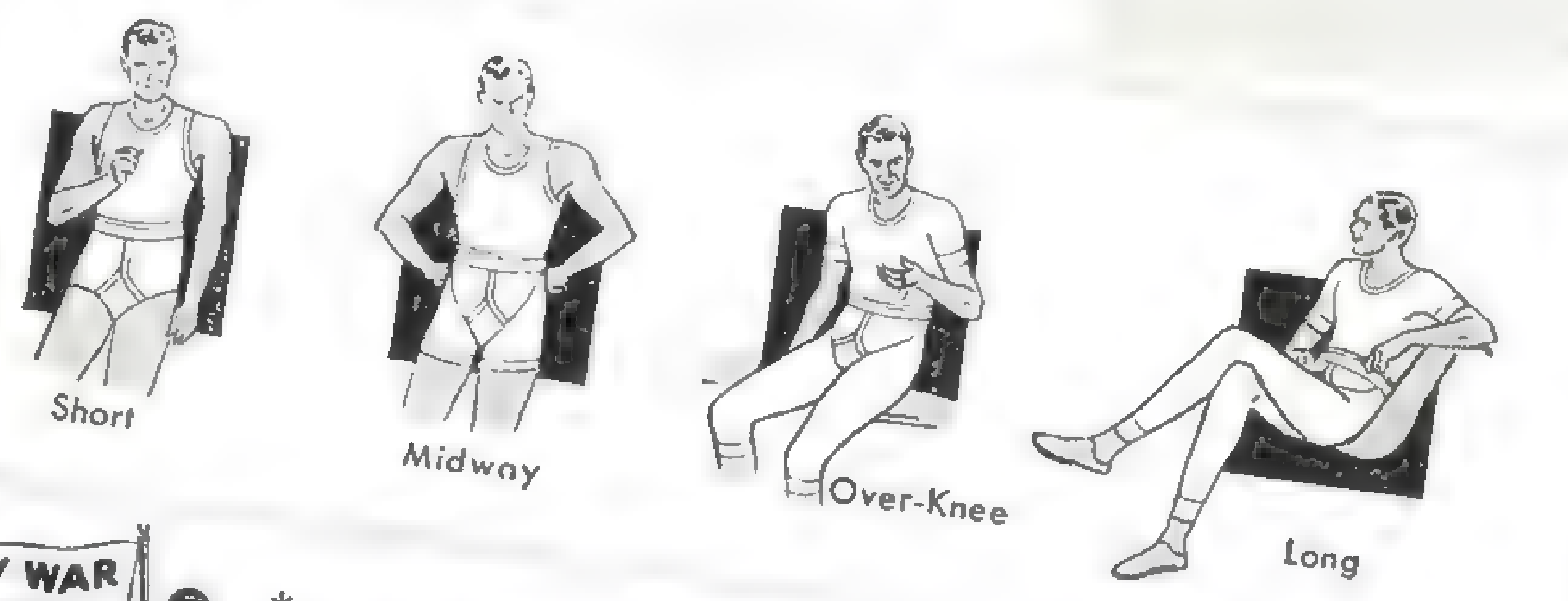

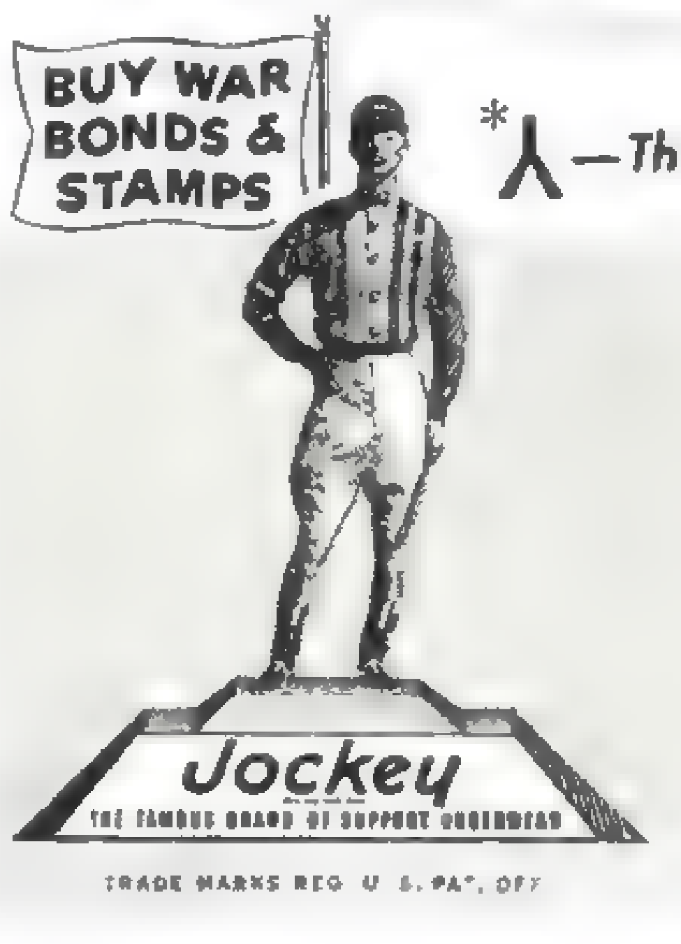
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Wichita Falls	Perkins-Timberlake
Wilmington	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilson, N. C.	Bruce Lamm
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Teach a Child the Way

Continued from pages 87-113

second bagful larger than before.

"What'll we do with all this?" Art asked. "How can we get rid of it?"

"I suppose a fence," Red said and explained what that was. But of course you couldn't look for a fence in Valley Grove. Chicago was probably the nearest place. "I don't know," Red murmured thoughtfully and lit a cigarette. Cigarettes made me sick and after one try in the loft I quit. But the others smoked right along.

At dinner that evening I could tell there was something wrong with my Aunt Milly. She ate very little and kept glancing up at me. Finally she put her fork down.

"You have been smoking," she said.

"I haven't either," I said.

"I can smell it," she said.

"I have not," I said.

This went on for some time with neither of us giving in. She got progressively unstrung, with the familiar tears all ready for delivery, and explained it was now not the smoking which was serious, it was the lying. The smoking, laid to natural boyish mischief, could be overlooked. "Confess you were lying," she said.

"No," I said.

She put one hand on each side of her plate, leaned forward and looked at me hard. Minutes passed and this look burned into me like an acetylene torch. Finally she pointed stiffly behind her at the closet and said, "Go in there."

I said I didn't know that I was going to do that. After all it was my closet, and I didn't have to go in there if I didn't want to. She said that had nothing to do with it, she was my mother for the summer. "Remember that was the last thing your folks drove home."

"I know it, but I never smoked any cigarettes," I said.

"I can smell it," she said. "Your clothes shout the fact."

There was only one way out of it; I had had plenty of this with my aunt before.

"All right. I smoked," I said, "and I'm sorry."

"Peter," she said taking me in her arms, "I knew you couldn't lie. I forgive you," she said.

"Thank you," I said.

My Aunt Milly was what is roughly known as understanding. She was esteemed as an understanding person throughout the community, except perhaps for some of the people who had borne the brunt of her understanding, myself for instance, for the many cases in which she had stuck her blue and family nose. Recently a town wench had gotten into trouble. She had married, after the customary medieval torture of confession before the congregation. My aunt went from one end of the town to the other forgiving this girl, saying how people ought to be slow to condemn in such cases, who were we humans to judge, was not each body a caldron of lusts? She never let it drop. Weeks after everybody else had forgotten the affair she was still going around forgiving her, till the poor girl liked to left town. She disapproved smoking even in grownups, so you can tell what an amount of forgiving I got. She also disapproved gambling, drinking, with a special standing forgiveness for my old man, Sunday frivolity including auto rides and catch, card playing, movies and dancing, and kissing before marriage except once to call it a deal.

The next day those guys smoked again in the loft while we had this conference about what to do with the swag, and when we sat down again to dinner she looked at me funny again. It was the damp weather, which makes your clothes hang on to smells.

"Again," she said. "Smoking again."

"No. The other fellows smoked. I admit I was playing with boys who smoke. But I never smoked!"

This was worse—compounding evil as man his first guilt in the garden; the mortal's mean he-did-it. And she looked at me and shook her head. After dinner I saw her standing in the kitchen crying, bending over so as not to get her dress wet. "How could you lie like that?" she said.

"I'm awfully sorry, Aunt Milly," I said, "but this is the best I can do—*I didn't smoke.*"

I was running my eye around the house for more swag, as I was due for some, and I spotted a pair of old malacca knitting needles protruding from under the sewing basket, and I edged over and slipped them under my sleeve.

"Well, I'm going out for a while," I said, "I'll be back by nine."

She stepped over and stood stiffly in front of the door.

"Now what?" I said. "Listen, I can go out and play if I want. You're not my mother, you're only my aunt, and you can't stop me."

"Oh I can't, eh?" she said. "Remember what your mother said. Would you like me to have to give a bad report of your behavior when your folks get back? Peter, did you smoke today?"

"No," I said.

"Learn five verses out of Proverbs."

She sat me in a corner with a Bible. I learned five verses and recited them. "Fine," she said, "you're a bright boy—and really good at bottom. Did you smoke today?"

"No."

"Learn five more."

"All right," I gave in. "I smoked today."

"Peter," she said, taking me in her arms and forgiving me.

"Can I go out now?" I asked.

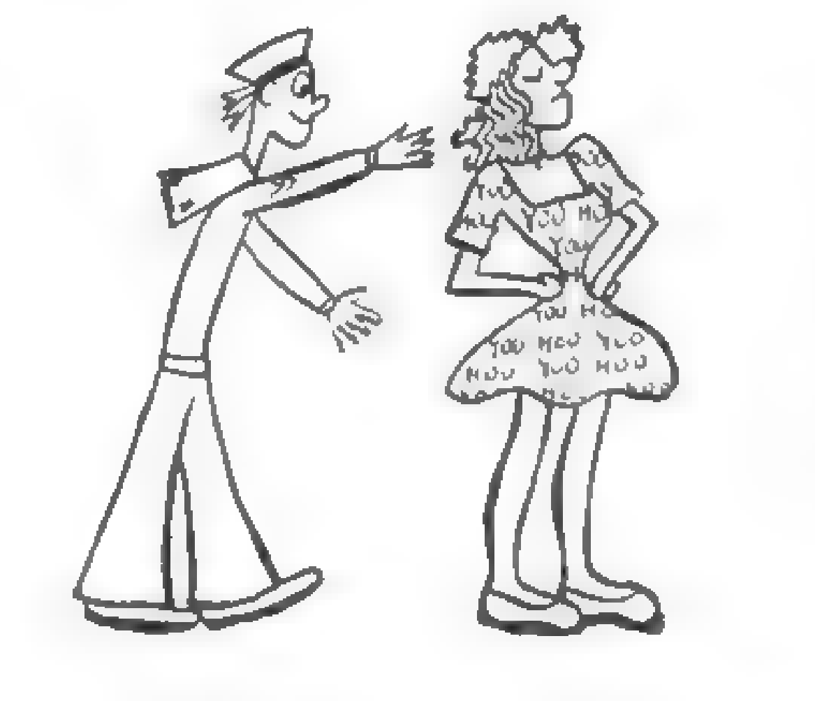
"Are you sorry?"

"Very," I said.

"Peter," she said, and brushed my hair and looked at me, and squeezed me like the last lime in the house. "You're one of the few things . . ." she began. And I think I felt something for my Aunt Milly; understood something . . . I thought of her life. What was the matter when she was a little girl, when the branch was tender, was no one there then? I saw her, wistful and unentertained, with the cup of winter chocolate, the late, cold hysteria of spinster memory, gazing into bottomless pools of time. What made her like this, pathetic, subscription canceler, kisser of others' children, what was the matter, what did it, had there been none to help her get melted?

Two weeks passed and then a crisis shook us. Art got caught.

The manager nailed him in the dime store and, in keeping with a general warm-hearted prudence took him home and told his father instead of turning him over to a cop. When we heard about it I shook to my shoes and I believe both the others did, but Red at least managed an outward calm, and made it a point to get over to Artie's house and hammer in the idea that he must not tell on the rest of us, nor give the Frightful Four away.



Dim-outs in Eastern coastal regions have made life much more dangerous. A sailor on leave who waves to a girl a few feet away is taking a chance on picking up someone with a face that would sink a battleship.

"Because if he rats on us, there'll be something doing," Red said, swiveling his fist lightly in the other palm and looking significantly off into space.

"We better get rid of the stuff. We can't have that hot stuff around," Pete Trask said. And later he said to me alone, "Enough of this for me. I'm going straight."

"Me too," I said. We told Red we were going straight.

"Getting soft, eh?" Red said, breathing on a magnifying glass which he was polishing.

"No, I just don't want to get caught," Pete said. "I'm through."

"You better be through," said Art, back again, after two weeks of confinement and a terrific beating from which he was still smarting. "Now I don't want any trace of any of this around," he said emphatically, looking at Red, "so what we going to do with the stuff? And no monkeying with fences or any of that."

Red shrugged his shoulders. If that's the way we wanted it, okay, we could go ahead and back down, was what he intimated; but I think we all knew better. He was just as scared as the rest of us, but knowing it was all up anyhow he pretended dissension.

But the stuff stayed up in the barn for weeks. Nobody knew what to do with it. Nobody dared to take it down. Then one day Art came with a suggestion.

Our church was to give its annual early autumn bazaar, for which committees requesting donations were already canvassing the congregation and the merchants. We could get rid of the swag there, simultaneously clearing our consciences for this was a religious cause.

"How?" Red asked, inspecting a whittled stick.

"Tomorrow night the women are going to be in the church basement fixing up. Because my mother is going to be there. We'll drop it at the back door, next to the gangway there. Nobody'll see us."

And that, by God, is how we got caught.

We set the sacks at the door with a note reading "From Friends" and ran. The evening of the bazaar we were all on hand, moving around the booths looking for swag. Red and Pete were not members of our church, but they were on hand, looking tough and as though this was pretty feeble stuff. My folks were back from the old country and they were there, having the time of their lives shaking hands and being greeted. Thunderpuss, who had worked on the arrangements committee, had on a new suit, blue serge again, and moved about as though this were a new store he had just bought. The swag was distributed all over the booths and looked queer there.

As I was leaning against the wall near the refreshment counter eating an ice cream cone I saw my Aunt Milly bend over a counter, pick up something and inspect it closely. It was the malacca knitting needles. I saw her turn and glance at my folks, who were chatting on the other side of the room, tap her fingers thoughtfully with the needles. "How much are these?" she said to the salesgirl, and bought them.

Not feeling very well, I saw her, presently, cross the room to my mother and say something to her, handing her the knitting needles. My mother shook her head. They were Aunt Milly's needles.

It was not long after that that I saw my mother pick up the old carved shoe horn I had found in a basketful of stuff in the sewing room and behave similarly. I watched her from then on, and she did it with other things, wearing a more and more puzzled look as she went along.

Looking accidentally toward the door, I started. The manager of the five and dime was coming in. He strolled from counter to counter, for an idle look at the merchandise he had donated. He had contributed heavily, but much more heavily than he thought. He began to pick up objects as my aunt and my mother had done,

Continued on page 116

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BACARDI

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

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Teach a Child the Way

Continued from pages 87-113-115

and look at them in the same way.

"Let's go," I said to the guys.

I told them what I had seen the manager do. Nobody slept very well that night. Red said he did but he didn't.

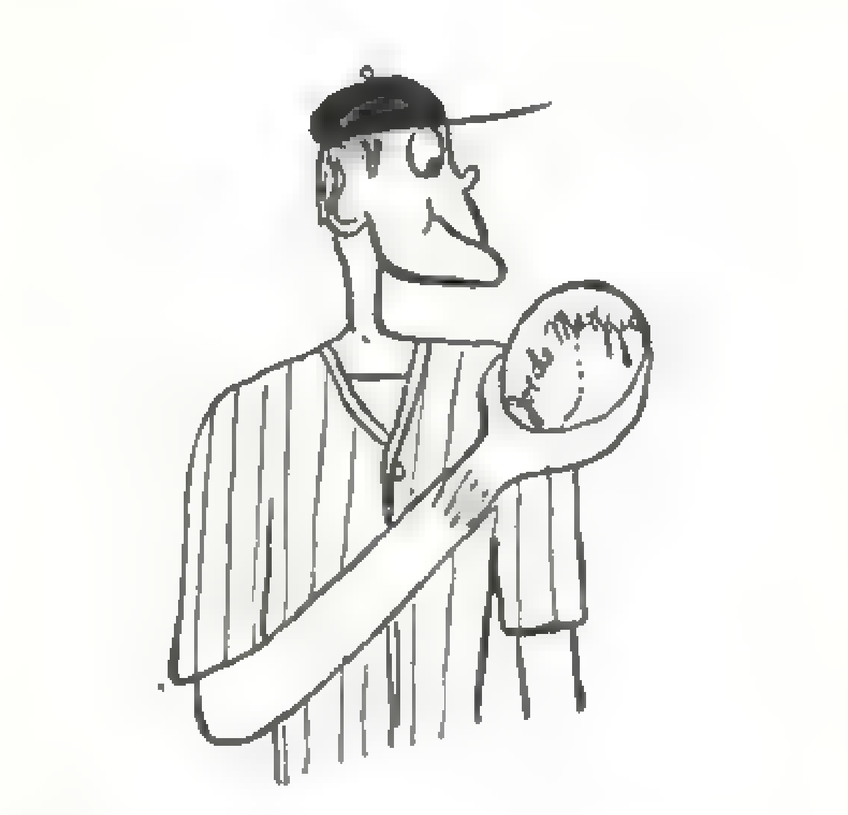
The manager, of course, inquired about the articles from his store. The ladies told him about the two sacks full of swag they had found at the back door. This naturally revived the Artie incident in his mind and he went over to Artie's and asked some questions. The upshot was Artie broke down and spilled everything. He wasn't going to take two sacks full of stuff on himself.

A parallel investigation was inaugurated at my house, Aunt Milly coming over the evening after the bazaar. Meanwhile my mother had found other things missing. There was only one answer—me. As I was explaining there was a knock on the door and the manager appeared with Artie's, Pete's and Red's parents.

The stink was colossal. In the two days that followed I hammered steadily back with my defense of not having stolen anything from the five and dime. Aunt Milly raised her head and looked at me with immensely tender eyes. She shook her head. "Peter, Peter," she said.

"I never stole anything!" I said furiously.

She went over to the five and dime and asked the manager if he had seen me around during the summer. He said yes he had, often. Had I ever bought anything? The salesgirls were consulted. No, they couldn't remember that I bought anything. "You see, Peter," my aunt stated, "our sins find us out. Did you steal articles there?"



War or no war, baseball had a good year and did a lot towards uniting American opinion—solidly against the umpire.

"No," I said.

My old man sighed and walked around the room twice in a circle. "Let's forget about it," he said. He leaned against the door jamb with his arms folded and looked at me with a dark, tired disgust. He had hardly spoken to me since I explained everything.

My aunt looked at him stiffly. "At a crucial time like this you want to relax discipline, that is, abdicate as a father. Go to that Horse's Head and drink that beer. Abdicate." Well, she said, if *he* didn't know any better, this had happened when I was under *her* guardianship and she was going to see it through. She scolded, prayed and pleaded, my mother and she weeping at systematic intervals. She made the most of this emotional orgy, and if I held out firmly, it wore the old man down and the third night he set out for the Horse's Head without changing from Congress slippers.

"Well, Peter," my aunt said.

"Didn't."

She looked at my mother. "His will is stubborn," she said.

My mother nodded. "No spending money and no desserts till you tell the truth," she said. "And no out of the house to play." My aunt pointed to the closet.

"I won't," I said. "And this isn't any of your business anyhow."

"This went on when I was acting mother." She looked to my mother, who nodded briefly. Then she handed me the Bible. "Learn ten verses out of Proverbs."

"No," I said.

"At least go in the closet," they both said.

"No," I said and they pushed me in like a perambulator, and shut the door.

I sat down on the floor. I heard my aunt sit down beside my mother and begin to whisper. I strained my ears but I couldn't make out a damn thing. Squatting on a mess of shoes and hangers I thought of Red Dakin and them, of the whole affair, and what a lot of foolishness this was. Everything I reflected went straight in my life till adults came in. At that point everything always got screwed up. I thought too about the last ball game of the season going on at the Pasture. Ten minutes passed. Twenty.

I sighed and decided there was no other way out.

I opened the door and came out. "All right," I said. "I stole it."

"Peter."

They came toward me at the same time, but my aunt beat. She threw her arms around me and brushed my hair and looked at me. For fifteen minutes she forgave me. I tried to break away, but she had to have more of this. I was a fine boy at bottom and she knew this would teach me a lesson.

"You have learned much from all this?" she said.

"I certainly have," I said.

"You will never steal again?"

"No," I said.

"Or tell a lie."

"No."

She smiled down at me, took a deep breath and smoothed back her hair. There was something almost beatific about her as she touched the top of my head and said: "You may go."

I grabbed my cap and went.

I guess I told more damn lies those two months than the rest of my life.

After that my old man would talk to me too. #

The Land of Millions of Fortresses

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

OUR NATION HAS ENEMIES. The military master minds of these Enemies know a great deal about American economic resources. They know that ours is a country of amazing industrial genius abundantly capable of delivering on the President's promise to make the U. S. A. the *arsenal of democracy*.

Planes, tanks, guns, ships—and how many other things do you need to win the war? All will be forthcoming—and in a raging torrent such as no one has ever witnessed before.

Yes, the Enemies in their scheming and murderous mentalities know. And in their envy-rotted hearts they know, too.

But there is another truth—a truth that challenges and defies all their plots and strategies—which the Enemies have not yet realized. Whatever they may know of the U. S. A. as the *arsenal* of democracy, they know nothing—nothing—of the *fortresses* of democracy.

* * *

These fortresses are the *homes* of the nation. *Homes* that have flourished under the freedom flag, the Stars and Stripes. *Homes* that stand as testimony to the love of family, ambition, fruitful labor and moral decency which perpetuate the American ideal as the most dynamic force in the world.

Now these *millions* of fortress-homes are *arming*. Machine-guns on the front-lawn? No. Filling cellars with rifles and ammunition? No.

Yet arming, nevertheless! Our fireside-fortresses are not arming with firearms, they are arming with *resolution*. A single and unified *resolution* which declares: *"No invader shall put foot across our threshold!"*

* * *

The Enemies are much concerned with what the Big White House in Washington thinks, feels and plans to do. They have not awakened yet to their peril which lies in what countless little white houses in America think, feel and plan to do.

The Enemies are watchful of what No. 10 Downing Street in London thinks, feels and plans to do. They cannot conceive—not yet—that their fate may be written by what No. 10 Addison Street thinks, feels and plans to do.

And No. 10 Lincoln Boulevard. And No. 10 Ardmore Avenue. And No. 10 Willow Lane. And all the *millions* of fortress-homes in all the home streets of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

* * *

How these homes are arming is beyond the comprehension of the Enemies. It is a *spiritual* arming. Having cast out spirituality the Enemies cannot begin to reckon its power. With the bloat and gloat of conquest in their souls how can they measure its might?

Determination to sacrifice—that is both the weapon and the shield of the fortress-homes of our country.

They are giving their sons to battle. They are giving their earnings and savings. And they are resolved to give more—and more—and MORE.

To safeguard the homes they have created, they will sacrifice without end and without protest. The fervor of their home devotion is the *fervor to fight*.

Some day the Enemies will face the awesome force of these fortress-homes of America. Then they will know. . . . But the knowing will come too late and will not comfort them.

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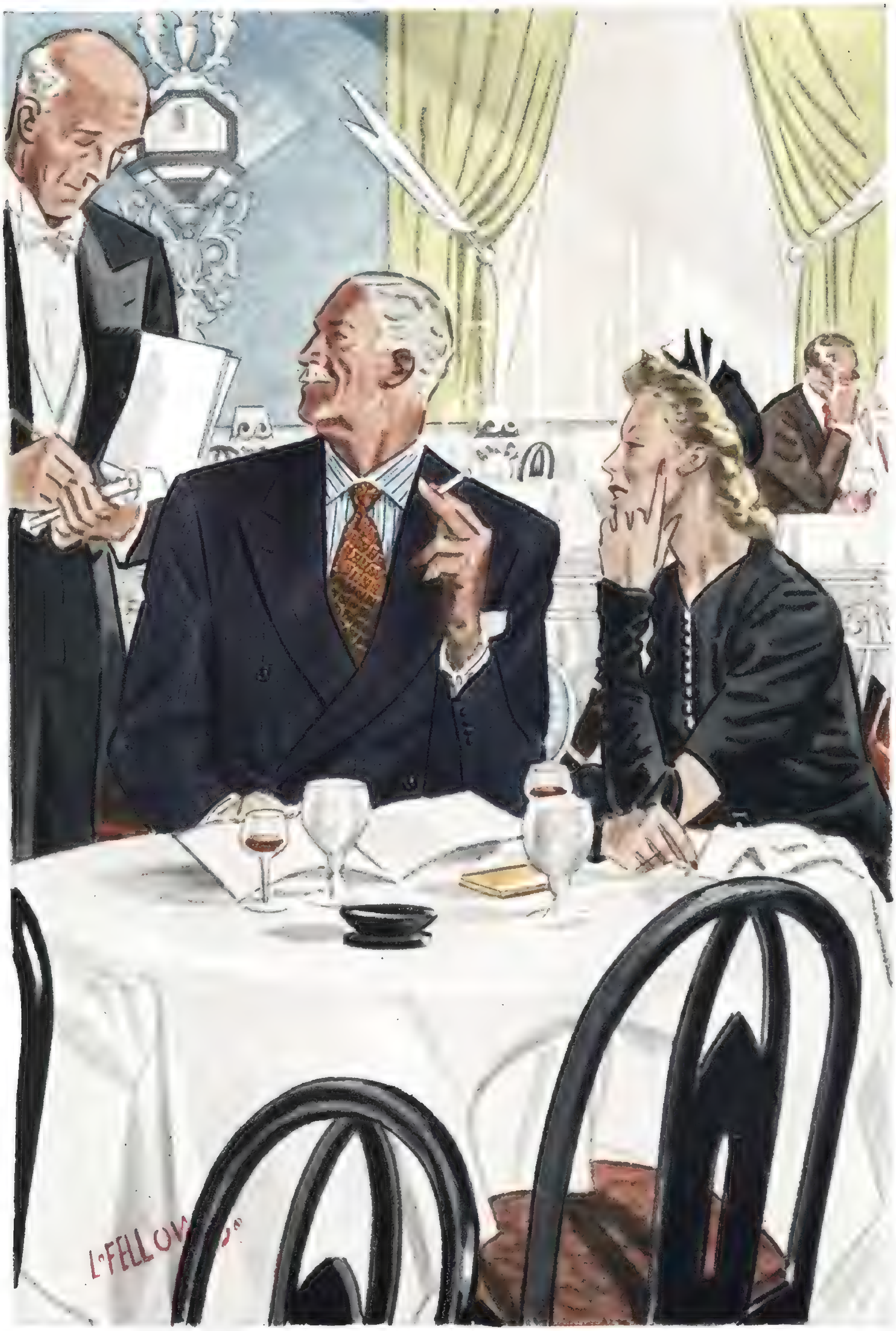

putting Emily on ice

Wearing street clothes instead of the once *de rigueur* formal attire, this man (with elbows on the table) and his partner assume an Emily Post-mortem attitude about the whole thing, as do many others in this new era of simple taste. His business suit is made of a self striped blue worsted, the fabric of which has a weave creating a design. The two tone striped broadcloth shirt has a widespread collar, and the tie is made of a heavy silk and rayon mixture. The diner-outer throws a sympathetic glance at the full dressed waiter whose starched full bosomed shirt pinches as he takes the dessert order. "Perhaps you would care for our *Sabayan à la Meringue avec Crême?* . . . and our *Paska aux Fraises* is excellent this evening . . ." But our gentleman in the business suit sticks to his simple tastes . . . "No dessert, please . . . just bring us two large coffees, Antoine . . . and skip the sugar!"

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Boxing Builds Bums

Continued from page 55

stumble-bum, or charge on society, but he'll have some of the characteristic slow-wittedness that generally goes with taking too many punches on the head.

Those fighters among the amateurs who have attained some degree of prominence in life after college, or after they quit boxing, were the Fancy Dans, the boys who didn't take many punches.

But the average American youth, once he gets on a pair of boxing gloves, is intent on knocking the brains out of his opponent. And he often does.

All of us can recall the first time we agreed to "spar" a few rounds with some schoolmate.

It wasn't thirty seconds before one of us had landed a hard punch, and it wasn't two seconds later that we were trying to commit murder with our fists.

In addition to producing a crop of slow-thinking, slow-acting young men, boxing does little to develop the physiques of those who go into it intensely.

Abnormal development of the chest and shoulders is generally routine in boxing. The legs of the average fighter are often spindly.

I have been told that the old-timers of the ring did a great amount of roadwork in the development of their legs. Which may, or may not be true.

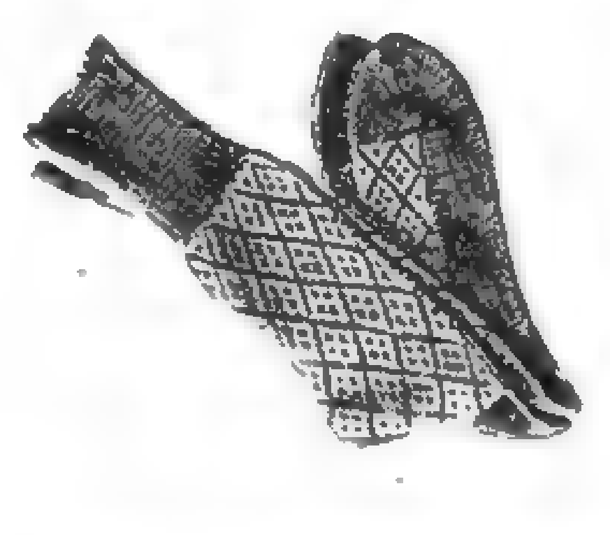
But certainly the boxer of today doesn't do that kind of training. And assuredly the Army isn't going to take their men out for a five-mile run before breakfast.

Which leaves us with the prospect of having a bunch of heavy-shouldered, big-armed and thick-necked soldiers whose legs won't stand the test of forced marches, of carrying sixty-five pound packs on their backs, and of the hundred and one hard jobs in the everyday life of an average soldier.

I contend that the Armies of the Republic should be given every bit of sports competition possible.

We have baseball, football, basketball, track, tennis, handball, and dozens of other games that develop initiative, character, physical strength and stamina.

The decline of interest in boxing in our colleges shows what the brain trusters think of boxing as a means of developing young men.



Small diamond patterned wool socks complement Cheviot or tweed clothes.

I doubt if there is a brain doctor in the country who would recommend boxing as a means of training an Army.

It just doesn't make sense that a sport that helps keep the insane asylums crowded, acts as a feeder for the gangster world, blinds, maims and disfigures thousands of boys every year, can possibly prove beneficial to our soldiers. Or anyone else.

Name the great figures of boxing, the men who have come through successfully in the war with their fists, and you can count them on the fingers of your two hands: Dempsey, Tunney, Ross, Leonard. But where do you go from there? Often to the asylum.

For every successful boxing figure, any sports editor in the country who knows his business, and his boxing, can show you a hundred broken-down men who'll never be worth a tinker's dam in any field.

The vital, and all-important, in time of war, faculties of hearing, seeing and breathing are all retarded, and in many instances, completely ruined by boxing, because of injuries to the ears, the eyes and the nose.

Fight managers are generally good-time-Charlies and fine company, but boxers, more often than not are surly and unsociable, hard to handle and rarely amenable to discipline. Certainly none of these factors would recommend a boxer to an Army officer.

Few boxers have enough mentality to handle their own business affairs. We can think of but one or two among the topnotchers of the past decade. And certainly if a man can't care for his own business, he hasn't the initiative and ingenuity needed in fighting relentless, clear-thinking foes like the Germans and the Japs.

Courage, of a kind, is developed in boxing. But the braver of the boxers wind up blind and slap-happy far before their more timid brothers.

Boxing people were quick to say that the national emergency called for a boom in their sport, which has been in steady decline since the golden days of Tunney and Dempsey.

Despite the frantic efforts of so-called Army physical instructors, usually old-time fighters who don't give a damn if your kid is returned home whole, mentally and physically, have had a tough time selling the sport to the soldiers.

In Tampa, for instance, home of three big military camps, they can't muster enough boxers among the soldiers for weekly shows.

We'd say that out of 12,000 men about 100 are interested in boxing, or something less than one per cent.

In other words, the boys of America have also seen the punch-drunk wrecks who once earned their livings in the ring, and they prefer to use their energies on the training ground, the football field, or the baseball diamond.

And I, for one, hope they'll continue to be smart enough to feel that way about it. #

When Cobb Captured Cuba

In his heyday great American League star gave 'em everything they wanted in Havana

by **BILLY EVANS**
▪ SPORTS ▪

At the close of the regular baseball season, some years ago the Detroit Tigers were invited to play a series of twelve games at Havana, Cuba. I was selected to be the umpire in the series, working with one of the Cuban umpires. Ty Cobb at that time was the biggest star in baseball. Each of us was guaranteed one thousand dollars and expenses. Cobb felt he should get twice as much. The Cuban promoter didn't feel that way, so when we arrived on the Island without Cobb, there was great disappointment on the part of the fans. The gate suffered as a result. After we had played four of the twelve games scheduled, the Cuban promoter wired Cobb to come on at his original terms.

In the first four games all the Detroit sluggers were shooting at a prize of one hundred dollars offered by a big candy concern in Havana, for the first home run. The Tigers boasted a lot of great hitters, among them Sam Crawford. The fences at the Almendares Park in Havana, where we played our games, were about five hundred feet from the home plate, making it impossible to hit a ball out of the park. The Cuban outfielders played deep and caught many a home run drive in the ordinary big league park. At least a half dozen were hit by Sam Crawford. When it was announced that Cobb was on the way, it was freely predicted by the players that he would be the player to capture the hundred-dollar prize.

The coming of the great Ty Cobb to Cuba was the biggest news since the Spanish War. The papers were filled with stories about the great Cobb. At that time, the late Victor Munoz of the *Havana El Mundo*, was the leading sports writer on the Island. The day that Cobb arrived, his paper devoted one whole page to the "Georgia Peach," as Cobb was called. Most of the facts for the story he secured from an interview with me. One of the things discussed was Cobb's speed. I cited a number of actual big league incidents to prove that Ty was the fastest thing on feet in the United States—at least as far as the big leagues were concerned. One of the questions that Munoz asked me was, "How do American League catchers stop Cobb on the bases?" To which I replied, "They do not stop him, but if I were a catcher I would always throw to the base just ahead of the one that Cobb was trying to pilfer." Of course it was said in jest, despite the fact that it really was the only certain way to keep Cobb from stealing a couple of bases in one attempt. Apparently, the Cuban catchers had carefully read the story as later events proved.

As long as I live, I will never forget the debut of Ty Cobb in Havana. The third hitter in the lineup, he made his initial appearance in the first inning with two down. All eyes were on the great Cobb. Against Cobb was a remarkable pitcher by the name of Mendez, called the "Black Matty"—a great tribute for at that time Christy Mathewson was at the peak of his game, vying with Walter Johnson for the honor of being the game's greatest pitcher. Cobb didn't wait long to start things. He hit the first ball pitched on a line over the shortstop's head, who, despite a leap high into the air, couldn't reach it. The left fielder came tearing in fast, believing he could make a shoe string catch and thereby gain the plaudits of the fans as being the first Cuban to retire the great Cobb. Too late he realized he couldn't reach the drive. It struck about six feet in front of him on the hard baked outfield and bounded high over his head. The center fielder, who had gone over on the play, made a fine effort in knocking the ball down, when it seemed it was certain to go on to the fence. Despite a fast relay to the plate, Cobb beat the throw by a great slide and the $100.00 offered for the first home run was his in his very first time at bat, even though in four previous games the leading Detroit sluggers were shooting at the prize. That unusual feat provided the brilliance for Cobb's Cuban debut.

Cobb's second appearance at the plate furnished the comedy. After taking several healthy swings and fouling off a pitch or two, Cobb, with two strikes on him, upset everybody by laying down a perfect bunt. The infield had moved back, not believing there was a chance that Cobb would bunt with two down and two strikes on him. The bunt was so perfect that the third baseman didn't even attempt a throw. A moment later we were provided with the best comedy stunt of the trip. The Cuban catcher and third baseman apparently had read Victor Munoz's story about Cobb, in which I was quoted as saying the only safe way to play Cobb, when he started to steal, was to throw the ball just one base ahead of his objective. On the third pitch, Cobb made a dash for second. He had got away to a flying lead and it was evident that the catcher had no chance to get him at second. Imagine our surprise and consternation, to see the third baseman cover his bag as Cobb started for second and to have the catcher make a perfect throw to the base ahead of the one Cobb

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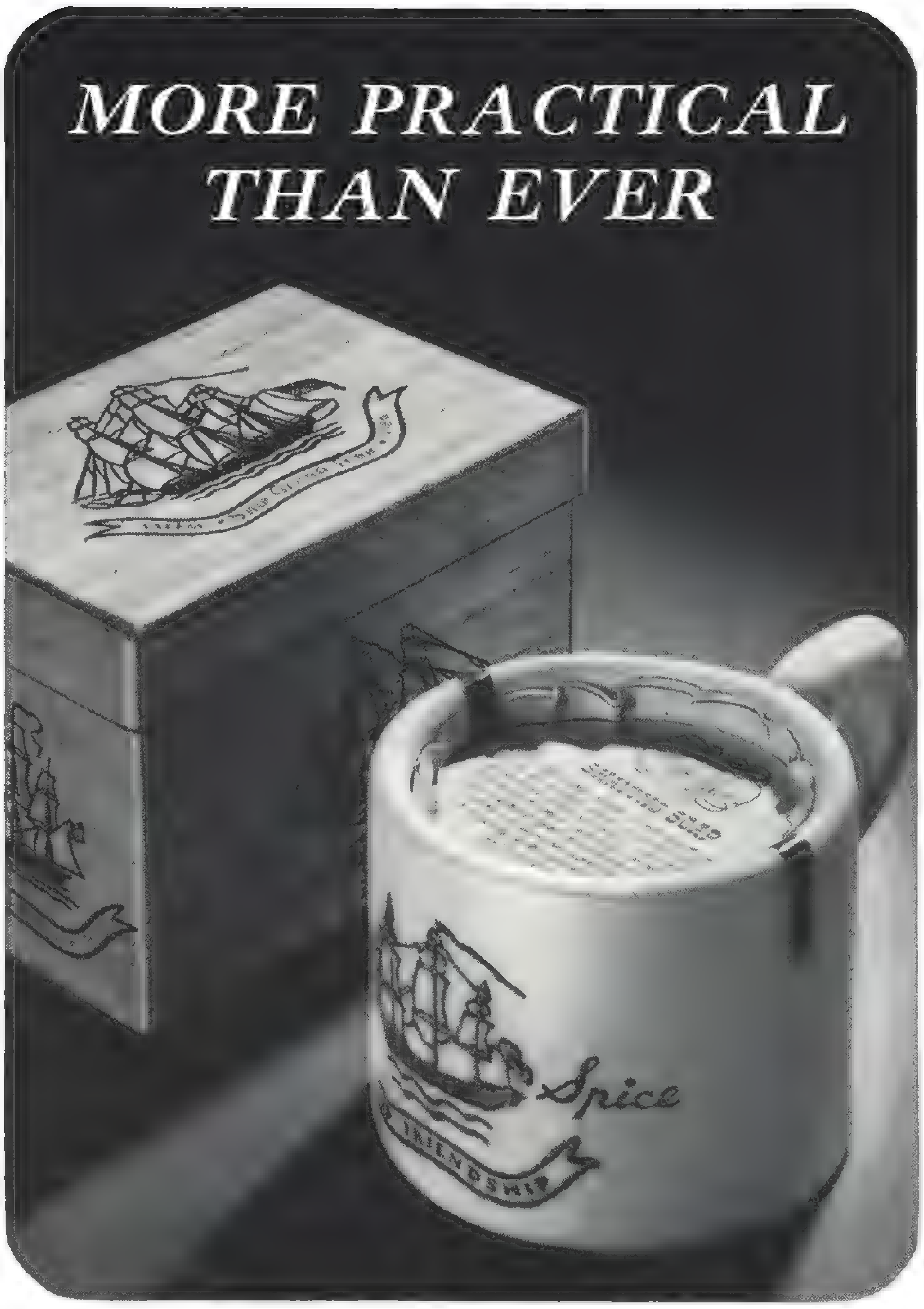

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When Cobb Captured Cuba

Continued from page 121

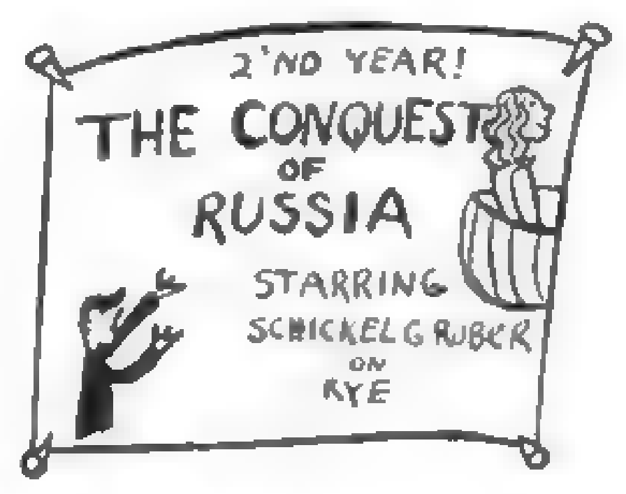
was making for. It got such a big laugh from the Tigers that it almost broke up the ball game. If it hadn't been the third out in the last of the ninth, a riot would have climaxed the game.

Up for the third time in the seventh inning, Cobb struck out to the great delight of the Cuban fans. Wandering around down town in Havana that evening, the striking out of Cobb by Mendez was the high spot of the game for the Cubans. "Mendez punch out Cobb," was the college yell of all Havana that evening. In Cuba, punching out a batter, is striking him out. Cobb was anything but delighted as he swung at a third strike and missed. He raised an awful howl, claiming that the catcher had tipped his bat. It was the second time that he had raised such a contention during the game. It was possible that the catcher, who worked very close to the batter, had tipped Cobb's bat, but I didn't think so and paid no attention to the protest, other than to listen patiently to Ty's strenuous argument. Cobb said things to the catcher flavored with tabasco. The Cuban catcher could speak only a few words of English and those were mostly profane. However, he replied to Cobb in Cuban and since Ty didn't understand, we finally managed to avert immediate trouble. However, the incident had the fans on the edge of their seats, all waiting for Cobb's fourth and final appearance of the day.

It was customary for the two clubs to shift every other game as to which was the home team. It so happened in this game, Detroit was regarded as the home team, making it last to bat. The Tigers were trailing by two runs when Cobb came to bat with two down in the last of the ninth. He doubled for his third hit of the day, but not until the unpleasantness of the other inning was revived, also further intensified. With two strikes and a ball on Cobb, he started to swing at a low curve, went about halfway, held back. My decision was that the pitch was a ball, making the count two and two. The Cuban catcher didn't approve of my decision and used one of the few English words at his command. This word is anything but popular below the Mason and Dixon line and when it was uttered, Cobb took decided objections. I had a hard time pacifying him, by explaining that the word was used to show disgust over my ruling of a ball rather than a strike and had no connection whatever with him. However, Cobb did say to me, "If I somehow reach third, give me plenty of room around the plate, because I am coming home on the first pitch and coming high."

Having hit for two bases with the count two and two, after the catcher felt that Cobb had been struck out for the second time, Ty lost no time in reaching third. He stole the base on the very first ball pitched to the succeeding batter. Since home is the next base after third, there was no place for the catcher to throw the ball, according to previous plans, so he held it. True to his word, Cobb dashed for the plate on the very next pitch. It was apparent that he was going to be retired but I am sure Cobb gave no thought to that angle, since Detroit needed two runs to win and the stealing of third and home was really bad baseball. Cobb had other things in mind. He was going to rough the catcher up a little for use of language that made no hit with him, even though I was the person under fire. When within about ten feet of the plate, he sailed through the air, leaving his feet entirely and striking the Cuban catcher midway between the knee and hip. In my thirty years of big league baseball, I never have seen contact quite like it. The catcher did three or four somersaults and finally landed about twenty feet from the plate, minus most of the uniform, as Cobb's spikes had cut the left leg of the uniform almost entirely off. Somehow the catcher held the ball to end the game—how I never could quite understand. A moment later the riot started and what a riot. The players sensed it and rushed from the bench, bats in hand, to protect Cobb and me, the central figures at the home plate. It took a hundred mounted police to get us back safely to our hotel.

Cobb had given the Cuban fans a thrill on every trip to the plate. His first time up he hit the first home run of the series, largely aided by his great speed and a deceptive slide to finish off the play. Great was the admiration for Cobb. On his second appearance, aided by the Cuban catcher, he furnished the comedy of the day, when the backstop threw the ball to third as Cobb started for second. It was a big laugh for everybody. On his third trip, joy reigned supreme when Mendez "punched out" Cobb, Ty swinging at the third strike. On his final trip, he set the stage for the best riot Havana had had in years. It is needless to say that during the rest of our stay, we packed them in at every game. Cobb's color did it. ⋕



Hitler's success as a play producer warms our heart. His great opus, The Conquest of Russia, *which was expected to run only a few weeks, is now in its second year.*

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 79

heart. Simple calisthenics, followed religiously, is the finest of healthful, body-building programs.

A different approach, that had many supporters, was voiced by **Earl Ruby**, *Louisville Courier-Journal*, who urged "community medical centers, making the able physicians and dentists not in the Army available to everyone at regular intervals, the cost to be low enough to *attract* them. It's too expensive a proposition keeping a family well, much less in top physical trim. The need is to *keep them well*. If they are sound physically, they will respond quickly to hardening processes when occasion demands."

Bill Kinney, *Rock Island Argus*, suggested: "Newspaper advertising of the issue, free medical advice and greater participation in swimming, bowling, tennis and golf. I believe that sports will take care of themselves if they're recognized for what they are—games for enjoyment and recreation. But let's go easy on that 'morale' business. Sports are fun, and for some, money. Let's keep 'em that way without getting too damned serious as to their 'value'." "The best way to get every person in the country in the best shape possible in the shortest time," suggested **Hugo Goldsmith**, Cincinnati, "would be through mass athletics, as well as competitive sports under expert supervision by qualified instructors. Football stadia, city playgrounds, public parks and other recreation centers would make ideal centers for mass athletics, as well as competitive sports for civilians. It is a well established fact that all large corporations with a definite recreation program find that their employees are more mentally alert, perform better work, enjoy better health, and have a low accident ratio in their plants. Definitely, therefore, sports should be recognized as necessary for relaxation and a means of building up morale."

"Those who work hard should play games," suggested **Bill Spaulding**, director of athletics at U.C.L.A., Los Angeles, "and those not working should take plenty of physical exercise. Fighting hard to win in sports like football builds condition, morale and strategy." **James C. Napier**, Peekskill *Evening Star*, recommended: "Some form of Commando training, such as hurdling obstacles, climbing fences, etc. Every citizen should be in A-1 shape, ready to meet the war's needs."

"An all-out educational program stressing proper diet, good posture, frequent medical and dental checkups, might be inaugurated through the medium of the press, radio, motion picture industry and educational institutions," suggested **Earl Miller**, Greenville, Pennsylvania, *Record-Argus*.

J. Albert Dear, Jr., Jersey City *Jersey Journal*, suggested a program of public exercise classes conducted by the police in residential streets of the cities. "House-to-house canvass by police inviting citizens to join," he said, "should make possible exercise classes for men and women (separate) in every block. These classes could be held before and after work on every side street."

Some physical conditioning police are getting now is a long way from the old training in which the flatfoot muscled his way through the door of the family entrance and took his deep-breathing exercises by expanding his navel against the rail of a bar.

Pro and con calisthenics engaged many who added comments to their votes: "Stadium crumbling and under-emphasis groups," warned **Walter S. Farquhar**, *Pottsville Journal*, "will attempt to take advantage of the war as a means of eliminating competitive sport in favor of calisthenics and intramurals. Physical fitness must not be allowed to be an excuse for doing that."

Drastic adjustments in the American sports program were considered advisable by a minority of the voters and they expressed themselves emphatically. Said **P. A. Lightner**, *Wichita Eagle:*

> Sports which do not have an active part in the war program are going to have to go. There is no reason to cut down school and college sports, but does horse racing justify itself, except in furnishing some revenue? Big league baseball will follow minor league experience about next year. Once the casualty lists grow, people will sour on sports. The morale part of sports is largely bunk. Whose morale is raised anyway by a boxing match or a hockey game?

L. D. Gasser, Owensboro, Kentucky, *Messenger*, seconded this motion with the words:

> I think that pro sports are too much emphasized. People don't get into condition by watching pro baseball and pro football. Many big league stars are "out on grounds" of parents being dependents. Many of them claimed this exemption until public resentment brought them around. Look at the big league stars who suddenly married. The public notices these things. Organized baseball could help itself by folding for the duration.

Agreeing was **Don W. Scism**, Evansville, Indiana, *Courier*, who said:

> I do not think America is awake to the war. I think that sports should be played down for the duration, if not suppressed. I think we are a hopeless country if we have to worry about the morale of those back home. *We* should do things to help the morale of those facing death daily. Everything in the country should be geared up immediately for total war and that would mean the end of spectatorial sports and hundreds of other things that we enjoy because of habit.

William W. Dean, Adams, Minnesota, also felt that: "Professional sports like baseball should be played down, but not high school or college sports. High school and college athletes have a huge head start on the average draftee in physical condition."

Continued on page 124

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stir with ice, strain
add twist of lemon peel

Dubonnet HIGHBALL
jigger of Dubonnet
juice of half a lemon
add ice cubes
fill with soda and stir

Dubonnet MANHATTAN
one-half Dubonnet
one-half rye or bourbon
dash Angostura bitters
stir with ice, strain

Dubonnet STRAIGHT
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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 79-123

Jack Fitzpatrick, WJJD, Chicago, wrote:

> As a veteran of the last war I know that we had little of anything in the way of morale buildng or recreation, and baseball, football and attendant games got a big play from the men who could see them. That's why I say sports should not be eliminated or played down. There is too much of this "Wake America Up!" business wherein politicos and the "What's wrong with the country?" individuals, would like to see us without sports, movies, and other forms of relaxation. Would it benefit the nation to eliminate sports, and have people sitting around their homes worrying constantly about the war? These people need relaxation of some kind, and with tire rationing, gas rationing and similar bans, people need to foregather for something that is relaxing and will take their minds off every-day problems.

From **Fredrick K. Schuler,** McKeesport, Pennsylvania, *Daily News*, came the complaint that:

> In all the fuss and hell-raising about the poor condition of the American selectee, it seems no one yet has placed his finger on the place wherein this condition originated. For the nation's public school athletic programs have flopped terribly in recent years with little attention being focused on even arm-flapping calisthenics. There were years when all schools annually staged mass outdoor athletic programs to prove that schools were doing their share towards building our youths.

Jim Van Heel, Mason City, Iowa, *Globe-Gazette*, suggested:

> I think that now is the perfect time to introduce "low cost" sports enjoyment. Many people shy away from sports because of the cost of participation. The most desirable thing, of course, is to have people build themselves up physically through voluntary exercise. This is my proposal: Lower fees to such a point that all athletic enterprises will operate on a volume basis instead of a maximum profit system. Swimming pools, bowling, green fees for golf, memberships to clubs which have gymnasiums, memberships to tennis clubs—get the cost down and watch the jump in sports participation.

Many plugs were received by the shoe as a piece of athletic equipment deserving of greater use for the nation's and the individual's benefit.

"If all persons physically sound who are not in the service could be induced to walk so many miles per day," wrote **Dillon Anderson,** Houston, "and clubs could be formed to encourage it all over and this sort of thing could be sold as the patriotic thing to do to get Americans in better shape physically, we might make some real progress in physical preparation.

"Make 'em walk! For athletes, make 'em run!" demanded **R. A. Rainbolt,** *Kokomo Tribune*. "There's not a better basic training for all sports than running. For the 'too old' boys and girls there's walking." **Ira Seebacher,** *New York Morning Telegraph*, also favored walking, declaring for: "A five mile walk per day for all those able, especially those who are used to driving a car across the street for the newspaper."

With regard to the suggestion of staging military shows at every public gathering for the purpose of emphasizing the war effort, while 59.53% favor the idea, many felt that sports should be left as one refuge where a person could get away from the war for the moment. **Tait Cummins,** *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, suggested sagely:

> The obvious approach to this question is to take all profit out of sports, entertainment and other spare time activities which have in the past kept countless promoters in the bucks. Then let the Army take complete charge and expand as it sees fit, keeping profits for service relief and weaving the military motif through the entire picture.

Both **Ben Hogan** and **Lou Little** opposed the idea of emphasizing the military at sports events. "Sporting events and public performances put on for relaxation and recreation should not have a military background," said Hogan, while Little also thought such things could be overdone. "Sports events can provide profitable relaxation and escape for millions who are doing their share although in a civilian capacity," wrote the Columbia coach. "To permit the war to obtrude artificially on their recreation can have the effect of defeating the purpose of that recreation."

Konrad Bercovici also urged that: "It shouldn't be overdone or made too blatant. It is too serious a moment to be drowned in fanfares."

In viewing the present physical conditioning set-up **Irwin Friend,** New York, noted:

> The health of labor in war industries is receiving considerable attention and supervision from the medical and welfare departments in the larger plants, but practically nothing is being done with or for the executive group, which includes the engineering and laboratory divisions. In the speed-up of war effort there is being created fatigue in the executive group which is causing a great deal of concern. These men have the same failings as most of us in that they do little or nothing about their health and are too lazy to take needed exercise, and have bad eating and recreation habits.

Robert E. Harlow, who writes radio sports news scripts for the Associated Press, opined that now "the athletic policy must be revised from the old slogan of 'For God, for Country and for Yale' to a policy of being simply for country. Then you also will be for God and for whatever else you may wish—if you wish—to substitute for Yale. If you're not in condition to be effective for your country now, you'd better get that way by whatever program will qualify you." #

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Sam Snead
Jim Thomson
Craig Wood

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Soldiers Pick Stars

Fort Sill stages own sports poll and lists best athletes of all time in many fields

by **CORPORAL W. GERARD LYONS**

▪ SPORTS ▪

CONTROVERSIES and comparisons concerning the athletic greats of yesteryear and the stars of today have always been meat and drink to sports-minded Americans. The Army of the United States, 1942, is a perfect cross-section of American masculinity and as such forms the ideal medium for unearthing controversial opinion on sport.

Stimulated by the popularity of Esquire's Sports Poll in the military camps, the soldiers of the Field Artillery Replacement Training Center at Fort Sill have just finished conducting their own sports poll. In this activity they had the encouragement of Brigadier General Waldo C. Potter, Commandant of the Replacement Center at Fort Sill, who says: "The high interest in home sports news displayed by our troops in the battle zones abroad is a fine tribute to the value of athletics and the quality of American spirit. If men in daily danger of death can find within themselves an eager curiosity about the results of sporting contests it must necessarily follow that the importance of these contests cannot be over-estimated."

In their poll, the boys at Fort Sill were asked to name their favorites, past and present, in eight top American sports. In six of the eight sports, the all-time consensus came from the period before 1930, showing that the old-timers still look pretty good.

BASEBALL

Best before 1930	Best after 1930	All-time best
Ty Cobb 51.6%	Lou Gehrig 65.0%	Cobb 41.6%
Babe Ruth 46.6%	Joe DiMaggio 20.0%	Ruth 25.0%

The New York Yankees have the edge in this one, with Ruth, Gehrig and DiMaggio grabbing three of four spots. However, Ty Cobb captured top honors as the all-time best.

FOOTBALL

Best before 1930	Best after 1930	All-time best
Jim Thorpe 38.3%	Tom Harmon 30.0%	Thorpe 30.0%
Red Grange 28.3%	Bronko Nagurski 26.7%	Grange 21.5%

Backfield men as usual predominated in the gridiron choices, with Jim Thorpe and Red Grange grabbing off the all-time places.

GOLF

Best before 1930	Best after 1930	All-time best
Walter Hagen 63.3%	Bobby Jones 66.6%	Jones 60.0%
Gene Sarazen 33.4%	Byron Nelson 16.7%	Hagen 30.0%

Fort Sill men stuck boldly to stars no longer so bright in the fairway firmament. Robert Tyre Jones, he of the syrupy swing, was the victor by an overwhelming margin, followed by Walter Hagen.

BOXING

Best before 1930	Best after 1930	All-time best
Jack Dempsey 86.9%	Joe Louis 96.1%	Dempsey 56.6%
John L. Sullivan 7.2%	Henry Armstrong 1.8%	Louis 32.3%

Although Joe Louis polled the highest vote of the field in winning the after-1930 nomination, he failed by far to approach Fort Sill's regard for the brand of mayhem and murder dished out by Jack Dempsey.

TRACK & FIELD

Best before 1930	Best after 1930	All-time best
Jim Thorpe 38.2%	Jesse Owens 42.8%	Owens 32.8%
Paavo Nurmi 31.4%	Glenn Cunningham 42.8%	Thorpe 22.5%

Here, for the first time, the newer generation of stars broke through for a win with the selection of Ohio State's Jesse Owens as all-time best. Jim Thorpe, the most versatile of them all, achieved second spot.

TENNIS

Best before 1930	Best after 1930	All-time best
Bill Tilden 92.5%	Donald Budge 65.7%	Tilden 73.8%
Vincent Richards 2.1%	Ellsworth Vines 20.0%	Budge 17.1%

Bill Tilden rang up the second highest percentage in taking this one. He was followed—not closely—by the Californian with the blazing backhand, Don Budge.

SWIMMING

Best before 1930	Best after 1930	All-time best
John Weissmuller 80.0%	Buster Crabbe 35.7%	Weissmuller 64.2%
Duke Kahanamoku 10.0%	Ralph Flanagan 28.5%	Flanagan 10.0%

Johnny Weissmuller demonstrated here that, besides being a lion-killing, gorilla-growling Tarzan, he also has something on the ball as far as swimming goes. Ralph Flanagan, who does a little water boiling at times, finished second.

BASKETBALL

Best before 1930	Best after 1930	All-time best
Chuck Hyatt 33.5%	Hank Luisetti 73.3%	Luisetti 58.3%
Nat Holman 31.6%	Ed Krause 11.6%	Holman 15.0%

Hank Luisetti, the Stanford phenomenon, whose 50 points against Marquette University still is the source of awed wonderment in cage circles, had a breeze here. Second of the after-30 group to win, he was far ahead of Nat Holman, the City College of New York star and coach.

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I Pick a Candidate

Continued from page 42

space for unfavorable comments. Then there was a space for my conclusions on the candidates.

"I'll show you how to find out something about these candidates," I said to my wife, who watched with amusement. "I'm not going to vote blind."

"Then you admit you've been voting blind in the past," she said.

"No, I don't."

"But you never did all this foolishness before."

"I know it—and it's not foolishness."

"You just voted the way somebody told you to—some ward heeler like Judge Anderson."

"While you picked out the Culbertsons and Terrells and Mayfields . . ."

"Not Mayfields, I told you. One of them was a Ku Kluxer."

"Is that any reason why you should the rest of your life vote against men named Mayfield?"

"Is it any reason why I should vote for them?"

"Please go away, Baby," I begged. "I'm busy and I've told you before there's no use trying to argue with you. You don't pay any attention to logic."

"What logic? The kind Judge Anderson . . ."

I got up and left, taking my chart so I could work quietly. After it was over, I figured, I would advance my plan to the State of Texas at large, and arrange to have charts on this order printed with the information on them, so that everybody would be able to vote intelligently.

Maybe I could copyright it and make a nice piece of change—but no, I'd give it to the country as any patriotic citizen should.

"I've got a real contribution to the science of government here," I told myself. "I'll call it the Stilwell Scientific Election Chart and give it to the country."

In a few days the returns from my letters began coming in, and before a week had passed I was being practically overwhelmed. In order to remain in good standing with all past, present, and future candidates for office in Texas, I'll simply refer to the candidates from now on by number.

My first report was on Candidate No. 4 for the high office of governor. "In reply to your inquiry," the letter read, "we would like to shed a little favorable light on the gentleman in question, since he is a local man, but honesty compels us to tell you that he has none of the qualifications for the office he seeks . . ."

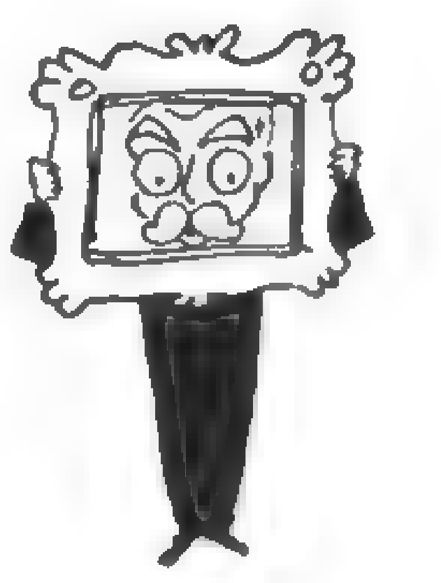
"Now, see how I'm getting the information," I gloated to my wife. "I'll put down the dope and get ready to mark No. 4 off the list right now."

"What did you expect?" she asked in an insinuating manner.

"What do you mean?"

"Go on, finish your old chart. You seem to enjoy it like a child with a toy army."

"I'm taking this on as a public responsibility. I'm going to cast an intelligent vote."



Of all the experts who keep trying to see into the future about ninety-seven per cent of them apparently need glasses.

"One bright voter in a million."

"Then you admit your phony system of picking Mayfields. . . ."

"I wish you wouldn't keep saying Mayfield."

"You admit your system isn't intelligent voting."

"My system is practical. I like to be practical about things. Your system is downright silly."

"Practical," I scoffed. "You couldn't think up anything like it in a nightmare."

"You just wait until you get through," she warned.

The next letter was about Candidate No. 11, still for governor. It came from a newspaper in a large city, and said, briefly, "Candidate No. 11 is an able man. You can't go wrong there." Then right on top of that I received a letter from another newspaper in the same city and it said, also briefly, "Candidate No. 11 is a ring politician of the rankest type, backed by a group of gamblers and racketeers here. No man should give him a second thought."

Well, I put both these comments down and wondered just how I could strike a balance. Maybe I could write some individual I knew in that city.

Meantime I was accumulating all the literature from the headquarters of all the candidates and was carefully studying this, to balance off my newspaper reports. I felt that I would get a grasp of the issues in the campaign, in order to weigh them along with the personal qualifications of the individual candidates.

However, the deeper I dived into the stuff, the less I knew. They were all for the same thing, it appeared. That classic expression of the one and only James E. Ferguson expressed it beautifully. What Jim said, in a stem-winding campaign speech was "I am for the Home! If that be treason, make the most of it."

All the candidates were for the Home—go make the most of it.

More letters poured in, however, and I pinned most of my hopes on them. In the race for governor I was eliminating candidates so fast that the field looked as though it had been swept by fire. And in most of the other races practically the same thing was happening.

Almost invariably I would get

Continued on page 128

sharply conflicting reports on candidates from the larger cities, where there were several newspapers. And almost invariably from the smaller cities I would get a little note telling me their man was a home town boy and a nice fellow, but he really had no business leaving his hardware store, or giving up his good job as justice of the peace.

I began to get worried. And my wife didn't help the situation any.

"Well, aren't you getting tired lugging that lantern around hunting for an honest man?" she asked me.

"I'm weeding out the field, which is just what I set out to do."

"You're not weeding it out; you're plowing it under," she insisted. "There are times when it might be wiser not to know too much."

"I refuse to vote like a sheep any longer."

"Now if you would just be logical and remember that a man's ancestry counts, and that the Houstons and Austins and Terrells. . . ."

"Oh, dear, you're still fighting the Indians. Let me rest. I've got a lot of work to do."

I was marking the chart furiously the last few days before the Democratic primary elections, and my own "returns" were pouring in. For the office of attorney general I had already marked all the names off the list, which didn't seem to make much sense. For the office of land commissioner I had two names left, but I wasn't at all hopeful. In fact, from hearsay here and there I figured I wouldn't vote for either one of them no matter what the reports said.

So it went. My whole ballot was rapidly shot out from under me.

For the office of governor I had narrowed the field down to my man Spigglefoot, which gave me the greatest satisfaction of the whole procedure to date.

Girls are requested not to ask their soldier friends on leave where they are going. Boy friends should be seen but not heard.

"You see," I told my wife, "all those nice sounding Texas names have been eliminated, and I'm sure Judge Anderson was right. Spigglefoot is the man. You just won't trust people, Dear."

"Thank heaven there are enough intelligent Texans to keep a man named Spigglefoot from ever being elected Governor," she replied, and I knew she was at least partly right.

However, I still had no report on Spigglefoot, and when the election was only one day off I wired for a report. I was determined to vote for no man unless I had firsthand information on him.

As things stood I had picked a candidate for lieutenant governor (two newspapers agreed on him and the office, is of no importance), a man for state treasurer (all he does is sign checks that the auditor makes out) and then several local officers, and that was all I had left out of my ballot of 137 names.

And late in the day my wire on Spigglefoot came. Here is what it said, "Postal and telegraphic regulations make it impossible furnish you information requested. Sorry."

My wife was watching me. I handed her the telegram, and to her lasting credit I must say that instead of making some sarcastic comment she went in and mixed me a tall highball. Then she sat down beside me and started discussing the prospects for good fishing weather the next day, while I brooded over my chart, wondering at the intricate and often unfathomable ways of my fellow man.

I slept little that night. Somewhere around four o'clock the next morning I sneaked quietly out of bed, eased into my den, and started to assemble my fishing tackle. I found it already assembled. And I didn't need to wonder who had put it there—after all these years my wife knows me.

I left a little surprise for her, also. I left a note which read like this:

"Dear Baby:

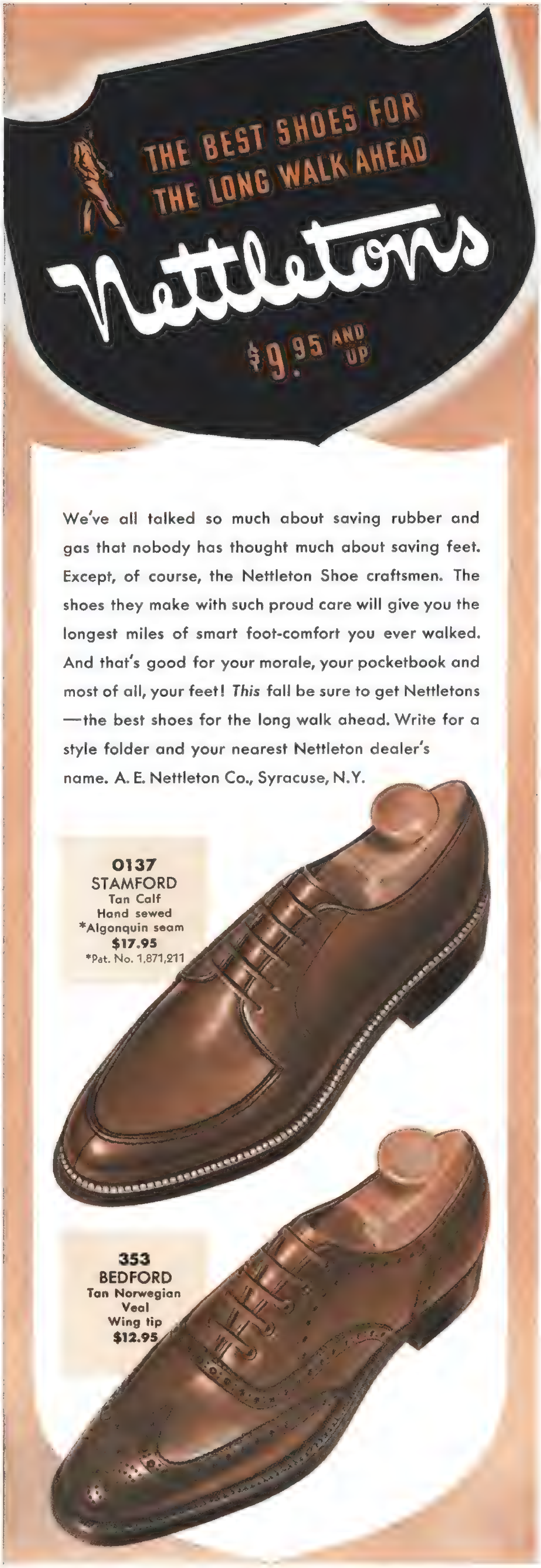
"For once you win. In view of the results of my investigation I guess your system is a perfect example of pure logic.

"But I don't give up. I know those editors were just jealous. They didn't want to see a fellow townsman elevated to high office. So I'm going to try a new system next time. I'm going to make a tour of the state and talk to every one of those 137 men listed on the ballot. I'll take each man by the hand and look him in the eye—remember, that's the way I did with you, Baby.

"Then I will know about them, and I'll work up my chart. And after all that work I think I'll go ahead and copyright it and make a piece of change for myself. It isn't fair to ask me to give the people of Texas all that information for nothing, and I know I can sell it to some of the candidates, even if I can't sell it any place else—getting practical, like you with your voting, eh, Baby?

"So you go right ahead and vote for the Terrells and Sheppards and Culbertsons and Austins. But please don't scratch that man Mayfield for lieutenant governor. He's really the class of the field, and there's always a chance the governor may die, you know.

"I'll be back shortly after the polls close." ⧺



We've all talked so much about saving rubber and gas that nobody has thought much about saving feet. Except, of course, the Nettleton Shoe craftsmen. The shoes they make with such proud care will give you the longest miles of smart foot-comfort you ever walked. And that's good for your morale, your pocketbook and most of all, your feet! *This* fall be sure to get Nettletons—the best shoes for the long walk ahead. Write for a style folder and your nearest Nettleton dealer's name. A. E. Nettleton Co., Syracuse, N.Y.

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National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

At the Bottom of the Garden

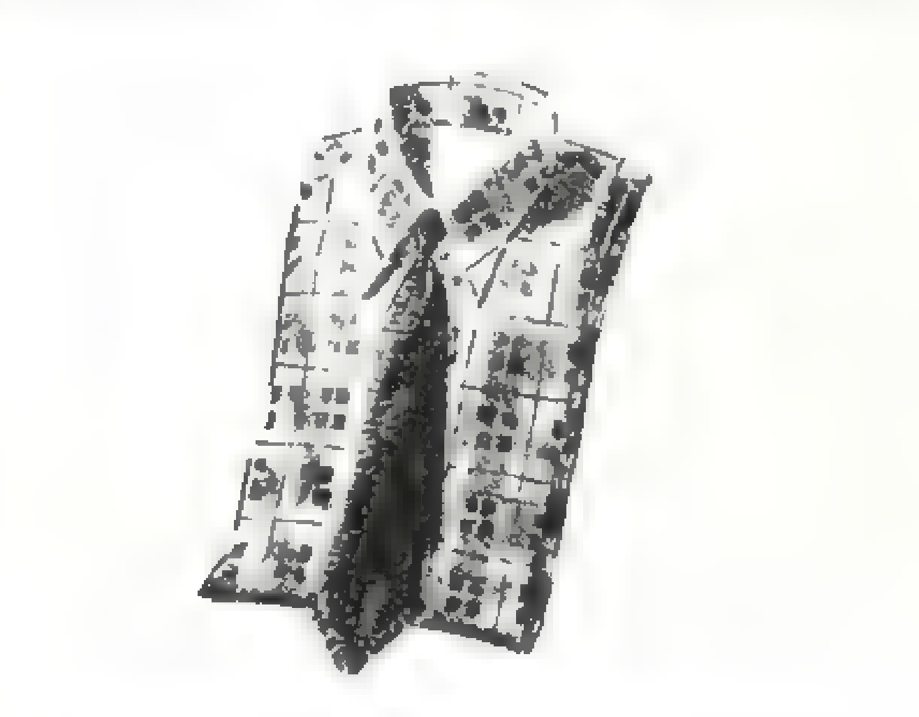
Continued from page 67

off like that. You mustn't lose your temper. Won't you come back and I will help you transplant those things before dark? I came for you myself because Jessica said she was afraid of these woods. But dear me!—she smiled indulgently at the tree trunks—Nature is never frightening when one understands its moods. And the wood spirits are a gentle kindly folk. I'm sure you understand that. Isn't that why you come here to his sweet glade? Well said Mr. Beasley I did find here—h'm—let's say the embodiment of a nature myth.

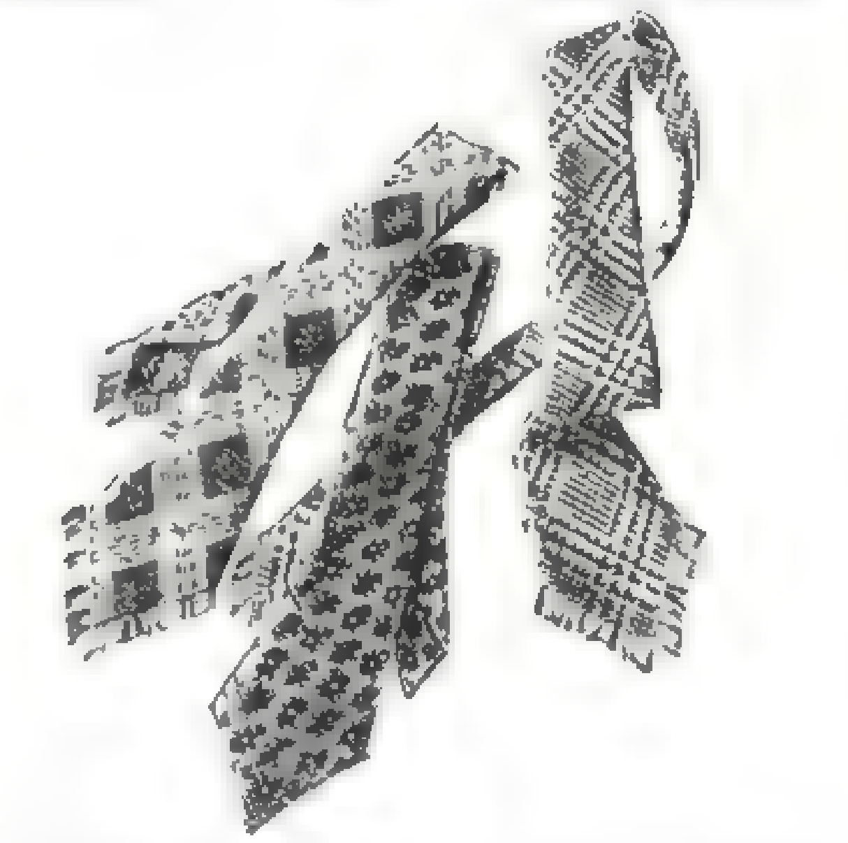
Fred! exclaimed Aunt Mildred How charming! I knew— All at once she saw the little girdle of leaves. A garland! she exclaimed. Fred you rogue you have been weaving a garland! And with what skill! I knew that all your spoofing was a mask. O you can't fool your old aunt any more. We are truly kindred spirits you and I. A garland to wear on your head as you foot the woodland ways with the—

Do not touch that! said Silvia's clear voice.

Aunt Mildred started violently and her glasses fell off! Perhaps she did not at first see Silvia very clearly but the girl was there standing beside Mr. Beasley. Why who—? said Aunt Mildred bewilderedly Where did you—? Here you are Aunt Mildred said Mr. Beasley handing her the glasses. She put them on, gave an even more violent start and they fell again. But this time she had seen.



The tartan shirt and plaid homespun wool tie livens outfits for hours of relaxation.



Tartan, figured and Glen Urquhart plaid wool ties have rugged appearances.

Why you shameless creature! she sputtered. O! Fred I— You'd better hold them on said Mr. Beasley handing her the glasses again. This is Silvia Aunt Mildred. She's what you've always wanted to see so take a good look. She's what I suppose you'd call a fairy.

Aunt Mildred stood half turned away not looking at Silvia. Fred Beasley! she exclaimed You have the effrontery to —O!—to introduce this person! She set her trembling chin firmly and said sternly Come home with me at once! I will say nothing of this to Jessica if— But Silvia's unembarrassed laugh stopped her.

I thought you knew all about our people said Silvia. I have heard you say so. You think we are like you—only nicer. But we are not like you and we are not nice at all. Not in the way you mean. I have heard you describe what you call our revels. Pelting each other with flower petals! When you were young and pretty did you find your greatest joy in that sort of thing? Have you no shame? muttered Aunt Mildred in a strangled voice. No said Silvia but I think I understand what you mean. If I were ugly like you — Better leave it at that Silvia interrupted Mr. Beasley.

Who is this creature? demanded Aunt Mildred turning on Mr. Beasley. I intend to get to the bottom of this. You are at the bottom of it said Mr. Beasley. She is exactly what I tell you. Nonsense! said Aunt Mildred She's as real as I am. Of course said Mr. Beasley.

Listen you foolish old woman said Silvia coming close to her. Aunt Mildred drew back but there was some dignity in the cool voice that compelled her. She turned towards Silvia with the expression of one suffering from acute facial neuralgia. And Silvia went over and put her arms up against the tree. I do not know why Fred wants me to prove this she said but I like him and so I will. And slowly she vanished.

Aunt Mildred did not finish her visit at the Beasley's, and it was six months before they heard from her. In the meantime Mr. Beasley wondered. For she had taken refuge from real life in her poetic garden fancies and if these turned into reality where then was her refuge? It seemed to him that Aunt Mildred was on a spot for she had escaped right into what she was running away from. And then came a letter. What on earth! said Mrs. Beasley frowning over it. Listen to this Fred. Aunt Mildred says—she's in Miami of all places!—she says she drove out to some place beginning with H and saw a little bay she liked. Gracious you don't suppose she's buying a place on the shore? And then—I wish she'd write so I could read it—she says she nearly lost her skirt. Heavens!

Mr. Beasley got up and leaned over her shoulder. It's shirt she said. Shirt! exclaimed Mrs. Beasley Well I— And what's this? She says she picked up a pocket in the something. Ha! said Mr. Beasley. Picked up a packet in the fourth when Zero fouled Narcissus and was disqualified. Well I'm damned! But do you know what it means? asked Mrs. Beasley. Yeah said Mr. Beasley. It means she's escaped from reality again. #

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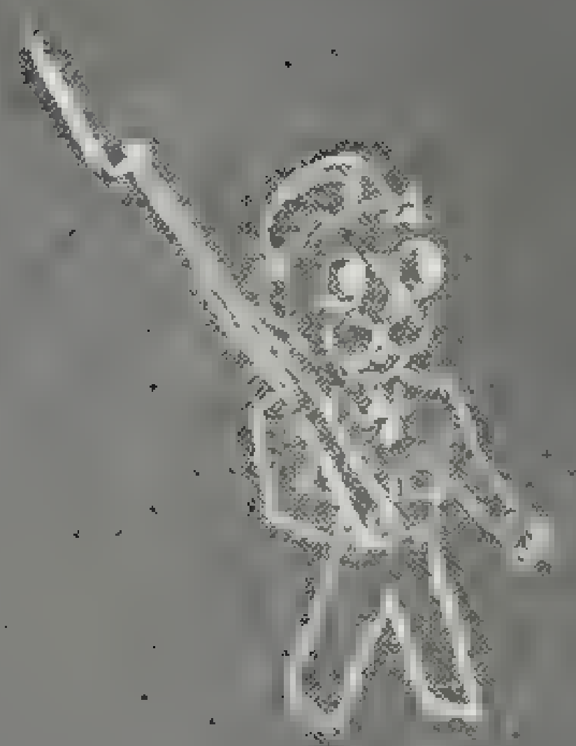

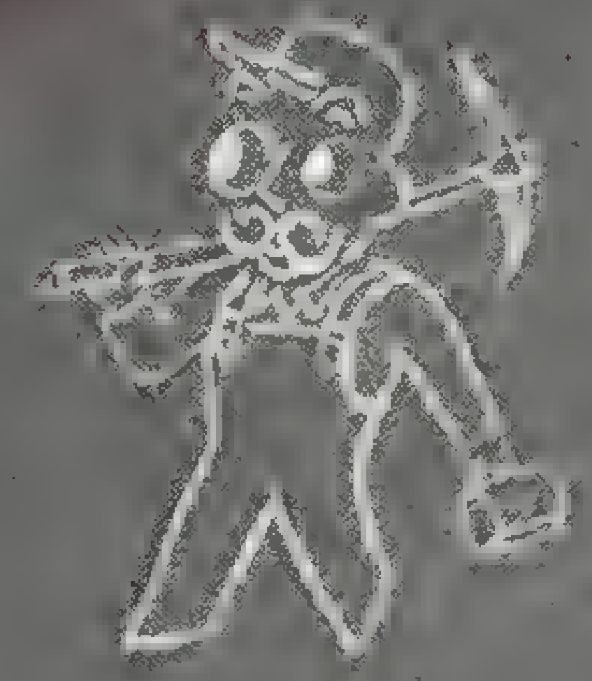

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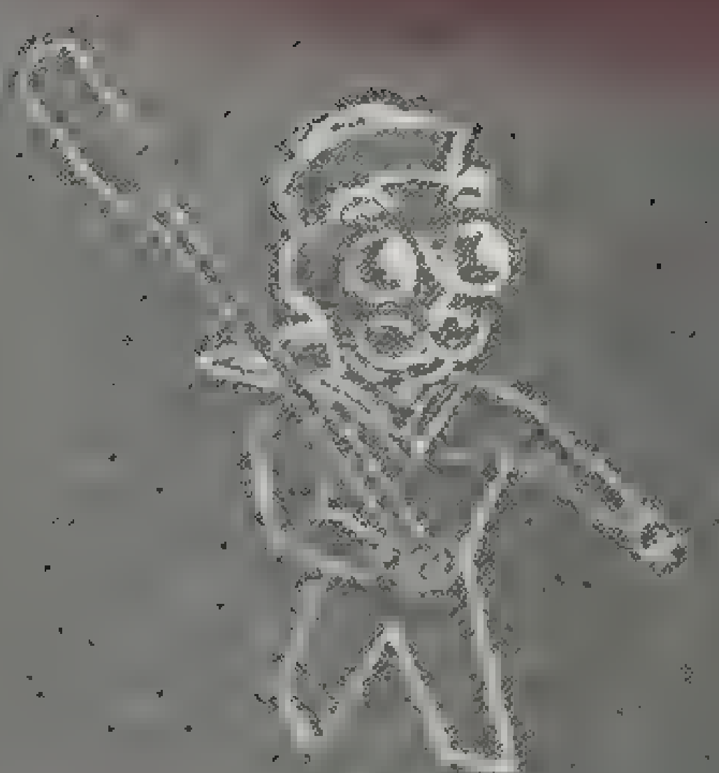

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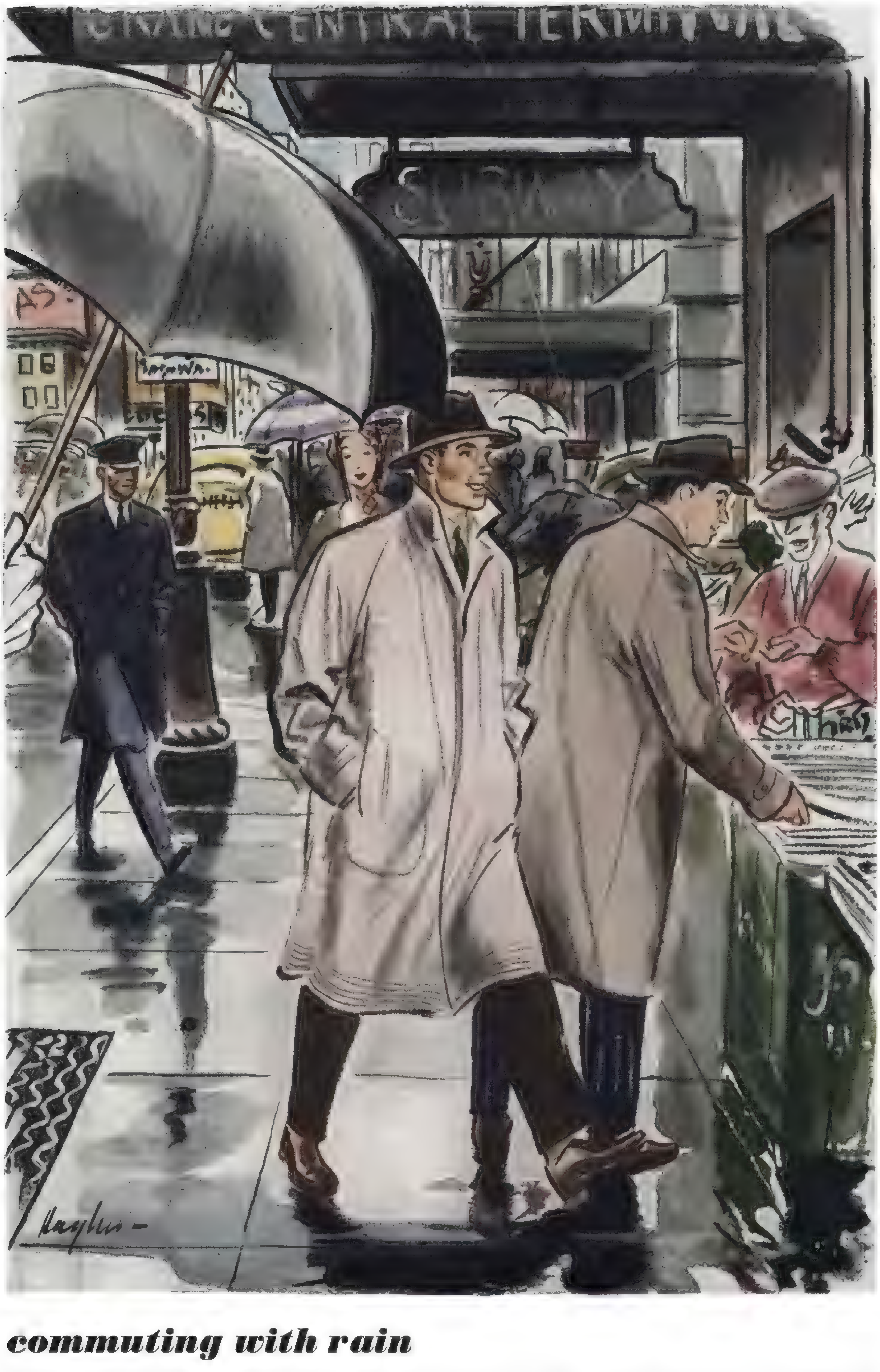

commuting with rain

Our commuter hot foots it out of the subway where he has just rattled in from Wall Street. It's raining like crazy but showers don't seem to hex this partner because . . . well . . . it's around martini hour and the old Biltmore is just around the corner. Perhaps this pleasant thought warms the cockles of his cardiac and waterproofs his spirit, or maybe he's just glad he's inside that fly front raglan raincoat which keeps him dry as a Kansas prairie. It's made of processed cotton or a rayon and cotton mixture, which is the same fabric used for uniforms of the United States Army Paratroopers. The brim of his hat is turned down all around to keep it from serving as a spout. The newsstand customer wears a tan worsted gabardine raincoat which works overtime and is also worn as a topcoat on clear days. And lookie there over yonder . . . a handsome naval officer wearing his uniform blue raincoat with . . . Hey, lady, will you please get that umbrella out of my eye?

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Topper buys a hat...

By Roland Young

TOPPER: "Yes, I must say I rather like this hat snapped down in front. Gives a chap a touch of worldliness, don't you think?...Say, what's the matter with you? You act like you'd seen a ghost."
SALESMAN: ! ! ! X ? X X X ? ! ! X !

TOPPER: "Hmmmm. Like it down all around, too! Suggests a bit of dash ...a slight touch of swagger...a sort of 'come-what-may' effect. Now, be a good fellow. Stop that nonsense and show some interest."
SALESMAN: ! ! X ? X X ! ?

TOPPER: "Well, isn't this something! Brim up all around. Here I am a respectable citizen, with that backbone-of-America look! Why, this hat can play any role! Amazing, isn't it? *Will* you stop gaping!"
SALESMAN: X ! ! ?

SALESMAN: "Jeepers, Mr. Young! You certainly gave me a start! Now that I've got my breath, I can tell you it's one hat specially designed to be worn equally well three different ways...a hat that's bound to add a lot to a man's appearance...and I'm not trying to be funny!"

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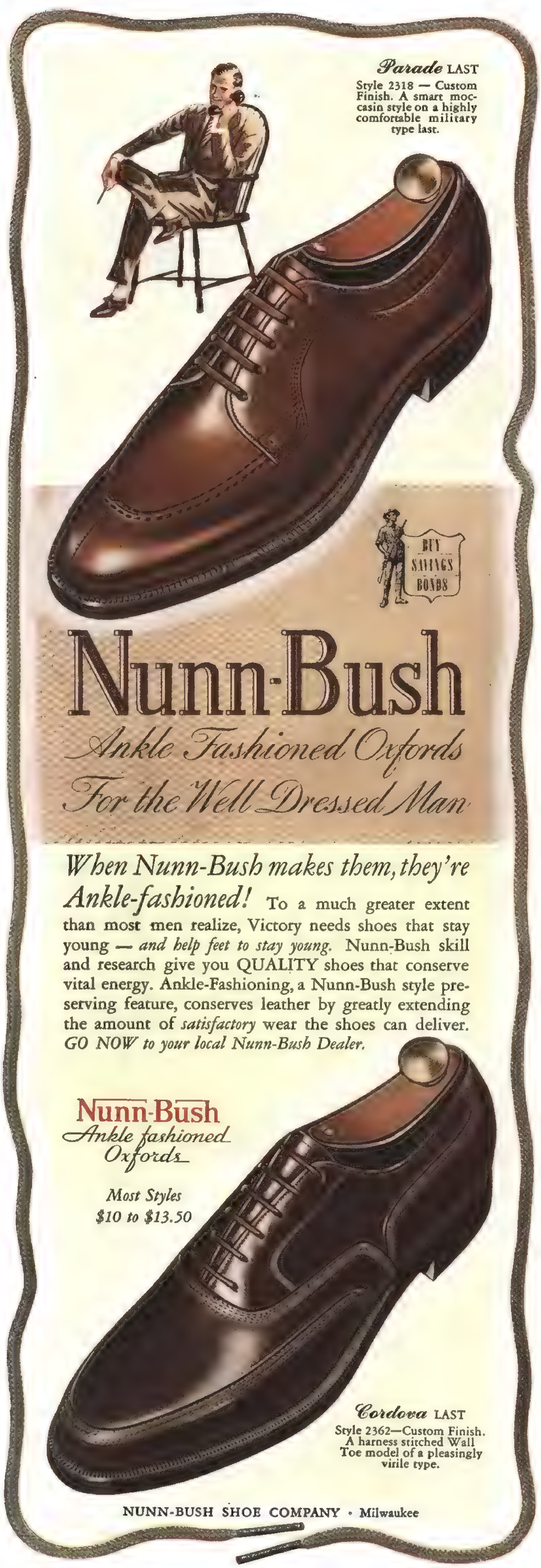
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Mourning Becomes No One

Modern code of courage should ordain white badge of grief replacing demonologic black

by **STUART KINZIE**

▪ARTICLE▪

THEY were talking about the quiet girl in the white dress with the red belt and the brightly colored scarf around her neck. The place was a progressive Midwestern city. The time, oddly, was the twentieth century.

They said, in hushed, shocked voices: "It's hard to believe she'd dress like that with her husband less than a year in his grave." They said: "Even in this day and age you'd think a widow would show more respect." They said: "Perhaps she never really cared for him anyway."

The voices did not belong to avid gossips, nor to reactionary old crones. They belonged to average, conventional women who prided themselves on their modernity. It would have startled and angered them considerably to be told that their attitude was more medieval than modern.

But it was. And so is the whole gloomy tradition and paraphernalia of mourning.

Mourning becomes no one. It is a relic whose origins go straight back to demonology, back to the days when people dressed in funereal black because they thought it rendered them invisible to evil spirits. Women still wear it when a loved one dies, but they do not like it; they wear it because they are afraid of what other people will say if they don't.

Who benefits from this wearing of black? Certainly not the mourned who, if given a choice, would decline to be remembered in so melancholy a fashion. Nor the mourner, who is immediately set apart from others and left more lonely in the midst of personal tragedy. Nor the helpless onlookers, who are thus reminded constantly of their helplessness.

Yet the custom remains stronger than the real interests of all concerned. No one likes to think that his death will cause permanent unhappiness for those he loves, will change their looks or clothes, curtail their activities or limit their power to do the things that are enjoyable and worthwhile. That, nevertheless, is the tendency of mourning. No one burdened with sorrow would wish his private grief to become public property. But that, too, is the function of mourning.

The truth of the matter is that this ancient and deep-rooted custom no longer makes sense.

It does not make sense from the religious standpoint. No religion requires it. According to most religions, death is a passage to light and triumph. In the spiritual sense, there is nothing tragic about leaving this world for a better one.

It does not make sense from the economic standpoint. Many widows give away their entire wardrobes and re-invest in somber and unbecoming "weeds." But often they cannot afford it.

It does not make sense from the esthetic standpoint. Mourning clothes are seldom becoming; they accentuate the pallor of grief; they heighten the atmosphere of gloom. A woman's clothes are usually the barometer of her emotions; at such times, above all, she needs to keep up her morale.

The one useful function mourning does serve is to warn acquaintances that some bereavement has taken place. Yet men convey this warning in simple and unspectacular fashion by wearing a black tie or occasionally an arm band. No one, surely, will claim that women grieve more deeply than men. There is no reason, then, why a small black ribbon pinned to a woman's dress should not convey the same meaning—although actually a white ribbon would be more appropriate.

It will be a long time, probably, before any such simple badge of mourning will be widely accepted. Ceremonial customs are the last to change. Even today the foremost etiquette authority in the country requires that "children from eight to fourteen wear black and white, or gray, from six months to a year for a parent"—as if a ten-year-old's grief for its mother could be mitigated or assuaged or anything but prolonged by such a barbarous observance.

Still, American common sense will prevail in the end. Already the heavy crepe veil—once the universal badge of widowhood—is practically extinct. A few words from the right quarters, from ministers and teachers and—most of all—enlightened public opinion, and the whole tottering tradition will crumble into medieval dust.

It is time that it should. In these days, when death is prevalent in the world and millions of women wonder and wait for news, we need a new code of courage and steadfast cheerfulness to replace the old. No one, naturally, would urge frivolous clothing any more than frivolous behavior on those who have suffered a loss. But no public acknowledgement of grief is necessary for the truly bereaved. Respect can be better expressed in other ways.

I knew that girl who was criticized in that Midwestern city, knew her well, knew that no wife ever loved a husband more. She has never married again, and probably never will. But she will wear bright colors as long as she lives, and I am glad, and I know her husband would be glad too.

For the dignity of true grief is inviolable; it has nothing to do with what you wear. ##

Black Boy's Good Time

Continued from page 60

glistening film that covered his eyes. His mouth opened as if he would cry out, but no sound came out the quivering blood-stained lips. Slim muttered sharply, "All you gotta do is say 'yeah!' . . . " and then quietly, "Well, you took Ole Man Dugan's Chevvy, did'nt ya?"

Johnson stared up at him. His hands felt the floor unconsciously. He co-ordinated his senses enough to wonder why his hands were feeling the floor; an idea condensed in his head and as it sank downward his brains managed to grasp it, and as soon as he understood it he relaxed his hands quickly . . . He wanted to get up —if he had he would have been smashed down again . . . God what did they want from him . . . What did they . . .

Slim had yanked him again by the collar with both hands. Johnson was flat against the wall. Suddenly fear made him desperate, and in his desperation he became reckless. He put his hands on Slim's arms, persuasively, resistingly and his voice sobbed.

"Please—Don't hit me again—Don't—I didn't take the car—I don't want a car—I'm sick—I'm very—weak—Please—don't—"

Slim breathed heavily with the excitement that came professionally.

"I'll give y'one more chance, nigger, an' that's all. You admit y'took that Chevvy from Old Man Dugan?"

"It's a mistake—"sobbed Johnson.—"Somebody else took it—I wouldn't take a car—I don't want a car—Please—don't—"

Then the hard knuckles crashed into his mouth again. His head smashed up against the wall and the force of the blow seemed to carry the fist deep into his face, crushing every bone in his head. His teeth felt as if bent inward and a pain shot through his head like a lightning bolt. His eyes closed. He felt the molten world pouring out into the universe. And a blinding sun flashed before him again. As he sagged downward the last thought he had was the intense desire to spit the taste of Slim's rough, dirty knuckles out of his mouth. Then a blackness like death passed over him. And it was a quiet, efficient blackness, allowing not a ray of light to filter through.

When his eyelids crept apart again he was surprised to see an unfamiliar, grey wall in front of him. The grey color and the nakedness of the wall made it look cold.

Suddenly Johnson was aware that his face and neck were wet and that his shirt clung to his throat with persistency of cold, wet cloth. And then his eyes made out a large light bulb sticking straight out on a loose chain from the middle of the wall in front of him. He wondered vaguely about the gravity angle, and also about his peculiar feeling of wetness; as he lifted his arm it felt heavy. Very heavy. He let it drop. It banged against something and the slight pain that resulted from his knuckles unexpectedly striking wood made him wince, and as his lips moved a river of pain ran around his mouth and up to his nose and cheeks and there it branched out. His whole face felt heavy and swollen; he struggled to remember.

Then a tall, lanky figure moved into view and came up to him. The figure looked familiar and it stood at right angles to him and that was how Johnson knew he was lying down. Suddenly he recognized the face. It was Slim. His first impulse was to smile at him as though he were meeting an old friend in a foreign country but then his brain functioned more sharply and he remembered . . . Everything jumped into place in his mind. His eyes widened again thru fear, but he saw that Slim's face was relaxed, not hateful, and that he was bending over him.

"How d' y' feel, Kid?"

Johnson stared at him. The voice had not been angry or threatening. His lips stretched wide over his mass of white teeth, though they ached, in a smile. "I—I feel better . . ." He was trying to figure it all out.

"Kin y' get up?" Slim asked.

Johnson sat up stiffly. The wall, with the bulb sticking straight out of it on the end of a chain, moved up over his head, and became a ceiling, and he sat on the floor looking at the real wall, rubbing his eyes and trying to smile. He turned to Slim, smiling.

If a man builds a better mousetrap, they'll probably take over his factory on the theory that he can build a better bomber too.

"I—I didn't take the car," he said, feeling kind of foolish as he said it, because he felt everything was all right.

"You'll be okay," said Slim. "I didn't hit you too hard. A little water woke ya up right away."

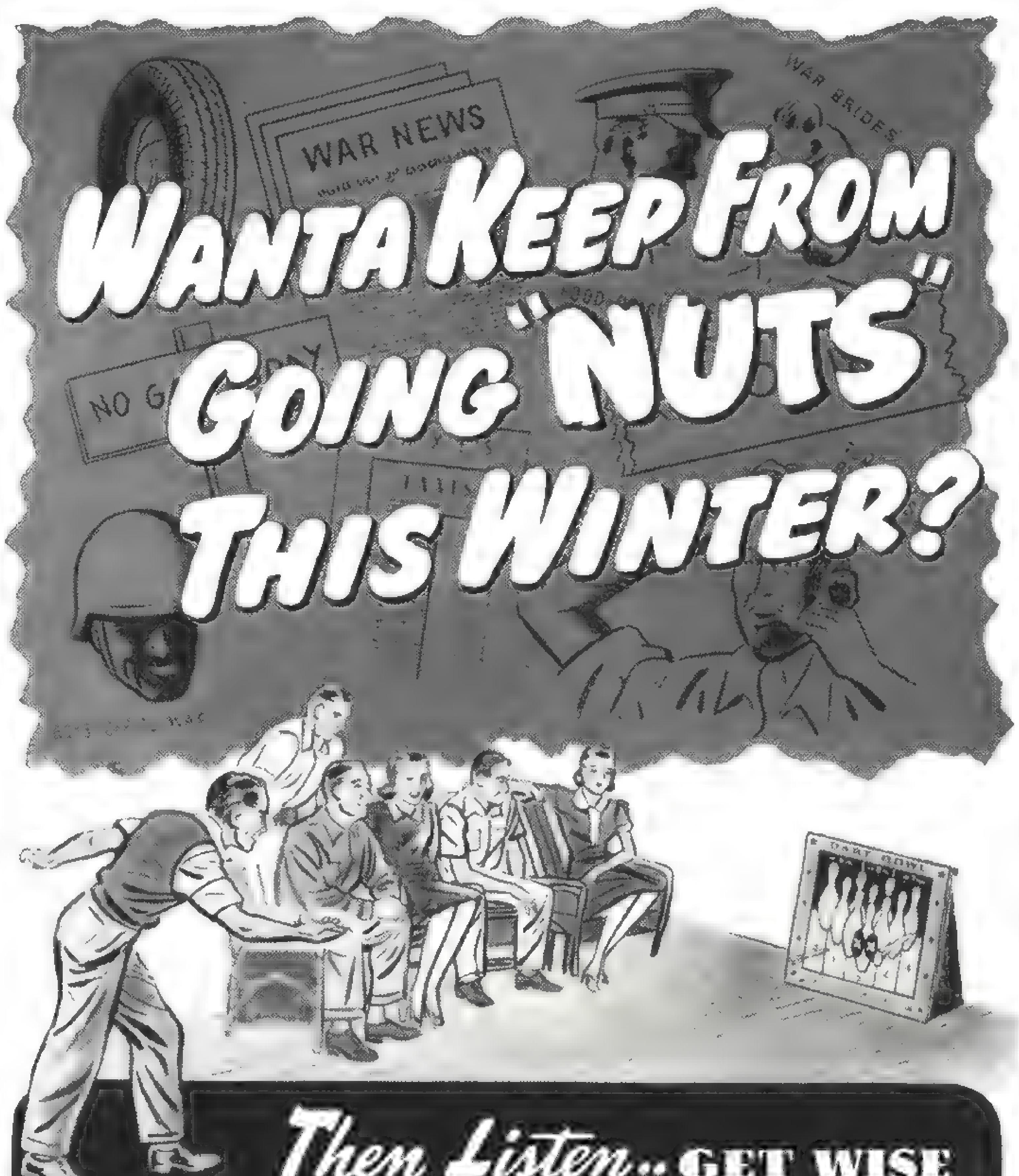
Johnson looked around and saw a red pail on the floor near him, with the word Fire painted on it in big black letters. There were little pools of water under the pail, and on the floor around him. The water from his face and neck trickled down to his chest.

Behind Slim, he could see that the door was open. He was still a little dazed.

"I didn't take the car," he repeated. "I don't want a car. . . ."

"That's okay," said Slim. "You

Continued on page 134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WANTA KEEP FROM GOING "NUTS" THIS WINTER?
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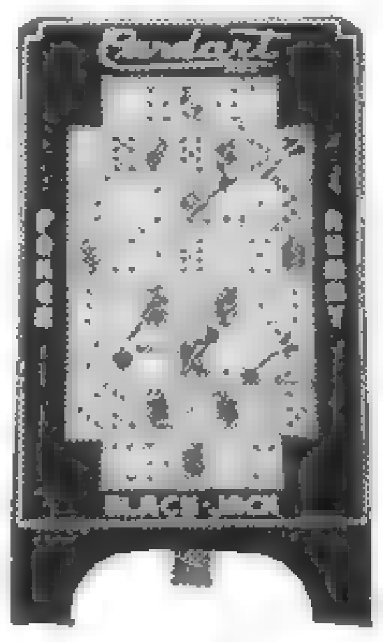

Cardart—is darts combined with blackjack and poker. Floor size board 24" x 40".

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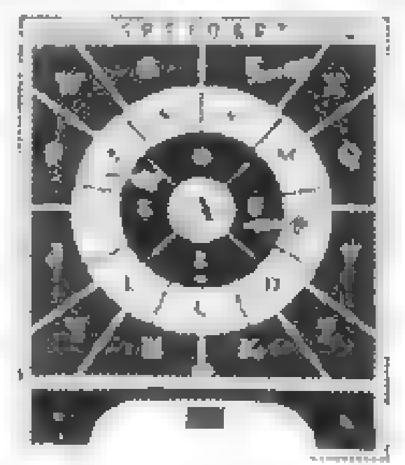

Speldart—Combines *darts* and a *spelling game.* Floor size board 24"x30".

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HANDS TRAINED FOR CRAFTSMANSHIP WORK ALSO FOR VICTORY

Black Boy's Good Time

Continued from pages 60-133

didn't steal it, we caught the real fellow that stole it. A mulatto . . . Looks a lot like you, that's how we made the mistake."

Johnson's smile widened as his bruised mouth got used to it. He asked, "Can I go home now?"

The door opened wider and the sheriff came into the room.

"How y' feel, Kid?"

"He's okay now," Slim said. "Just got a bruised face, that's all."

The sheriff chuckled dully. "From the fist of the man that fought Jenkins! You ought to be proud, Kid."

Johnson's gleaming teeth smiled up at him. "Stand up, Johnson—kin y' stand up?"

Johnson leaned on his hands and got painfully to his feet. He swayed a little, but soon was used to it.

He smiled at the sheriff. "Can I go home now?" he asked.

The sheriff put a hand on his shoulder.

"Sure you're a good nigger. Got y' mixed up with another guy, that's all. They're bringin' him in now. Don't worry—we'll break his goddam neck. If he wouldn't stole Dugan's car, you wouldn't got into trouble. We'll give him hell for ya, don't worry Johnson . . . Sure you'll go home.—But first we're gonna give ya a good time—t' sorta make up for it. You're O.K.—You got a nice face. Can tell it a mile off . . . I was damn surprised when I thought you was the crook." He turned toward the door. "C'mon, le's go."

He moved off and Johnson followed him. "Better fill the firepail up with water again," he said to Slim. "Get a rag and wipe up the water 'f y' got nothin' t' do."

Slim said angrily. "What the hell am I—your scrubwoman?"

"All right—y' don't hafta 'f y' don' wanta," the sheriff yelled back. Johnson was waiting outside. He scowled at Slim and went out. The door closed sharply behind him.

Slim growled, "Damn right I don't! Stinkin' liar—says, 'Mind my own business an' he'll mind his.' Poor ignorant nigger—'f I was him I'd poke that fat bastard straight in the puss!"

He picked up the pail and walked slowly toward the door. Outside a heavy door slammed, and a few moments later a car door echoed the sound. Slim listened, and then in disgust slammed his own door behind him.

"Where y' live, Kid?" asked the sheriff, glancing casually over at him.

Johnson's smile seemed perpetually on his eager-to-please face. "Down in the old shack on the bottom of the Big Hill."

"That's Fowler's property, ain't it?"

"Yes—But he lets us live there. Says he don't care if we live in the old shack. We're clean. We don't want us trouble. We just want to live peaceful."

He smiled winningly and the sheriff turned his eyes back to the road.

The sheriff was silent a moment. Then he said dully. "You're a good nigger. I can see that. Wait'll we get that mulatto, we'll—shack on the bottom of the hill—the Big Hill—huh? That's four miles, twenny-minute ride . . . How'dya like t'have a good time, huh Kid? Have you ever seen a movie?"

"Yeah-h-h," breathed Johnson happily. "They're swell."

The sheriff's hands lightly persuaded the wheel. "O. K. we'll set ya in a movie—give ya a good time. We're sorry about that mistake, Kid. This'll sorta make up for it . . . How ya like ice cream?"

Johnson grinned with ecstasy at him. "Swell!"

"O.K.—We'll give y' some of that, too. How's y' face feel?"

Then Johnson remembered how he had been hit—how frightened he had been. And he didn't know why, but a sudden feeling of misery and unhappiness swept strongly over him. The smile faded as his lips came slowly back over his teeth and settled glumly together.

"It's okay," he said slowly.

The sheriff's eyes were interested in the road. A few buildings passed by them, and a tall black chimney came into sight over a low level of roofs in the distance.

"We're in town already," said the sheriff. "You're gonna have a good time now, Kid."

Johnson couldn't explain it. He knew he should be happy now—It was a mistake—they weren't going to put him in jail, they weren't going to hit him anymore

Campus notes: Tattersall waistcoat, crocheted tie, oxford shirt, reversible coat.

Continued on page 136

Esquire on the Record
BEST SELLERS

Permanent	Transient
RCA Manufacturing Company, Inc., Camden, N. J.	
Concerto in A Minor for Piano and Orchestra (Grieg, Op. 95); Artur Rubinstein, Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. Victor DM-900	*Jingle Jangle Jingle; I Met Her on Monday;* Freddy Martin. Victor 27909
Scenario for Orchestra on Themes from Show Boat (Jerome Kern) Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles, Werner Janssen, Conductor. Victor DM-906	*Be Careful, It's My Heart; Take Me;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27923
Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory; Helen Hayes, Victor Concert Orchestra, Roy Shields, Conductor (America's Living Words of Faith), (Musical Settings by Kurt Weill). Victor DM-909	*Knit One, Purl Two; Lullaby of the Rain;* Glenn Miller. Victor 27894
Concerto No. 1 in B-flat Minor; (Tschaikowsky); Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Jose Iturbi, Pianist and Conductor. Victor DM-830	*This is Worth Fighting For; The Corporal Told the Private;* Vaughn Monroe. Victor 27921
Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1 in A Major and No. 2 in D Major (Enesco, Op. 11); Eugene Ormandy Philadelphia Orchestra; Hans Kindler, National Symphony Orchestra. Victor DM-830	*Here You Are; Johnny Doughboy Found a Rose in Ireland;* Sammy Kaye. Victor 27870
	Jingle Jangle Jingle; South Wind; Barry Wood and the Wood Nymphs. B-11553
	Johnny Doughboy Found a Rose in Ireland; I'll Keep the Lovelight Burning; Freddy Martin. B-11503
	One Dozen Roses; I Hung My Head and Cried; Art Kassel. B-11486
	He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings; Amen; Abe Lyman. B-11542
Decca Records, Inc., 50 West 57th St., New York City	
Porgy and Bess—Vol. 1; Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, Decca Symphony Orchestra directed by Alexander Smallens. Decca A-145	*Jingle Jangle Jingle; Cheatin' on the Sandman;* Merry Macs. Decca 18361
Porgy and Bess—Vol. 2; Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, Decca Symphony Orchestra directed by Alexander Smallens. Decca A-283	*My Great, Great Grandfather; The Bombardier Song;* Bing Crosby. Decca 18432
Warsaw Concerto; Victor Young and Concert Orchestra. Decca 18417	*I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep; I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen;* Kenny Baker. Decca 18442
Tschaikowsky: Nutcracker Suite; Alexander Smallens, Decca Little Symphony. A-23	*My Devotion; Sorghum Switch;* Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 18372
Bolero; Charles Magnante, accordion. Decca 18375	*Who Wouldn't Love You; Don't Tell a Lie About Me, Dear;* Ink Spots. Decca 18383
	Pennsylvania Polka; That's the Moon, My Son; Andrews Sisters. Decca 18398
Bach Music Company, 224 South Broadway, Rochester, Minn.	
Blue Danube Waltz (Strauss); Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, Conductor. Victor 15425	*Song of India;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 25523
The Lord's Prayer (Malotte); John Charles Thomas. Victor 1736	*Bugle Call Rag;* Benny Goodman. Victor 25467
Finlandia (Sibelius); Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 17701	*Strictly Instrumental;* Harry James. Columbia 36579
Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1 (Enesco); Chicago Symphony, Frederick Stock, Conductor. Columbia 11607-8D	*You Made Me Love You;* Harry James. Columbia 36296
	Who Wouldn't Love You; Kay Kyser. Columbia 36526
Polangin Music Shop, Farrell, Pa.	
Strauss Waltzes; Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor. Victor Album DM445	*Jingle Jangle Jingle;* Kay Kyser Columbia 36604
Tschaikowsky Piano Concerto in B-flat Minor; Vladimir Horowitz, pianist. Victor MP800	*Jersey Bounce;* Shep Fields. Bluebird 11490
Beethoven Symphony No. 3 in E-flat Major; NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini. Victor MP768	*Lamplighters Serenade;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11474
Gershwin Rhapsody in Blue; Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, Conducting. Victor DM358	*Always in My Heart;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11438
	Last Call For Love; Tommy Tucker. Columbia 38592
	Sleepy Lagoon; Harry James. Columbia 36549
Kelly Music Shop, 6367 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.	
Largo; Meditation from "Thais"; Boston Pops Orchestra; Arthur Fiedler, Conductor. Victor 11887	*I Remember You;* Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 4132
Invitation to the Waltz, Parts 1 and 2; British Broadcasting Company Orchestra. Victor 15192	*Sleepy Lagoon;* Harry James. Columbia 36549
"Traviata" Prelude Act I; NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor 18080	*Skylark;* Dinah Shore. Bluebird 11473
Jealousy; Ritual Fire Dance (De Falla); Boston Pops Orchestra. Victor 12160	*Always in My Heart;* Kenny Baker. Decca 18262
	Jersey Bounce; Benny Goodman. Okeh 6590
	Just as Though You Were Here; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27903

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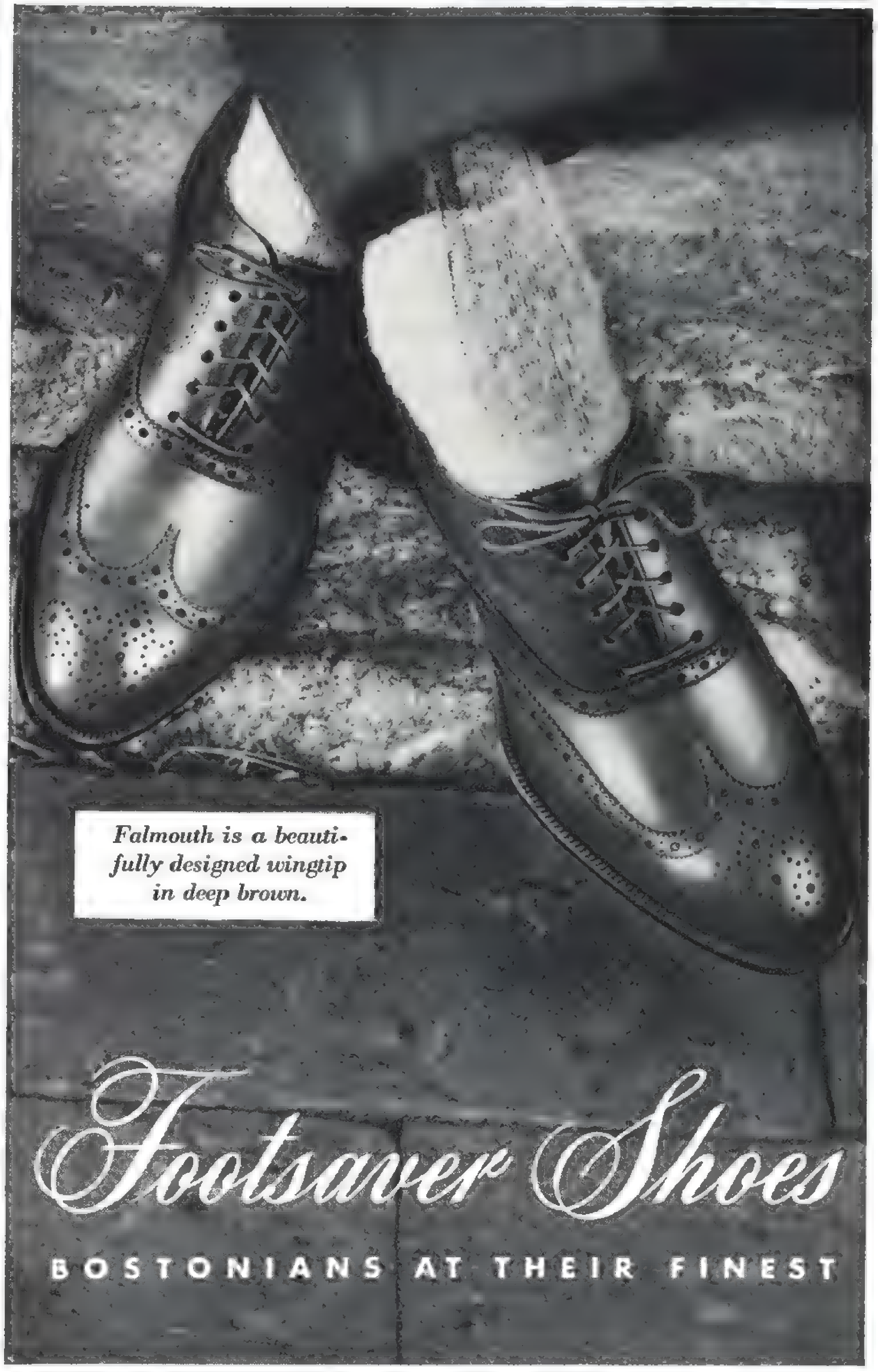
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BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST

Black Boy's Good Time

Continued from pages 60-133-134

. . . they were sorry about it, and they were going to give him a movie now, and ice cream . . . He had seen a movie only twice in his life, and it was a rarity, the highest of luxuries. And he could not explain the strong feeling of unhappiness that welled up in his breast. He longed to be home, home in the old shack with his mother and pig-tailed sister . . . He wanted to see them again, and that desire became powerful although he had just seen them four or five hours ago. He remembered how he had stood in the little room with Slim clutching his collar and grinning into his face, and the long wait as he watched the fist draw back and come crashing into his face, and the thought that had been in his mind—the last curious thought—before the blackness had descended on him like a falling cloud and caught him up in the swirling midst . . . And he remembered the blow . . . Every tooth had felt as if it were being smashed in with a sledge hammer and the bones in his head had rattled like dice in the fast-shaking hand of a gambler.

And then Johnson knew that he was lonely. He had been hit that way before and the feeling of loneliness in him was for his mother and the shack—where his own life was filled only with love for his family and a desire to help protect them from the fate that his father and brothers had met. And he knew they wanted the same thing.

The loneliness brought up a mist before his eyes

"I—I want to go home—" he said suddenly.

The sheriff looked at him. "What?—Yeah, sure—sure you'll go home Kid,—that's O.K., you don't have to worry about that. Don't you wanta have a good time first?"

Johnson stared weakly before him. He didn't answer.

The sheriff looked at him and then broke out in laughing as he looked back to the road.

"I'll bet you're still scared, Kid," he laughed. "Look—you don't hafta be afraid of nothin'. We caught the real thief—an' you're safe now . . . 'Course if you wanta go home now it's okay. Only I don't see what the hell's botherin' ya—Y'gonna see a swell piktcha an' you'll have some ice cream. Don't y' like that?"

Johnson wavered. "I—I—" he began.

"Forget about it, Kid. Soon's y'see the movie house you'll be dyin' t' go in, swell piktcha playin', too—How ya like Buck Jones, kid?"

Johnson looked at him blankly and without change of expression.

"Buck Jones?" he said.

"Never heard of him, huh Kid? Wait'll y'see him. He's terrific—totes two guns an' he don't spare the lead. Fights with the crooks on horses, jumps on 'em from a tree when they ride under him. Always wins, too. Wait'll y' see him." He glanced nervously over at Johnson and he saw Johnson was undecided. "Look, Kid—I don't want ya to go away feelin' lousy. Y'don't hafta feel bad about this thing, see? It was a mistake can happen anytime with anybody. You don't wanta go home an' feel bad about us an' hate us—That'll jus' make ya spiteful an' maybe get y' inta trouble again. An' listen, Kid. Nobody don't hafta know about this, see? It's none of nobody's business. You go have a good time an' then go home an' forget about it. That's all, Kid. You're a good li'l nigger—Well, stay that way. You don't wanta be mad at us an' then go tellin' stories. That'll jus' get ya in ta trouble. You heard about these damn reds that go around killin' people all over the country. That's the way they are—hateful and spiteful. Hate everybody an' then wanta kill ever' body. Don't get that way. It'll jus' get y' inta trouble. See?"

Johnson nodded. "Yes, sir—I'm not mad. I don't want no trouble."

"O.K. Johnson. You're all right. I can see that. Jus' keep y'mouth shut, that's all, an' y' won't have no trouble. Nobody don't hafta know what went on, remember that."

The car had entered the town and the bulb-studded marquee of a movie house appeared a block down from where they were. The sheriff drove slowly.

"Yessir!" he said, "this sure is gonna be a swell piktcha, all right. Gonna be the third time y'seen a movie, huh Kid?" He winked slyly at Johnson. "Ever see Mae West?"

Johnson smiled. He had never heard of Mae West, but he pieced together the sly wink with the grin and figured a smile would be the right answer—especially since it was about a girl.

The sheriff laughed loudly. "Haw—haw! You prob'ly got your own nigger idol, huh?"

Johnson smiled because he did not know what it was all about. The loneliness was disappearing and he began to feel happy again after all. It would be a thrill seeing a real movie—and ice cream too . . . !

The police car nosed in toward the curb in front of the movie

Continued on page 138

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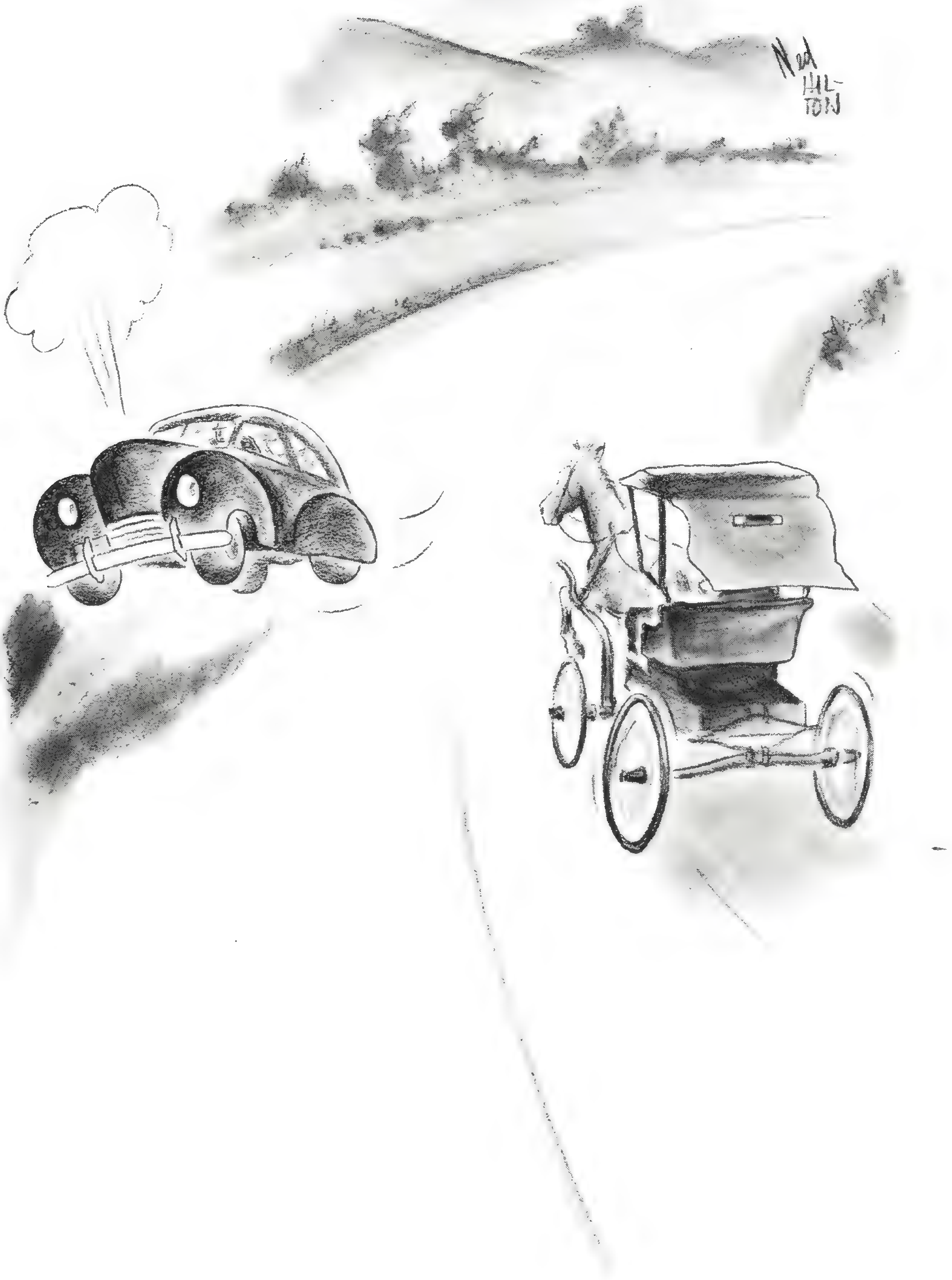
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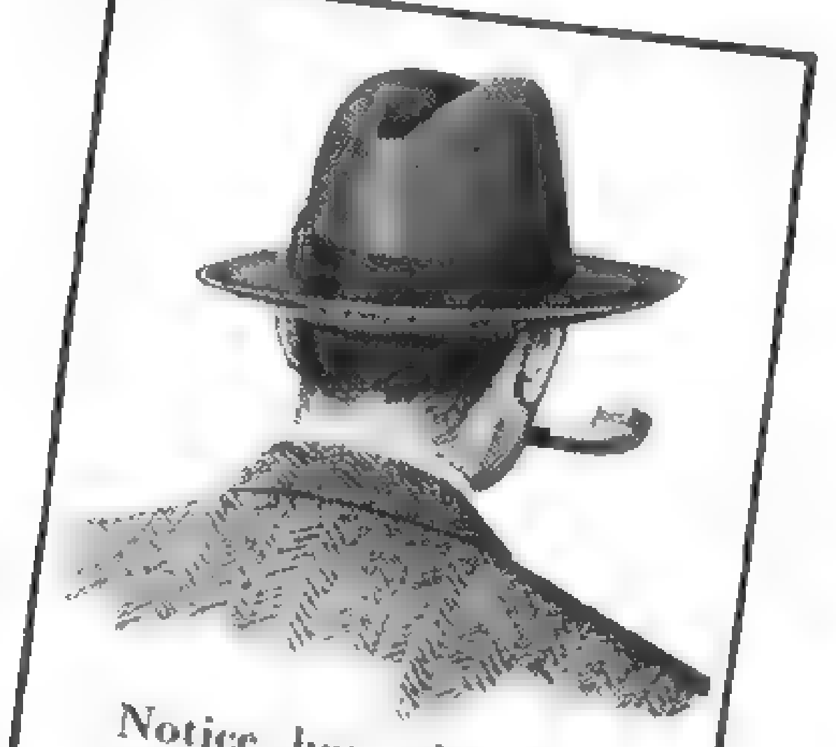

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Black Boy's Good Time

Continued from pages 60-133-134-136

house and stopped abruptly.

The sheriff and Johnson got out and the Negro followed the deputy to the box office.

"O.K. Kid," said the sheriff, "go ahead in an' enjoy the piktcha." He handed him the ticket. "Here, wait a minute, Johnson. Take this half-dollar an' buy some candy inside. Y'kin have some ice cream when y'get out, too—It's all on me. No hard feelings, Kid, an' remember—what happened is nobody's business, see? So long Kid!"

He lumbered back to the car and bounced in under the steering wheel, slamming the door. The green car zoomed smoothly out from the curb, hesitated, and then blended into the single line of traffic.

Johnson looked at the ticket and at the half-dollar. Then his teeth flashed again and he looked around for the entrance. He put the coin carefully into his pocket and went in, giving the ticket-taker the whole ticket and looking amazed when the latter offered him back half of it. He took it and put it into his pocket to be saved as a treasure. Then, smiling at him and at the couple that came out through the other door, he disappeared into the darkness of the theater, smiling in the darkness.

Johnson sat on the edge of the first empty seat he found and stared breathlessly at the living screen for full three and a half hours. And when he saw the same part twice he did not know it until the feature was finished, and the second picture that he had come in upon began. Then his eyes were tired and he felt dizzy and the stuffy air of the theater began to nauseate him. He went out smiling weakly at everyone he passed, he stood on the sidewalk and looked around uneasily. He spied a candy store near the theater and went over to get some ice cream. He waited patiently while the man prepared the cone, his lips twitching uncertainly around his mass of white teeth—not knowing whether to expand or recede.

Definition

A fifth columnist is a person who is pessimistic when you're optimistic or optimistic when you're feeling grave.

Then Johnson found himself outside again, walking up a comparatively empty side-street while he finished the cone. It was late in the afternoon; the fire in the sun was cooling slowly, and with it the earth cooled.

Johnson paused in the middle of the sidewalk and looked around. He had taken the advice of the sheriff: He had had a good time—ice cream and movies—and that had been more fun than he'd ever enjoyed before in his life.

It was time he went home. His mother would think that they had put him in jail, and she would worry and cry, and then his sister would cry too and she would be afraid—terribly afraid, like he had been before in the car... afraid and very lonely...

He was not mad or anything. He didn't want to get into anything, he didn't want to get into any more trouble, like those reds the sheriff had talked about... It was all a mistake, and now everything was all right. His bruised mouth still hurt a little, but it was all right. "A mistake can happen to anybody," he echoed.

Johnson snuggled his hands into his pockets. He turned around. There was a huge billboard behind him advertising the very movies he had just seen. His eyes passed over it uninterestedly, and he turned again and looked down the length of the street.

Yes, he would go home now... He had had his good time—a swell time, and he was very happy. After all, he reasoned unconsciously, he wasn't in jail, he wasn't being knocked down anymore—and on top of it all he had seen a movie for only the third time in his life, with an ice cream cone and forty-five cents in his pocket, to boot, and to persuade himself, he fingered the forty-five cents in his pocket...

But still, Johnson was bewildered. He stood quietly on the partly deserted sidewalk and struggled hard with himself to understand what it was, and why.

And a great wave of loneliness and bitterness swept over him and took him with it. Soon it was all-powerful and he tried in vain to explain it to himself.

He was unhappy, very unhappy, and that was all that he knew, was how he felt.

Johnson's fortitude collapsed with this feeling; it was too strong for him. He moved slowly over the curb and sat down on it. Tears welled in his eyes and he looked down to hide his face from passers-by.

The tongues of flame from the edge of the sun lapped at the horizon. A chilly breeze took its cue and swept down from the hills into the town, across the valley.

Johnson sat in his torn shirt on the curb and cried to the dust that padded his feet, and the dust patiently absorbed the large drops that splashed into it...

Johnson made no sound, but people walking by saw the wet face and perhaps the falling drops. They stared at him curiously and walked on.

... Just a little nigger crying on the curb. #

Can You Shoot?

Military experts rate one crack marksman equal to ten soldiers

by T. WILLARD MARTIN
• SPORTS •

Rifle shooters may be roughly divided into three types: hunters, plinkers and target shooters. Plinkers are those who get their fun shooting at tin cans, bottles, trees and possibly at signs along the way.

For years the United States has been known as "a nation of riflemen," and now in war time we can see the merits of this vogue. How can we encourage this beneficial activity more? Merely by getting more people to take up the .22 caliber rifle for target practice.

Start out by learning how to use a rifle safely and sanely. The National Rifle Association has a printed form, available to all members, in which the basic rules of the use of firearms are listed. The Director of Civilian Marksmanship, War Department, Washington, D. C. has a similar list.

After learning to aim your rifle, empty or loaded, only at what you want to hit, you should start out at either the fifty-foot or fifty-yard target. As the prone position is the most easily mastered, you should take it up first. Continued practice in aiming, breathing and trigger-squeezing, while in a relaxed position, will soon put more of your shots in the black bull's-eye of your paper target. In 1940, the leading American shooter, Dave Carlson, had a grand average of 99.47 per cent. If Britain had one hundred thousand such shots there would be little danger of parachute troops landing. A well-trained marksman has a devastating effect on an enemy soldier at any distance up to one thousand yards.

There are military experts who consider one marksman equal to ten ordinary soldiers. Trained riflemen make good gunners and each tank, plane or armored car needs good shots. Bombers also need straight shooting gunners.

Recently the writer organized a rifle club among a group of civil service employees. Twenty men reported for the first target practice, equipped with twelve different makes and types of .22 caliber rifles. Each fired forty shots at fifty-yard targets. The high man, who had used a rifle often, had a score of 342 out of 400, while the low man had a total score of only seven points. After three months of practice, this low man had raised his score to 375.

Unlike other sports, target shooting can be enjoyed even by the physically handicapped. Those whose eyes require corrective lenses can become expert shots. Most any standard rifle is suitable for target shooting, although single shot, bolt action types equipped with target sights are preferred. In addition to the sling, which should always be used, there is one accessory which will help speed up your attainment of marksmanship status. This is the spotting telescope with which you can immediately see where your shots hit without walking to the target.

Proper breathing and trigger-squeezing are very important. When a good sight on the bull's-eye is obtained, you should take a deep breath. As you do this, the muzzle of the rifle will be lowered below the target. Then the breath should be exhaled until the sights rise up on the target. The moment a clear picture is seen, hold your breath and squeeze the trigger. Never jerk or yank the trigger as the rifle will be pulled off the bull's-eye. Experts "follow through" as it helps higher scoring. "Follow through" means to keep the sights aligned on the target for a moment after the shot has been fired.

In prone shooting you should lie on your stomach, supporting your body on both elbows. Grasp the forepart of the rifle stock lightly with your left hand and place your left elbow as nearly under the rifle as is found possible. Your sling should be tightly looped around the left upper arm and your right hand should grasp the pistol grip of the rifle. Your index finger should be used on the trigger and the other three should help steady the rifle. A tight sling holds the rifle firmly against the right shoulder and also does most of the work in aiming.

Next the sitting, kneeling and offhand positions should be mastered. In the sitting position, sit on the ground at right angles to the target and either slightly extend both feet or fold them under the opposite leg. Place both elbows on the knees and use the sighting, breathing and trigger-squeezing technique.

The kneeling position is more difficult. If you are right-handed, kneel on your right knee and place your left elbow on your left knee. The offhand position will be the most widely used. Stand with your legs spread slightly so that your weight is equal on each foot. Grip the rifle forearm with the left hand and hold the right elbow the height of your right shoulder; then aim and fire as in the other positions.

With a million civilians, both men and women, qualified as experts in marksmanship, our country would be safe from invasion. For national safety, learn to shoot now, so that when you are asked, "Can you shoot?", your answer will be: "Yes, I am an expert with the rifle." ##

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IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

Lo, the Poor Cowboy

Continued from page 47

roaring locomotive and you have ninety per cent of the horse operas ever made.

The Great Train Robbery contained in its lists an actor named Max Aronson. This Aronson was scarcely recognizable in those flickering, pre-close-up days, but he was a man with ideas. He bided his time. In 1908 he moved into the town of Niles, a quick gallop from San Francisco, and he started to make one-reel Westerns with himself as the star. He made one Western a week for 376 straight weeks. He changed his name to Bronco Billy Anderson and cut himself a great hunk of glory. Bronco Billy was the first Western star, first to make the anemic blood of clerks, soda jerks, and school kids sing with a passion for the great open spaces.

California is now one of our leading war-production states. Whoever thought we'd live to see the day when she produced more airplanes than airplane melodramas?

"Bronco Billy." He was before my time. The name is something out of an old clipping to me, a name I can write with no nostalgia at all. But to my father he was the king of all the golden horizons.

A word here to the man who will some day write the book about horse operas: bear with Mr. Marshall and me for a moment. The plot begins to unfold. Comes the dawn.

Back in 1908 Bronco Billy, the first of the galloping tintypers, starts a prairie fire. He is the first, but out of the sagebrush all around him new heroes spring up. Saddled and spurred they are; bronzed; a new kind of a God for the nickelodeons. They are, of course, heroes begotten by other men, men with bank books and visions. One of these was the urbane Colonel William Selig, out of Chicago. The Colonel took a motion picture troupe to Oklahoma and made an epic entitled *Ranch Life in the Great Southwest.* It was a great success and encouraged Selig to push further westward. In 1909 he sent another company to Los Angeles. He started a studio behind a Chinese laundry on Olive Street near Eighth. When Selig had made *Ranch Life in the Great Southwest* he had picked a cowboy out of the famous Miller's 101 Ranch show and featured him. This cowboy had been a United States Marshal. He was thin and brown and looked part Indian. (All his life he claimed Indian blood.) His name was Tom Mix.

Bronco Billy was the first act. Tom Mix was the main event. For twenty years he sat astride a pinnacle. He made fabulous money. (In 1925 he got 17,000 dollars a week from William Fox.) The old-timers around Hollywood still tell stories about Mix. Even in the wildest days of the town he was like a bat out of hell. They talk about his car with the patent leather seats and the initials "T.M." all over the upholstery, and the moose horns up front for a radiator cap. They talk about his house at Catalina where an electric sign blinked "T.M." all night long. They talk about his bright yellow overcoats and his twenty-gallon hats. Mix, in a manner of speaking, was the first of the phony cowboys. He was the first to wear trick suits, to ride impeccably across the plains in white corduroys. He was the first to make a co-star of his horse "Tony." And he colored our notions of the cowboy forever after. He made us believe that all cowboys were like himself, clean and beautiful. A while ago George Marshall made a picture called *Texas.* Delicious satire the critics said, because the cowboys wore dirty pants and picked their noses and sucked their thumbs after they ate. "Hell," says Marshall, "I wasn't satirizing anybody. My cowboys are real cowboys. But people still think every cow hand looks like Tom Mix."

Mix's life was more amazing than any part he ever played, and it ended in one last, humiliating paradox. He was killed, not in the saddle but in an automobile.

Mix burst upon the screen in 1908. After him, it can properly be said, came the deluge. From 1908 to 1914 was an era filled with pretenders to the throne. None of them ever toppled Mix but they all had their devout followers. There was Art Acord, the original Buck Parvin. In 1912 Cecil B. DeMille and Jesse Lasky rented a barn in Hollywood and made *The Squaw Man.* That one made Dustin Farnum. Even the great Griffith, by then lord of all he surveyed, was trying his hand at Westerns and had for himself a hero named Lionel Barrymore.

But let's give the floor to Marshall for the moment. He's the best man among us. He directed Tom Mix.

"There was only one Tom," he says. "But everybody was imitating him and everybody was making Westerns. The exhibitors began to holler: 'Cut it out! They're a drug on the market!' And we had to cut it out."

In 1914 came a slump in the horse opera market. Mix stayed on top but the market was glutted and lesser lights began to fade. Those were lean days for the Western specialists, but Fate r'ared back and called forth a miracle and its name was William S. Hart.

The greatest Western star of all time was Bill Hart. Even beyond Mix, beyond any other since and probably beyond any more to come—he was the greatest. Hart was a stage actor, starring in a traveling company of *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.* His great stage days were behind him, the days when he had played leading man to Modjeska, and Rhea, and Julia Arthur. But an old stage mate of his, Tom Ince, was doing all right in the movie game and he asked Hart to act in something called *The Bargain.* Hart consented. *The Bargain* made a star of him overnight and started him on one of the most profitable careers the movies have ever foaled. He made scores of two-reelers. He made feature-length pictures like *Hell's Hinges,* which shot him into a Famous Players-Lasky contract at 10,000 dollars a week. Along with Pickford, Chaplin, and Fairbanks, Hart became one of the Big Four of Moviedom. He was a long, gaunt man with a nose as straight as a stiletto and a chin like a holster. He had beady little eyes, close together. He had the look of a gent who meant business, a man without humor, a man as strong and as silent and as efficient as a horse. He made more money than any cowboy star ever dreamed of, because he got a percentage of the profits. Hart's weekly intake unquestionably hovered around the 40,000 dollar mark. The strong, silent man retired from the screen in 1923 after a bitter fight with Paramount, and with him went the epitome of the grand style.

After him came others. Harry Carey and Hoot Gibson over at Universal. William Farnum at Fox, and Jack Holt over at Paramount. Roy Stewart, J. Warren Kerrigan, Jack Hoxie, Buck Jones, Fred Thomson, Colonel Tim McCoy, William Russell. There were others, all shapes and sizes, criss-crossing the purple sage, plucking the fair damsel from the very jaws of death, avenging the red devils who ambushed the wagon train. During the nineteen twenties they cantered across the silent, silver screen towards—what? A fate worse than death.

They could fight Indians by the score and stop stampedes, but they couldn't stand up against two simultaneous strokes of lightning. One went by the name of Depression, and the other was entitled The Talkies.

The double calamity knocked most of them out. Gibson is through . . . so is Kerrigan . . . Stewart and Thomson are dead. So is good old Bill Russell. Tim McCoy went with a circus then came back to co-star with Buck Jones in meagre little pictures at Monogram. Art Acord? He died in Mexico. He was working in a silver mine for bread and butter. He got into a fight with a Mexican and he was stabbed to death.

Tom Mix? They just couldn't make him sound like a he-man for the talkies. He went into the circus game. Bill Hart? He just wouldn't come out of retirement.

"The depression and the talkies," says Marshall, "they came in almost at the same time. That was another time the exhibitors raised the old war cry. The talkies put a new complexion on everything. Any guy who couldn't talk like Noel Coward got sent back to the farm. So what chance did the poor cowboy have? The exhibitors howled 'take 'em away, they're a drug on the market!' We took 'em away."

The talkies, of course, killed

Continued on page 142

The black Homburg hat continues in good favor with business men. The officer wears the regulation Fighting French uniform.

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Lo, the Poor Cowboy

Continued from pages 47-141

more than Westerns—for a while. They killed all semblance of sanity in Hollywood—for a while. But when reason began to flow back into the battered brains of the producers and the exhibitors, they realized that the public was getting fed up on nothing but lovely English accents. The public wanted action—movement. The public wanted the American language as she is spoke. The public began to clamor for Westerns.

There is a quasi-religious notion which holds that a great figure always rises in time of stress . . . a man for the age, so to speak. This is no place for discussions pro and con on that subject. I bring it up merely to point out that we have now reached the post-talkie, or modern phase of the horse opera, and we are bogged down in the very slough of despond. If a figure is to arise, like a lily from a dung heap, just as Bill Hart did the last time we reached an impasse, now is the time for him to do it. We are in the early forties. Westerns are due for a classic revival—but there are no Westerners! The old guard, the titans of the twenties, have faded out.

Of course, until he joined the army in July, there was Gene Autry.

Gene Autry was one of the three greatest cowboy stars ever produced by the little men with the bank books and the visions. But he is the first great mutation in the whole history of Western stars. His illustrious predecessors, Mix and Hart, were of one stripe, and so were all the others. They did not look alike but they did all the same things in much the same way; they were quick on the draw and in their hearts was a lust for vengeance. They were cowboy heroes of the old school, which was the only school until this Autry came along. He is mild of manner and slow to take offense. He did something the old guard would have shuddered at—he played a guitar and he sang. He didn't bare any strong, silent profile to the breeze. Instead, he capitalized on an elegant set of upper bridgework. He didn't fight very well. That is, he fell apart in the clinches and anybody but his movie opponent could see that he was a sucker for a right cross. He was always dressed up prettier'n a picture, which is all right, but he busted out with a love song every five minutes.

This Autry is clearly a very tough hombre to figure out. But he was up there on top and making 60,000 dollars a picture. He did trick riding at rodeos for 1500 dollars a throw and he made a small mint on his radio program. I don't know. I don't get it.

The new crop of Western heroes, the lesser lights after Autry, are young gentlemen of the old school. Roy Rogers, Charles Starrett, Dick Foran, Tim Holt (son of the still active Jack), Bill Boyd, Tex Ritter. All good men and true, quick with a gun, fast with their fists, and not a tenor voice in the lot. But Autry's the man of the hour.

I asked Marshall about Autry.

"I don't rightly know," he said. "Unless it's that he's such an everyday guy. A guy like the rest of us."

That may be it. Maybe all the others, Tom Mix and Bill Hart and Hoot Gibson and Buck Jones, were what we thought we'd like to be. And maybe Gene Autry is just what we are.

That may be it. I don't know. I leave it all up to my friend to figure out, my unknown friend who will write the book I'm asking him to write. It is one of the things he'll have to take apart if he ever expects to get to first base with this horse opera thing.

For the rest, it will have to be a rip-smartin' dilly of a book, branded everywhere by the mark of authenticity. For that reason alone I could not qualify for the job of authorship, for I am, at best, a Catskill cowboy. It will have to be a ten-gallon book, a buckin' bronc of a book. It will have to smell of saddle leather and sweat and dust, and of the peeling corrugated tin of the old makeshift studios like the one behind the Chinese laundry. (You still get a musty smell when you pass the old places in Hollywood. Ghost smells, maybe. Ghost towns.) It will have to be a book about cloak-and-suiters from the East who dreamed great dreams and made dream princes of stable boys. It will be a book of miracles; of a plain man from the hills who came down and made 17,000 dollars a week; of a Shakespearian actor who became the greatest two-gun man of them all; of a crooner and picker on guitars who sits and sings on top of the world. It will be a book full of dollar signs and decimal points. It will have to be a dime-novel, another-Indian-bit-the-dust kind of a book, told half by Zane Grey, half by Scheherazade.

And every once in a while you—my ambitious young author—will have to point out that Westerns are a drug on the market.

So—you might add—is sulfanilimide. ⧺

Fable

Once upon a time there was a war analyst who admitted he hadn't the faintest idea what Hitler was talking about when he referred to that secret weapon.

The Hangin of Willard Bellstrase

Continued from page 45

little chilly fer me."

"He's had a drink too," Big Aaron said. "Moonshine does me that way. I don't give a damn right now if the Old Line Special jumps clean into the river."

"Sit down by us Professor," some tall freckle-faced girl said.

I was afraid the train would wreck and I wouldn't get to see the hangin. Then I'd take another notion and think it would be great to be in a train wreck and roll down from a cliff into the river—bumpety-bumpety—bumpety-bumpety! Right over the cliffs into the river and the boys on the flat cars a-goin down through the air a-hollerin and cavortin and the moonshine jugs, horse quarts and fruit jars flyin in the air. Right up the track we rolled, huffety-puffety—hootie-toot-toot, hootie toot-toot around the bend for Eight-Mile Station.

When the Old Line Special rolled into the Station, there was over a thousand people to meet the train. The whole hill was covered with boys, girls, men and women and children and barking dogs a-waitin for the greatest hangin Bear Branch people had ever seen. People met the train with torches and lanterns! The whole hillsides seemed covered with boys and girls a-laughin, talkin and having the biggest time in the world. All the schools in the country had dismissed to see the hangin!

When I got off that train nobody knew me. Girls looked at me like I'd come from some place faraway. Big Aaron and I went out into the crowd together where there was a lot of hollerin, singin, laughin, talkin and lovin goin on. I never saw hide-nor-hair of Pa and Ma and the rest of the family. They must have thought I wasn't comin. Didn't know, maybe, that a hangin within fifty miles was for our school too.

The moon was just goin down over the Kentucky hills. The tired train was pantin a little bit now after its long run up the river pullin all that load of people. People were swarmin over the hills and the railroad tracks like bees. Boys had their arms around the girls' necks.

"Let's go out to the jail and see Willard Bellstrase," I said.

"Do you reckon he'll break jail and come at one of us with a razor?" Big Aaron asked.

"You needn't worry about him ever takin after another person with a razor," I said. "His cuttin throats is over when he once gets in the Eight-Mile Station Jail. It's made of big rocks that it took twenty yoke of oxen to pull from the old furnaces. He can't get out of that jail."

There was a big crowd around the jail. We went up to a winder where a lot of people were standin around. I looked through the winder and I saw Willard in a cell. He had his shirt unbuttoned and his face looked pale as a flour-poke. It would a looked a lot paler if it hadn't been for his beard. "He don't look like a mean man," Big Aaron said. "He's got a sad face."

"You'd have a sad face too," I said, "if you's goin to leave this world and a wife and seven children soon as the sun come up from behind the hills."

Willard didn't know me the way I was dressed and he used to see me every day too. It wouldn't be long now until poor old Willard would hang on the scaffold built out by the road on a sycamore tree. The watersprouts had been cut away and the first limb trimmed and a rope swinging down from it like a grapevine swing. A little platform had been built upon four posts with a door fixed on top of it with a pair of leather hinges on one side and a big button on the under side. The rope fell down from the sycamore limb to the trap door. And under the platform the people would get to see Willard swing by the neck after he fell through the door. It was not fixed like a lot of gallows where they have the sides of the platform boxed till you can't see the man swing by the neck.

Of all the pitiful cryin you ever heard in your life was when Willard's children come to the jail and looked through the bars and cried with Bertha, her screamin at the top of her voice. Willard ought to have thought about that when he was packin that razor around for somebody's juggler vein.

"It'll soon be time for the sun," Big Aaron said. "See the light streaks a-breakin in the east! It'll soon be time for the hangin!"

If you could have seen the crowds gettin up off the ground! Some had been asleep and some had been down drunk. Some were just a-restin after a tiresome trip to the hangin! Every bush on the hillside had a mule or a horse tied to it. It was a sight to see. Wagons, buggies, hug-me-tights and surreys were on every level place where one could be left. It was the biggest crowd that ever had been to Eight-Mile Station. Hundreds of people were wavin their hands into the air and a hollerin.

The Whippoorwills were a-hollerin and the roosters a-crowin for daylight! The crowd was goin wild. I'll tell you I never got so excited in all my life. Big Aaron, Little Ed, Tom, Zulus and I together. The moon was goin down and it looked like it was tired after the way it had tried to run up a sky of white clouds to keep up with the train that brought us to the hangin. Sorry the moon could not stay in the sky to see the hangin across the holes behind the Kentucky moon. Men were a-drinkin from their jugs and fruit-jars and a-fightin all around Eight-Mile Station. They were gettin ready for the hangin.

"Bring on the man!" they screamed impatiently.

It was just about this time that

Continued on page 144

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The Hangin of Willard Bellstrase

Continued from pages 45-143

I met Beadie Blevins. She was the prettiest girl I saw at the hangin. It was just breakin day but I could tell she was as pretty as a ripe peach. Her hair fell in long curls over her shoulders and her teeth were white as percoon petals. I just felt like hollerin, "goodie goodie" to the rest of the boys. But it would have hurt their feelins since I got the prettiest girl. Beadie Blevins held onto my arm.

"Good-bye boys," I said. "I'll be seein you when the Old Line Special takes us back to White Rock."

I took off with Beadie through the crowd. A crowd was still goin wild and hollerin for Willard. We heard that a lot of the Bellstrases would come with guns to stop the hangin. But, a army of Gullets were there with guns. The Gullets said the hangin would go on. Preacher Hix went to Willard's cell and tried to get him to make peace with his Lord. Willard cussed the Gullets and said if he met them in hell, they'd fight it out to a finish. Willard's children were around the jail winders a-screamin and a-prayin. Bertha Bellstrase was there a-screamin till you could a-heard her across the mountain. I was the happiest young man there. Since daylight had come, I knew Beadie was the prettiest girl at the hangin.

I saw Sheriff Pennix put the cap over Willard's face and the handcuffs on his hands. Sheriff Pennix had a couple of deputies with him. They carried long rifles over their shoulders and pistols buckled on them. I saw the Bellstrases there, too, with pistols and rifles. They were mad men with dark, beardy faces. I thought surely there'd be war. Maybe the crowd looked too big for the Bellstrases. We'd a-had a time after havin the train to bring people in from every place and then not have a hangin. It wouldn't do. The people intended to see a hangin. That's what they'd come for and what they intended to see. But Beadie was with me. She was the nearest thing to Heaven I ever saw. When I looked into her face, I just heaved.

"Whoopee! Hurrah! Whoopee!" The sun was creepin over the hills now. The sheriff and his two deputies brought Willard out of the jail. Willard was a-kickin and a-cussin. He was actin awful. I saw Pa and Ma by the scaffold. Ma had one of Willard's youngins. Pa was wipin tears from his eyes. Pa had a chicken heart when an old friend of his was to be hung by the neck. Pa and Ma didn't know me the way I was dressed. I didn't want them to know me until the whole thing was over.

People kept crowdin closer and Sheriff Pennix and his deputies had to shove them back. They were afraid that it might be one of the Bellstrase boys edgin up a little too close. The Bellstrases'll fight until they die for one another. But, there were too many people wantin to see a hangin and they were against the Bellstrases. The Bellstrases didn't have a chance and the Sheriff took Willard to the scaffold. Willard scooted and skived-up the grass, cussed, hollered and prayed and his wife and brothers followed him a-screamin.

"Ah, Buddie, how do you like your night cap?" some man hollered. He bent over, slapped his thighs with his big hands and laughed and laughed. Preacher Hix tried to say something. He had a Bible in his hand and a page turned. We could just see his lips workin and that was all. Beadie had me by the arm. I had my eye on Pa and Ma on the other side. Sheriff Pennix led Willard upon the scaffold. Willard was goin like a blind dog in a meathouse. The sun was comin up now. All of us were riled until we didn't care what happened.

Sheriff Pennix put the rope around Willard's neck. Fiddle McCarty tied the knot. Fiddle had tied the knots at many a hangin. He never failed to make the knot hold. "Ready," Fiddle said.

"Let him make his confession," High Sheriff Pennix said.

"I'd like to slit every damn Gullet's throat among these hills," Willard shouted. "The cowardly sons-of-bitches. Goddam every cowardly son-of-a-bitch and his brother among 'em. I'll show you that I can die like a man. You've got the wrong man on the scaffold. Men right out there in that crowd that's got graveyards all their own of the men they've killed, yet the bastards come to see me hang by the neck. I can see the sun through this goddam veil. Let my breath go! Let my neck break! Let my life end! Just one time to die and I'll soon get it over with! All I got to say is turn the button and let the goddam trap fall."

Screams roared from the crowd.

"Take off that hood!"

"Let the goddam trap door fall!"

"Let's see the goddam thing end."

People started crowdin one another so they could see better. Boys started climbin up among the sycamore limbs so they could see.

"This is a real hangin," Beadie said. "It's the best hangin I ever saw. I'm glad I come and met you."

"You wouldn't kid me?"

"You know I wouldn't kid you

VAT 69

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for the world, Honey!"

And about that time "wow" and the trap door opened and Willard fell danglin on the end of the rope under the floor of the tall scaffold. He swung around and around and of all the hollerin the crowd put it up.

"Cut the rope and hang him again," one man standin' near us said. "Grab up somebody and hang 'em."

"Shet your goddam trap," a Bellstrase boy said. "We'll let you be the next one we hang."

Bertha fainted and her children took off to the weeds a-screamin! It was gettin about milkin time now and the hangin was over. The Bellstrases went under the scaffold to claim the body. They waited for Doc Minton to feel of Willard's ticker to see if he was a corpse or a livin person.

The first two I saw on the train were Big Aaron and Little Ed. They didn't get no girls. They were loaded to the gills on moonshine whiskey. I sat real close to Beadie Blevins and wished life would be just one long train ride goin some place down a long river. Professor Brady sat beside me with some woman.

The Old-Line Special went down the grade and boys whooped it up from their stomachs on the flat cars. All fighting one another and shootin at the trees along the railroad track. It's a thousand wonders ten or fifteen hadn't been killed. They fit all the way to the hangin and all the way back in the coaches, on top of the box cars and on the flat cars. Boys even played poker goin back on the flat cars.

"It's got so bad here you just can't have a decent hangin any more," Beadie said.

"You are right, Honey," I said. "My suit looks like it's never been pressed. My shoes are all skinned and the buttons tramped off'n 'em."

I held Beadie in my arms and hugged her all the way back to White Rock. ##

An Act with Class

Continued from page 70

wherever he lives. Either he doesn't understand us, or maybe, says Joe afterwards, the Greek is a gentleman and don't give any number because the place he's going to isn't his but some girl's. We leave him standing on the corner of 29th Street and Sixth Avenue.

That's the last we see of him.

All week Joe blows about his find, and I argue with him about how overselling is worse than underselling in show business and maybe in world wars, too, and we drink contented-like every night and sleep late over the surprise we got in hand. And one day Joe lugs me into the Public Library and up to some reading room to look at a picture of his swear word Layockoon and I see at once we got something classy.

Only Nicolas Nicodemus never shows up. Joe sends a wire to Buffalo to the place our fellow let us think he had a contract with, and gets an answer. Buffalo is madder than we are because they got no act either, also they're stuck for lots of printing about him.

We'd been enthusiastic all over the place. Joe had even gone in deep at Finnigan's Bar trying to imitate this act, and now he has to buy drinks all down the line to drown the name of Nicodemus. I didn't see much of Joe after I won a pair of handcuffs off Officer Botkin, crapping off duty, and tossed 'em to Joe so's he could bring in his acts on time.

I hadn't seen Joe for four months when we run into each other in front of a Greek restaurant and pool room, and before we had time to recall how it was a Greek put us off each other, we're ordering a big bowl of black olives and some wine and getting ready for some goat on a stick.

"Do you see what I see?" says Joe to me.

And before I can get a good look, he has his ham on the shoulder of the waiter and is yelling what the hell he means by not showing up. This waiter has the same hair cut and long nose and sad face that I remember, sadder if anything, and he shakes Joe off.

"Maybe all Greeks look alike to us," I crack, not quite sure we're getting ready to hit the right Nicolas, for this fellow just stares and stares like he'd never seen us before.

He keeps shaking his head. "I not your waiter," he whispers, sliding off.

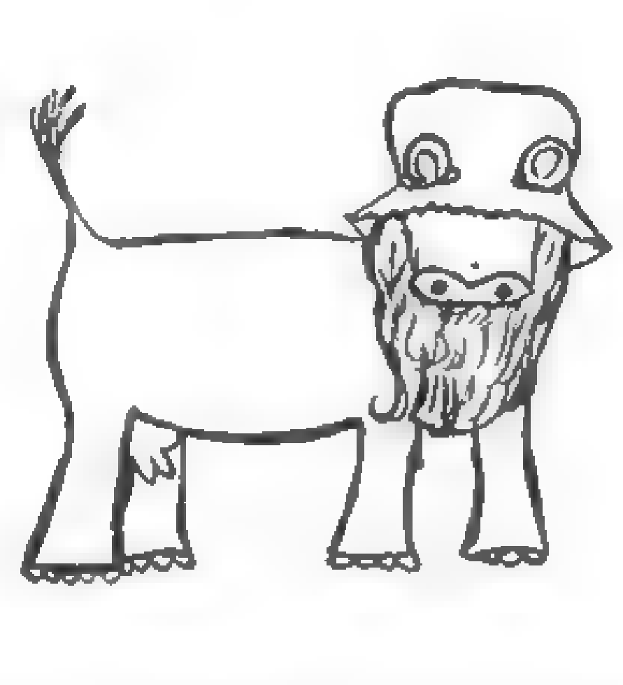
"Hold your horses, Joe," I say. So we sit there and don't eat but watch this fellow wait on the other tables, never looking at us, but he must have been glancing because when Joe starts up again, he comes over and stands in front of us. Joe tries a new tack.

"Aren't you Nicolas Nicodemus, the Man Who Wrestles Himself?" Joe tries to make his voice pleasing and hangs onto the table to keep from slugging the fellow.

This waiter just stands there shaking his head, his eyes rolling a little when he sees how Joe has the table by the scroff.

"We only saw him once," I try to shush Joe. "Maybe this isn't our guy," and I believe maybe I've

Continued on page 146



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An Act with Class

Continued from pages 70-145

got something there until this waiter gets himself over near the door, rips off his apron and is out in a flash. Which, when Joe sees too, he knocks over a chair and would have been out in the street too, but the black-haired Proprietor by the cashier's machine grabs Joe and says "Check."

"You won't get nowhere," says the Proprietor. "That's my brother and he's been through hell."

"That's my act. That's Nicolas Nicodemus, the Man Who Wrestles Himself. . ."

"Why didn't he go to Buffalo?" I ask.

"Why didn't he come back?" Joe yells.

"He ain't never come back yet," says the brother, as sad looking now as that Nicolas. "He's washed up. I'm sending him back to the old country." He shook his head and tapped his brow. "He's a good boy, Nicolas, but you know . . ." he tapped his brow again.

"Huh," said Joe.

By and by we got the story out of him as much as he had taken weeks to pull out of Nicolas and the Cop who brought him back. He ought to have found out more but this Proprietor has no license and he listens to what cops tell him and don't ask no extra questions. He's had to put the story together himself like picking up a broken dish.

He'd gone with Nicolas himself to the station and seen him buy his ticket for Buffalo. And Nick had gone down the ramp waving good-bye and got into a car. The car was full but a fellow got up and gave him a seat, or maybe just left a seat empty and ducked out. Then the train started and a man with a list came through checking the passengers off.

"Who are you?" he says to Nicolas, sitting there with his red cloth roll.

"Nicolas Nicodemus, the Man Who Wrestles Himself."

"That's not the name," says the Uniform, running a pencil down his list and goes on puzzled. Every seat is taken and the man counts the passengers and comes back and asks again, "Who are you?"

To make a sad story short, which was the way the Proprietor told us, for he didn't know too much himself, they never let Nicolas ride as far as Buffalo. About five hours up the line the whole carfull was hustled off the train. "Come along," says the guy with the list to Nick, and everybody gets off and the train pulls out. Nicolas hugs his red roll and his briefcase and somebody pushes him onto one of the buses, with the others. Two or three of the passengers are tied up to keepers who got control. They get to some sort of hospital for loonies. In a way, you couldn't expect the Checker-off to know he'd made a mistake when Nick, though he didn't have a tag like the others, kept saying, "Nicolas Nicodemus, the Man Who Wrestles Himself." If the wrestler wasn't the man on his list, then who was he? They took the Greek upstairs. And the more people asked him questions the less he could talk. He wouldn't eat. He'd break out in some language nobody got the hang of, but asking him things in English made him cry. Then he unpacked his roll and began doing his act. The docs had never seen anything like it before. He kept right on doing it and bellowing and moaning until they put him into a strait jacket. He whimpered for three days and would not touch any food.

Nick's brother says he was still whimpering when the Cop turned up with him in New York at the end of five days. The Cop put up an argument that it was all Nick's fault. "And in a way," says the Proprietor to Joe, "it was understandable. My wife now says she's surprised they didn't keep him. And when she gets tired of how he won't talk any more she yells at him why don't they come and get him."

Joe don't know whether to keep on being mad or not.

"I had to bring him to work with me," goes on Mr. Nicodemus, "he's all right here. He took an apron and went on the job the first day. We caught him putting his rings in a wedding cake for some all-night party and that was okay, and he puts his mat and oilcloth bag out with the garbage, and he makes customers point to what they want on the menu."

"That ain't no kind of service," cracks Joe, beginning to think.

"I don't give him no wages," went on the brother. "I'm saving his money for a ticket back to the old country but there ain't no boats. My wife lets him sleep at the house for his tips."

"That ain't no solution," snaps Joe. "He's got to wrestle himself. By God, he's got to claw himself out of this."

He asks for the home address and I see him swelling like he always is when he's got an intention, and grinning the way he was that night going backstage in Brooklyn.

Joe starts fishing in his pocket to pay for our eats. But the Proprietor tears up our checks.

"Gentlemen," he says, "you've had lunch on the House of Nicodemus." ⵌ

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Beware the Tremper Buck

Continued from page 77

held him down and turned to the stranger. "I just want to warn you, Mr. Fiske, that you're heading for trouble. Captain White told you at the club about the Tremper Buck, I suppose, but there's lots he didn't tell you. That's no ordinary deer. Do you think we'd bother our heads with a run-of-the-woods buck? No. Take my advice. Go elsewhere and get yourself a buck while there's time. I don't want to seem mysterious, but if you go after that deer again, something will happen that will astonish you. Not that we mean to do anything about it. The law's on your side. But the Tremper Buck knows no law. And he'll settle your hash for you. Mark my words."

Soldiers overseas prefer letters from home to anything else. In short the American girl should conserve every kind of paper except stationery.

The stranger poured himself four fingers of whiskey. "You can keep your rotten cabin," he said with a pretty snarl. "I almost froze to death in it, anyway. And I'll take the Tremper Buck—if it's the last thing I do!"

He stalked out of the lodge and went swearing and scuffling to his cabin. He gathered his gear and drove off toward the inn.

"And now what?" asked Jan.

"Yes, Gaffer," said Fahim. "What now?"

"Leave it to me, my lads," replied Gaffer. "I've been expecting this and I've been thinking very hard. That brute has it coming to him and I'll give it to him." He shook his head and added: "If he lasts long enough, I mean. I never saw a man so close to delirium. The D. T.'s, as they used to call them when I was a boy."

"Gaffer!" cried Jan in horror. "You're not going to drink him under the table?"

"I could. I could. But I wouldn't take a drink with a guy like him. And it won't be necessary. He doesn't need any help." He pulled on his jacket and added: "I'm going down to the village to talk with some of those clever mechanics down there. I'll find out how hot they are, all right. All you lads have to do is get into the old farmhouse kitchen about dusk and keep your eyes peeled. Bring your rifles—in case of accident."

Jan and Fahim shook their heads in doubt and despair as they watched him go. They sat around the fire most of the day and then took up their rifles and started off for the mountain. Halfway up the road, they found a team of horses and a sledge pulled up. Old Woolbeater stood alongside. He grinned when they questioned him and replied: "Just been doing a little hauling for the old man. Can't tell ye what. Promised not to." He winked. "Going to wait till it's over. Must take back what I took up."

The two hunters crept into the farmhouse kitchen. A snowfall began and came thick enough, now and then, to shut off their view. Fahim walked up and down the boards, beating his long arms about to keep warm. At one turn, he looked out the window and gave a sudden groan. "Here he comes, Jan."

Rifle in hand, the stranger came creeping into his lurking place. A squall hid him from sight, then the air cleared and they saw him spread out under the eaves, his rifle sighted. He brushed the snow off his cheeks, which were blue with cold. Again the snow drifted over the spring house in a long flurry and hid him from their sight.

The stranger lay there for ten minutes, his bloodshot eyes fixed on the bullpen. He drank from his flask. And then, sharp and clear, a whistling sound blew down the mountainside. He raised his rifle and waited for the wind to clear the way.

Presently the air cleared. He peered over the barrel and grunted with an evil joy. Clear and beautiful against the grey sky, the motionless and noble figure of a buck stood, his forefeet planted on the frosty wall. One handsome, glassy eye stared upward at the storm-ridden hemlocks. The other seemed to be casting a hungry sort of glance toward the banquet of hay. The light was so dim that the antlers were not clearly visible, but it was easy to see that they were magnificent.

The stranger, terribly excited by this wonderful appearance, growled at his trembling hand. He aimed at the buck.

"Tremper Buck, eh?" whispered the assassin savagely. "In just one-tenth of a split second, you'll be a buck no more!" He ran his tongue over his dry lips. The rifle wavered, but he showed that he knew a thing or two. He took his time. He kept his look of crazy expectation fixed on the noble head against the sky. But he held his fire and waited for his nerve to settle.

"Damn you!" whispered the stranger. Slowly he lifted his rifle, slowly he drew his bead.

Just as he was about to squeeze the trigger, something happened that made him go white with terror. The buck, still gazing downward blandly and without the slightest sign of fear, cried out in an extremely courteous tone: "I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask if you are, perhaps, aiming

Continued on page 148

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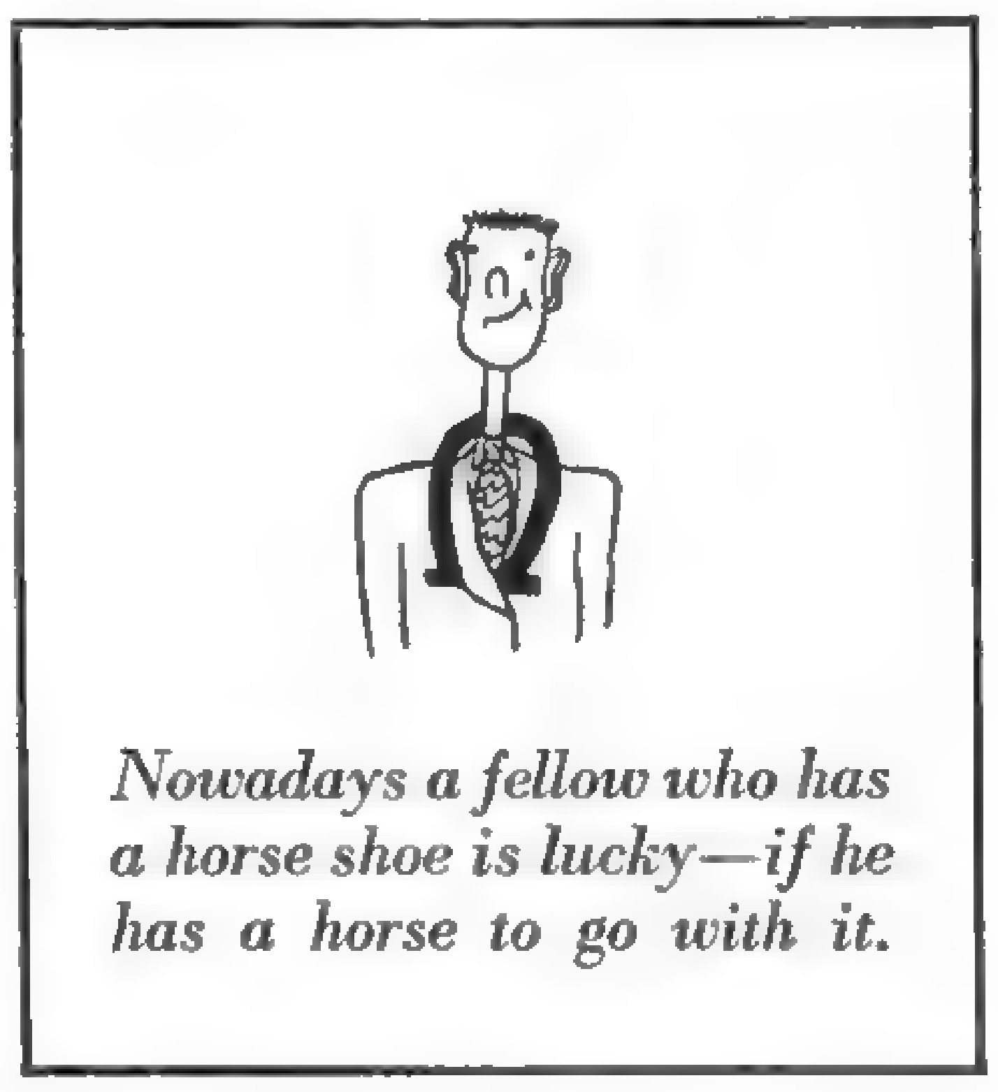
Beware the Tremper Buck

Continued from pages 77-147

that weapon at me?"

The stranger's drooling mouth gaped. He groaned terribly; and then he roared so loudly that Jan and Fahim looked out from the kitchen window, their eyes bulging. The stranger tried to speak. All he could get out was a meaningless whisper, and then: "What? What's that?"

"Come, sir," cried the buck. "Be good enough to speak up clearly. My hearing isn't what it used to be. All these guns banging day and night, you know. Kindly answer my first question: is it your intention to discharge that lethal weapon in my general direction? I advise you to think twice before you do. That's all I have to say."



Nowadays a fellow who has a horse shoe is lucky—if he has a horse to go with it.

The stranger, fighting hard to keep some sort of grip on himself, lunged forward a step and gibbered in a miserable fashion. "What in the devil's name is this?"

The deer's marvelous eye gleamed in the snowy dusk as he replied in majestic calm: "This, my dear sir, is the Tremper Buck, of whom you have doubtless heard. At least, you have heard of my papa, who still lives, in a way, at the Vly." The Buck paused for a tender sigh of remembrance. "My father was a great deer. Really, sir, a remarkable fellow. He could read quite well." He sighed once more. "Never learned to write, though. As I have."

The stranger looked wildly toward the darkening sky. His rifle slipped from his hands. He beat his fist against his forehead and then, in a panic, gulped from his flask. "Am I mad, at last?" he moaned. "Oh, hell-fire!"

"No," said the buck in an even, measured tone, "you are not mad yet. But you soon will be. At present, in my humble opinion, you are suffering from over-indulgence in alcohol."

"Damn your hide!" yelled the stranger, reaching for his rifle. "Mad or not, I'll—"

"Be good enough," interrupted the deer, "to leave my hide out of this. It's quite as good as that pasty skin of yours. In fact, it's superior, being considerably older and made of the best Catskill buckskin."

The stranger cursed and lifted his rifle.

"The season will be over in a very few minutes," observed the buck. He again let loose a melancholy sigh. "Too bad that I can't escape the dishonor of being shot at by a rascal like you, but I'd never run from a miserable, sneaking, unsportsmanlike, good-for-nothing drunkard. Which is what you are, my friend." The buck took a deep breath and then added in an off-hand manner: "The dope probably can't shoot anyway. So why worry?" A gleam sprang from his steadfast eyes. He then addressed the stranger once more. "I beg your pardon, but before you shoot such an extraordinary deer, one who has studied hard and apparently in vain, may I ask you one question. Before answering, I must warn you that in a minute or two the season will be over. May I? May I ask?"

The stranger, looking much, much sicker and even more doubtful of his sanity, weakly whispered: "Yes." To himself he said: "Am I mad? Talking to a buck? Oh, hellfire!"

"Thank you sir," replied the buck. "Just tell me—yes or no—can you hit the side of a barn door?" At this sally, the buck roared with laughter. A festoon of snow fell from his great antlers. Without waiting for a reply, he shouted: "I must warn you, sir, that if you miss—and I'm positive you're going to miss—I intend to jump all over you. I may, in fact, scatter you all over the—"

At this moment, which was even more than critical, Jan and Fahim, choking with laughter, heard the door at the right open. Gaffer, holding a microphone in one hand and dragging a wire in the other, whispered: "Can you lads think of something decisive to say? I'm stuck—and we have only a minute left. Or less."

Fahim grabbed the microphone and at once let loose a first-class Turkish hunting whoop.

Jan, staring out of the window, groaned.

A dire and dreadful thing had taken place. Another buck had arrived. Snuffing the fragrance of the hay eagerly, the newcomer bounded through the orchard and brought up with a trumpety snort of astonishment when he saw the great antlers spread before him and the glassy eyes staring away and away. The buck turned to flee; then, his curiosity whetted, he jumped forward and stretched his muzzle out until it almost touched the other's mouth.

The stranger gave another gasp, which was nearly his last. But he had learned much by now and he knew what to do. He raised his rifle in the dim flow of the last light of the sun. He shrank against the springhouse and calmly laid the rifle barrel on a beam that stuck out there.

In no way disturbed by this unexpected arrival, the elderly buck said in a sweet, sad, low voice: "Ah, my son! You come at a grievous hour. Your poor father is about to receive his death blow." He sighed again and, in a still sadder tone, "Shoot, if you must, this old, grey head, but spare my little son," he said.

The stranger, muttering some awful phrases about not being a fool any longer, aimed his rifle and this time he drew the deadly bead on the new arrival, who stood stock still as he tried, in his deerish way, to figure out the fascinating puzzle before him.

Jan, seeing that the game was up, shuddered and placed his hands over his eyes. Fahim began to swear in a choice combination of Turkish, French, and Cockney.

Gaffer, who never was able to see when the game was up, picked up Jan's rifle and fired a quick one from the hip. The bullet smashed through the window and went ripping under the Tremper Buck's belly. A sliver of ice drove the buck into a high leap. He came down on all fours and whirled around, madder than a she-bear.

The stranger fired. His bullet cracked off a point of the elderly buck's horns. In an instant, the Tremper Buck, enraged by the second shot, flew over the stone fence and plunged headlong toward the stranger who screeched and flung his gun away. He fell on his face and rolled into a gap of the springhouse wall as the buck's forefeet lashed murderously down.

Gaffer kicked out the window panes and fired into the air. The buck whirled again and trotted off into the forest.

Gaffer ran to the springhouse. He pushed a slab of bluestone over the gap and thus sealed up the stranger neatly. He thrust his head down and yelled: "You all right, Mr. Fiske?"

The stranger spluttered.

"Didn't I warn you?"

Another splutter, hotter and louder, came from the dark crannies. "You let me out of here."

Gaffer sat down. "That buck tell you he could write?"

"You know damn well he did."

"Don't you believe him," chuckled Gaffer. "He's the worst liar in the Catskills. He can't write even his own name."

The stranger roared. "You let me out of here."

Gaffer looked at his strap-watch. "Sun sets officially in one minute and a half, my friend. You just wait right there."

The snow began to fall faster. It drew a screen over the forest and over the statuesque buck on the bullpen wall. Just as the snow hid him from view, he laughed quietly and then said with an accent distinctly Turkish: "It is now two minutes past six o'clock. The season is over and all is well." ⧺

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 82

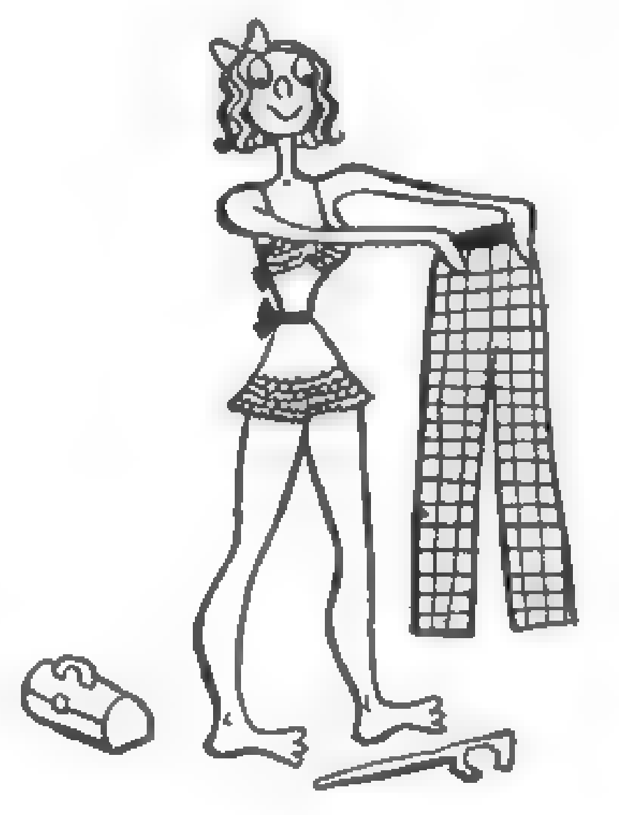
basket or a lamp-shade over his head by another character. A big act-climax in the farce of today consists in a leading character's sudden, despairful collapse into a chair.

* * *

Cost—We are always being told of the prohibitive costs of putting on plays and, collaterally, the dangerous risk in producing those of finer grade which may appeal only to limited audiences. Although I appreciate that such costs have increased very greatly in late years, I have a feeling that much of the argument is nevertheless the bunk. Passing over the theory that the finer grade drama appeals only to limited audiences, since the records clearly indicate that the better quality plays in the last fifteen years have often made money whereas the lower quality have most often lost a load of it, we come to this business of outlay. And coming to it we find that a sufficient number of the more estimable plays, whether commercial successes or not, have been put on for a relatively modest sum.

Let us look only at the more recent increased-cost seasons, to avoid sneers from the bookkeepers who have lately lost their shirts on trash. The Group Theatre managed to produce its best and most successful plays for half the money wasted by hypothetically commercial Broadway producers. Saroyan succeeded in putting on, and admirably, his *The Beautiful People* for one-third the amount that some Broadway producer would have insisted was necessary. (It didn't make money, but that is not the present point.) The prosperous revival of O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* was managed, I am reliably informed, on an approximate shoestring, the leading actors being satisfied to take small salaries and a percentage of the gross. The Mercury Theatre group under Orson Welles spent less money on its three best productions than a Broadway producer dissipates on a single one. These are just a few examples.

It apparently can be done.



Production Note

In many a family these days Woman wears the pants and works in the plants.

* * *

Champs—1. The most expert jowl actor: Taylor Holmes, prime successor to the late John Mason. Runner-up: Joseph Schildkraut.

2. The most expert mouth actor: Walter Hampden, successor to Walter Hampden.

3. The most expert cheek-feeler

Continued on page 150

Hail
commandos!

Like men out of a poem the Commandos came . . . rushing the fight to the foe . . . shaming us out of our smugness with their fierce courage . . . *Hail Commandos!*

There isn't anything we can do that's too much to bring the fight to victory. Here on the home front it's a small matter indeed to make the most out of what we have. For instance, to make our shirts do more for us, to take good care of them, to make them last longer. And remember . . . better shirts wear better!

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 82-149

and sudden shrieker: Ruth Gordon.

4. The most expert eyeblinker: Gertrude Musgrove, successor to Billie Burke.

5. The most expert soulful-looker: Luise Rainer.

6. The most expert cackler: Will Geer.

7. The most expert cute actress: Helen Ford, successor to Nydia Westman, successor to Oza Waldrop.

8. The most expert growler: Martin Gabel, suffix to Charles Dalton.

9. The most expert charm-squirter: Victor Francen, descendant of Lou Tellegen.

10. The most expert "authority" actress: Eva Le Gallienne, successor to Eugenie Blair.

11. The most expert tragic tragedienne: Mary Morris. Runner-up: Zita Johann, successor to Josephine Victor.

12. The most expert hauteur actress: Ara Gerald, heir to the mantle of Adele Blood.

13. The most expert counter-of-the-house: Alison Skipworth, with Beverly Sitgreaves in a photo finish.

14. The most expert pants-crease actor: Philip Merivale.

15. The most expert eye-roller: Guido Nadzo.

16. The most expert Adam's apple actor: Arthur Shields.

17. The most expert slow-exit actor: Arnold Korff, successor to Lowell Sherman.

18. The most expert neck actress: Mildred Natwick.

19. The most expert ramrod: Stiano Braggiotti, successor to Robert T. Haines.

20. The most expert listener-to-own-voice: Ian Maclaren.

21. The most expert beamer: Sam Byrd.

22. The most expert passion-geyser: Jacob Ben-Ami, successor to Melbourne McDowell.

23. The most expert he actor: Leif Erickson.

24. The most expert knee-crosser and leg-shower: Ruth Weston.

25. The most expert prairie-twister: Elia Kazan.

26. The most expert adenoid actor: George Nash, holder of the forty-year record.

27. The most expert unfunny comedian: Zero Mostel.

28. The most expert boomer: Louis Hector, tied with Will Lee.

29. The most expert scalp-massager: Edward Everett Horton.

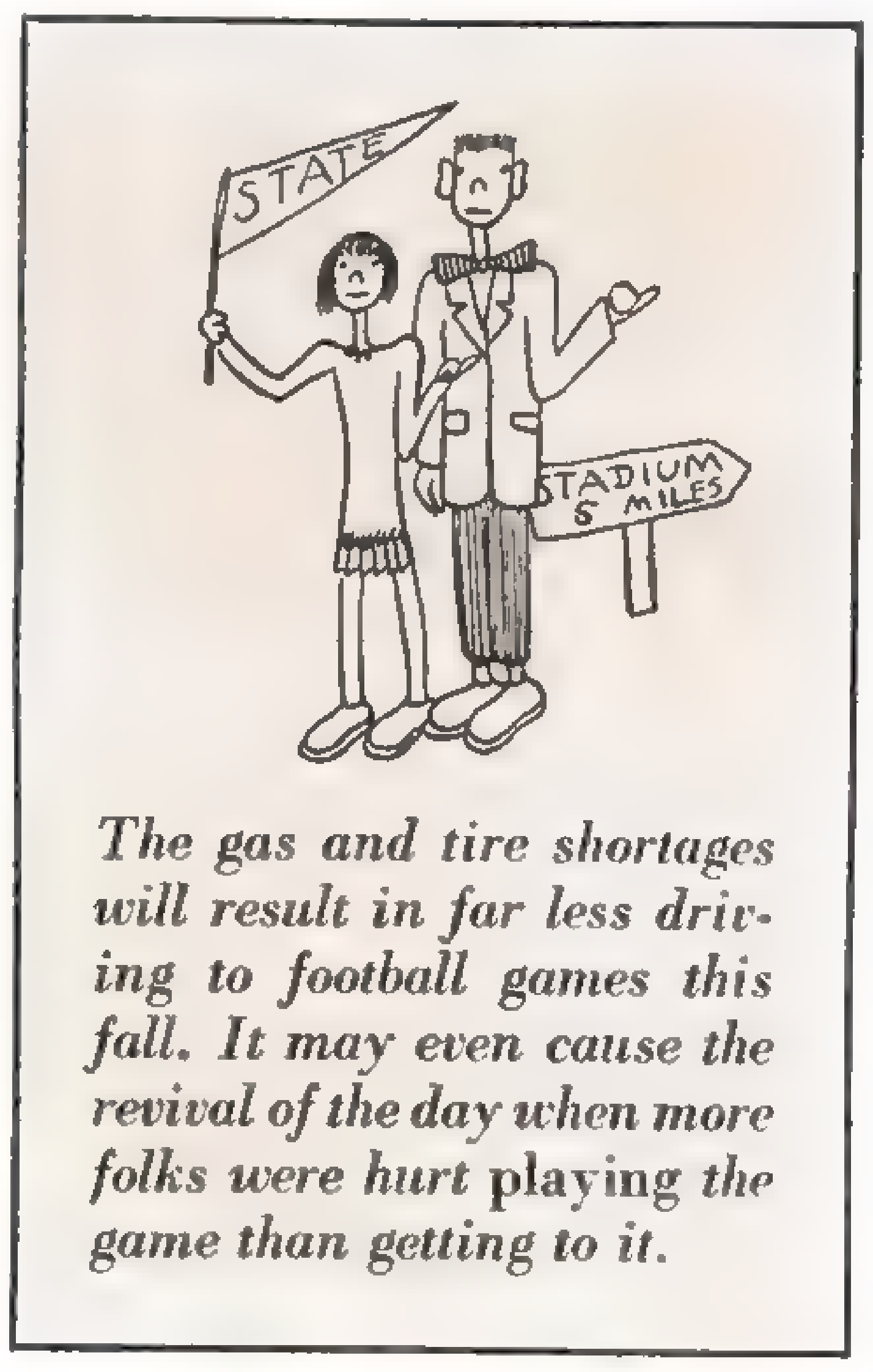
30. The most expert ear-feeler: Harry Carey, successor to Mrs. Leslie Carter. ⋕

Women's suits of plaid tweeds reflect masculine preferences of patterns and fabrics.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 80

Free France under the leadership of General De Gaulle, who joined them down there in Brazzaville, April 20, 1941, and with whom Mr. Burman had interesting conversations. This is the best account of that famous man I have seen. And I admire Mr. Burman for his courage and his purpose in sharing the evils and adventures of daily life, with the black natives and the Free French.



The gas and tire shortages will result in far less driving to football games this fall. It may even cause the revival of the day when more folks were hurt playing the game than getting to it.

And here is a large thick quarto book of which only one thousand numbered and signed copies are printed, and which sells for fifty dollars a copy; many who gladly pay fifty cents a copy for this magazine would pay fifty dollars for a copy of this book; and it is a pleasure to call their attention to it, although I am not an authority on the subject. The title is *Chinese Jades;* and for those interested in the subject I must quote some of the other statements on the title-page. "The Stanley Charles Nott Collection. Being an Illustrated Descriptive Record: the Symbolic Ritualistic appurtenances of Chinese Jades and their Various Sacrificial Usages . . . the Involved Formulas underlying Chinese Religious Services: the Altar Equipment and numerous Superstitious Practices, etc. Compiled by Stanley Charles Nott, Director of Oriental Art (in) the Norton Gallery and School of Art. With an Introduction by Dr. Lin Yutang and a Foreword by Dr. Chih Meng. Illustrated by 118 Full Page Halftone Plates from Original Photographs: with 123 Line Engravings, Made Specially for the Work by Mrs. Stanley Charles Nott from Selected World Famous Chinese Jades."

The book is published by Mr. Nott at West Palm Beach, Florida.

Not being expert on this particular art, I think the above description on the title-page will serve as a review. The book has 536 pages (thick paper), has a complete Index and Bibliography, and is printed in heavy black type.

I do not see how I could praise this book too highly, for it is a magnificent work of art. The full-page pictures are a delight to the eye. Those who know something about Chinese Jades will be deeply interested, and those who do not will be enchanted by the pictures. It is one of the most notable art books I have ever seen, and I congratulate the author, and also those who secure a copy.

Global War, an Atlas of World Strategy, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer and Marthe Rajchman, is a pamphlet of 128 pages, with maps showing every portion of the land and water of the world, and with illuminating comment. The Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, has written a lively Introduction, beginning, "This is an ambitious atlas. To match its cheek, you would have to go back to the map-makers of early days," etc. Then, after describing the two authors—"Mowrer is a newspaper correspondent who for thirty years has been traveling about the planet and sticking his nose into unlikely parts of it at critical moments — notably during four wars . . . Miss Marthe Rajchman is a skilled map-maker, author of several atlases, a learned geographer from the University of Paris."

The maps and comments not only show what used to be true and what was true when this war started, but what *may be true* when it is over. It is a work of science and of imagination. Practically, it helps everyone to follow the course of the war. And as an explanation of what the different armies are trying to accomplish, it is helpful, even if terrifying; and the language is full of vitality.

From the Office of War Information in Washington I have received a very encouraging pamphlet of twelve pages (illustrated) called *The Unconquered People.* It begins, "Europe is fighting back." Then it shows that in the European countries under the domination of the Nazis, there is an amazing amount of active and effective resistance. Naturally this is not enough to conquer the resident German forces; but it is steadily more and more powerful. Anyone writing to the *Office of War Information, Washington,* may have a free copy.

I could not possibly draw a cartoon. I can't draw anything except an audience. But there must be a very large number of boys and girls who have some skill in graphic art and would like to improve; and there must also be many whose ambition exceeds their skill. Let me recommend a large but thin book of less than fifty pages, called *How to Draw a Cartoon,* by Jack Romer. As Educational Consultants he has Samuel Goldberg and Samuel Wallach. The book is printed by the Juramus Co., New York, and is published by the "Junior Americans of the U. S." At the end of the book are given a number of cartoons by famous artists whose "splendid co-operation" is properly appreciated by the author. One of these cartoons is by C. D.

Continued on page 152

It's No Military Secret

...by MELISSE

KEEP EM FLYIN
Private Joe
©-MELISSE

"He's just my type—tall, dark and Arrid wise."

Men who take pride in good grooming know it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* also prevents shirt stains caused by perspiration.

No wonder thousands of men all over the country have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant.

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IN plane language, ***Flip-it*** makes a perfect 3-point landing . . . on the heads of no end of smart men! Point 1 . . . it's light in weight, just right in comfort. Point 2 . . . it's tailored of weather-wise fabrics that retain all their style. Point 3 . . . it's the shapeliest, liveliest, most colorful sport hat that ever went out to play! Add them all together . . . you get ***Flip-it.*** And it's high time you did!
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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 80-151

Batchelor, and illustrates Tennyson's poem *The Eagle*, the first line of which is correctly given as "He clasps the crag with hooked hands;" but Tennyson could not for some time decide whether "hooked" or "crooked" were better, and in different editions you will observe his indecision. This book is intended for the young, but everyone in every art who has not yet achieved mastery is young; like the reply made by Henry George to the Duke of Argyll, who said, "That's an old argument." Mr. George replied, "Arguments remain young until they are answered."

Just as typographical errors are often funnier than intentional humor, so "boners" or "howlers" on youthful exam papers often excite mirth. Let me recommend (25 cents) *The Pocket Book of Boners*, illustrated by Dr. Seuss. 120 pages of fun. Examples: The climate is hottest next the Creator; *Pax in bello*—freedom from indigestion; The dome of St. Paul's is supported by eight peers, all of whom are unfortunately cracked, etc.

I *dreamed* I was with F.P.A., the beloved poet, humorist, and star of *Information, Please.* Suddenly we saw a sewing machine. I said, "That's some sewing machine, and Howe!" F.P.A. replied, "If I were now conducting *The Conning Tower*, I would include this contribution." Wilkie Collins said everything we dream is a reminiscence of something that has happened materially or mentally during the preceding twenty-four hours. But I cannot remember having thought of a sewing machine since the meeting of the Hall of Fame last spring; and though I am very fond of making puns, I had never made that one.

In a recent number of Esquire I spoke of Oliver Onions' great ghost story, *The Beckoning Fair One*, and said I should like to hear from any of my readers as to which tale they regarded as the greater—the B. F. O. or Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*. I received an interesting letter from H. Herman Hitchcock of Cambridge, N. Y.

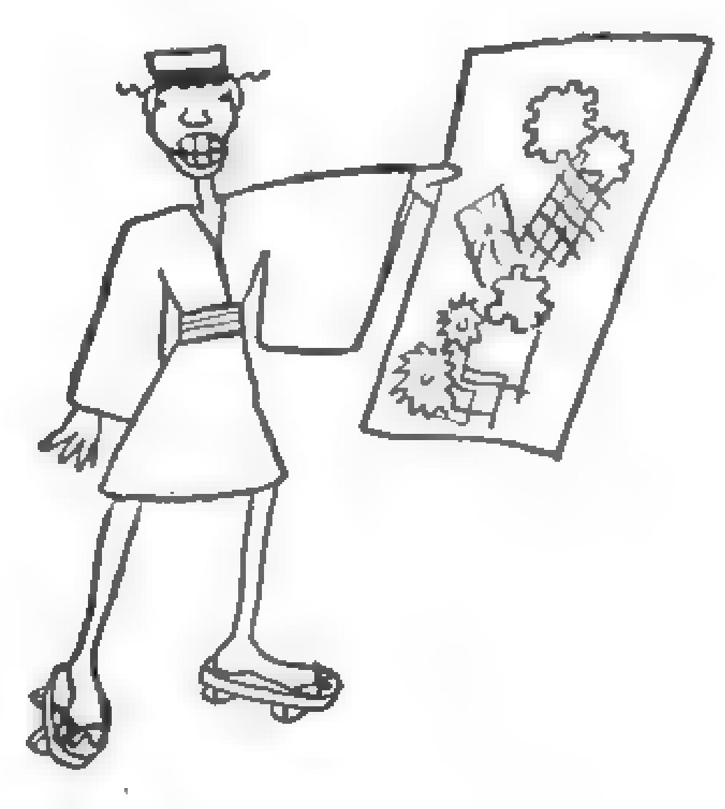
> "Having read your department since you first joined the staff of Esquire, and enjoyed it, I purchased the Midnight Reader on your say-so. Finished it last night. Kept *The Turn of the Screw* till next to the last and *The Beckoning Fair One* till the very last. You asked for reader reaction. Here is mine: There is no comparison between the quality of these two tales. *The Beckoning Fair One* is superior in every way, to my thinking. Its English is beautiful. The grammar runs so smoothly and simply as to be almost effortless. The tale itself begins plausibly and runs to its inevitable end without a hitch. I call it the best tale in the book and perhaps the best I ever read."

I sent this letter to Prof. Henry A. Perkins of Trinity College, who first called my attention to the B. F. O. He writes,

> "Your latest communication anent the B.F.O. interested me a lot (as the young say), especially Mr. Hitchcock's rating of *The Turn of the Screw!* As I once told you the B.F.O. outshines James's horror through its far greater verisimilitude which is the essence of creepiness, I believe. The B.F.O. has that quality the T.O.S. seems to me to lack. James was quite unable to write as a woman would write, and destroys his effect by having the governess write in the approved Jamesian dialect. So one is not convinced."

I am glad to see in a list of books about to be reprinted, *The Greene Murder Case* by the late S. S. Van Dine. I read every one of this author's novels, and the "Greene" one is the best. I notice among new books a title "*You're the One,*" which reminds me of Mark Twain's observation. He said, in Paris when you see on a shop window the sign, "Here one speaks English," you find it true. Enter the shop; you're the one.

Among new murder stories I confidently recommend *Tinsley's Bones*, by the accomplished Percival Wilde. This is full of wit and humor and interesting characters, with an astounding climax. Mr. Wilde has done me the honor of dedicating the book to me; the honor is all the greater because he believes it is the best book he has ever written. All the reviews I have thus far seen agree with him.



The Japanese aircraft carriers have a rakish design—especially after they have been raked by American bombers.

Peter Cheyney's *A Trap for Bellamy* is packed with thrills and continuously entertaining. Statistically speaking, I wish I had time to count the number of drinks consumed by Bellamy and his male and female friends. There are more drinks in this book than in any other I have read; it is emphatically not a dry novel.

The excellent Jefferson Farjeon (British grandson of the actor Joseph Jefferson) has written one of his best murder mysteries in *The Judge Sums Up.* His admirable style and acute characterization add to the reader's pleasure.

I commented in these pages on the surprising news that Henry James's *The Wings of the Dove* was to appear on the screen; I said I could not think of anything by James as material for the screen except *The Turn of the Screw.* Professor Gordon Haight of Yale reminds me that the successful play, *Berkeley Square*, was largely inspired by James's novel, *The Sense of the Past.* I certainly ought to have remembered this, because the world *première* of *Berkeley Square* was given in New Haven and four hours before the rise of the curtain I took Leslie Howard to dinner with a group of undergraduates, and he was kind enough to say that these young men gave him just the inspiration he needed.

A fine article in the August Esquire by Gilbert Seldes, called *This Weapon in Your Hand* had an admirable title-note: "Reminder that this liberty we fight for is no empty orator's word but as vital a part of each American's daily life as breathing." Let us not wait to appreciate our daily liberty until we have lost it. I am no longer young, but there is danger that I may survive my country.

See if you can spot the following quotations, all recently used as book titles.

1. Corn in Egypt
2. The Way of an Eagle
3. Ah, Take the Cash
4. The Just and the Unjust
5. No Sign Shall Be Given
6. All the Trumpets Sounded
7. Perhaps a Little Danger
8. Shaken With the Wind
9. In the Sweat of Thy Face
10. Blow, Bugle, Blow
11. Until the Day Break
12. One Life to Lose
13. They Also Serve

(Answers on page 172.)

Preliminary Report on Superman

Continued from page 63

and the great. Here it goes hand in hand with the supernatural powers. Doc Savage is the "creator of many ultra-scientific inventions" (which ought to interest not only inventors, but semanticists also; what is ultra-scientific, to a scientist?) Superman came from the planet Krypton and, it must be assumed, has merely brought to earth the normal Kryptonic powers, which are super-super here. Ajax, friend of Lana (not Turner) Pritchard, famous woman scientist, has come from the sun, "to cleanse the earth of all evil with pure flame," and he disposes of fire and flame to write sky-messages or drops "a wall of inferno-like flame" around the German fleet. Bruce Carter gets his powers (unspecified) from the cloak worn by his ancestor. In one way or another, each hero satisfies our ancient wish—to have and to do everything.

Of course there is a little catch. As Clark Kent, Superman isn't so hot; he does possess super-excellent vision, he can see through anything; but he never uses his other powers without getting into his Supersuit, for fear of being identified. Ajax can be had by throwing projectiles at him, stunning him, depriving him of oxygen; and so on. But the powers are theirs, and they differ from fairy tales in this: that in the older stories, you had to observe certain rules (Cinderella had to be home by midnight) whereas here omnipotence is unreservedly yours. The Green Mantle, by exception, had to repair to a magical source to renew his powers at regular intervals.

I am curious to know why some of these things strike me as sillier than others. For instance, Superman leans against a subway express train which has been running pretty darn fast, and stops the train; that seems all right. But a few minutes later he is searching for a bomb which will wreck the subway and he says, "at the speed I'm going, we're sure to be on the scene of the disaster *wherever it happens.*" This means that he is capable of being everywhere at the same time; and that, as logic, I can't take. The average is high. If Superman beats off thunderbolts with his bare fists, it's good here. But I don't like his preserving his Super-X-ray eyes when he is dressed in street (or newspaper) clothes. I don't mind anyone being omnipotent, but as indicated above, I can't stand omnipresence; and none of these characters know everything.

I suppose the psychoanalysis of the adventure strip has been completed by now. It is interesting to note that the non-superman phase of each of these is an active, but relatively weak and studious person. Clark Kent and Joan Wayne are newspaper reporters so that they can get into action; their nature is on the unglamorous side; they might be having secret inferiority troubles. So the terrific side of their nature is a compensating side. And I suppose that is why it appeals to us.

What bothers me is the fear that all of these generous Omnipotences are a little on the tyrannical side, too. I think baby Adolf dreamed of flight through the air and of having his own way and of being strong enough to do *anything at all.* A few generations ago the miracle workers were rather kidded in the comic strip. There was an amateur Edison who always got into trouble; and Popeye who was so magnanimous and dear, ate spinach to be strong, and fought goons; the adventures on which young people started were opportunities for comedy—maybe for a little instruction. Then came tragedies of domestic life filling our comic strips (they are still there, but I do not read them, my heart being too crowded at the moment with the troubles of Flash Gordon and Dick Tracy). It was, perhaps, in reaction against these disastrous strips, with their lawsuits and realistic growing old, that the unlimited adventure strips came in. But they did come when the man who thinks he is god combined with the man who thinks he is the son of god to make war on common people who don't even want to be omnipotent.

Put it another way: what do you think the adventure strip will be like after we have knocked off the Axis, I hope to God. ‡‡

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FREEMAN

Ribak: Art the Hard Way

Continued from page 75

he entered school through the greenhorn class, in which the teacher spoke German, so that her instruction would be at least partially understood. Instead of writing down the letters of his new alphabet, the young alien sketched Russian soldiers, and Teacher, catching him at it, said: "You will be a painter." Even from his mother he received resigned permission. Reconciled finally to her son's need for making graven images, she told him once, "If this is the thing you really want to do, do it. God will find a way." His education continued in the shops and lofts in which he learned the trades by which, fully or partially, he supported himself.

At a tender age he began reading *War and Peace*, long, long before Hitler's invasion made Tolstoy's master-work required reading among the Fadiman intelligentsia. He read omnivorously, aside from Alger and the other paper-backs. Once he got the hang of the language he tried to write poetry. I believe that he tried to write poetry in an effort to put into order the emotions surging through him—emotions against social injustices, class inequalities, the wrongs done against minorities and individuals. His social emotion has given many of his pictures the edge, the bite they would not otherwise possess. Although Ribak, after his thirteenth year, was brought up in loft and shop, his education in the world proceeded at an accelerated pace, for he was brought into contact with a type of mentally and culturally ambitious immigrant who read, studied, debated and discussed issues of the day and books of all time. Louis Ribak acquired his social conscience in the shops and lofts of the East Side.

He was in the seventh grade at school when he began working. His first job was to deliver, for an Associated Press subsidiary, New England news to New York papers, then mainly in the Park Row section. He then became delivery boy for a racing information service among the same papers and in that capacity became acquainted with one of the sports editors of *The Sun*. Fight passes came his way and there were few weeks in which he did not watch two or three fights, not counting wrestling matches. Ever since he has been a consistent fight fan, as is proved by *The Shadow Boxers*, (reproduced) one of his best paintings and the development of notes made at Stillman's Gymnasium. There was also a private purpose in his interest in fights and wrestling. As a kid, he was slight and sickly and he was advised to practice the manly art for his health's sake as well as on general principles. He has put on the gloves with professional boxers and has an inside knowledge of scientific fisticuffs denied to most painters.

Ribak learned a little about many trades and a lot about several. He worked in a Panama hat factory and in various machine shops. He is well-versed in the organization and routines of quick lunch counters. He has been a bell-hop and driven a truck. These jobs, however, were detours, and he wanted to get on and stay on the main road. He felt that the only kind of work which would harness his ability as an artist to his emotional desire to make this a better world and give him, in return, a living wage was that of cartooning. He had to wait a long time before he could see his first political cartoon in print. He felt that cartooning also was a form of art. The first time he saw a Daumier cartoon, he saw also a great light: this was the thing he wished to do and this was art, even though the name of the artist meant no more than Abracadabra. It was only later that Ribak learned that Daumier was a bona fide artist who could work in top hat as well as in shirt sleeves, and whose effects in either style were equally those of the natural artist.

Daumier could do it, but Ribak couldn't. Maybe architecture was the way around the impasse. He signed up for the night course in architecture at Cooper Union and invariably fell asleep at his desk. This was no reflection upon the teacher; it meant merely that the day job at the hat factory used up his meagre reserves. Architecture was abandoned, but without regret as he probably had no vocation for it. Followed an appendix operation, an enforced rest and a trip to Philadelphia to assist an elder brother who had started a food market there. He spent much of his free time secretly visiting art museums, secretly because of fraternal opposition to the nonsense of an art career. One year later the store was sold and Ribak was left to his own devices. Then another brother came down to Philadelphia to open a food store and the subject of our story not only assisted but had to take over all the details of management. Only bankruptcy of the store, after about a year, gave him time to resume the pleasant habit of visiting art museums. Deciding to storm art by frontal attack, instead of at flanks and rear, he applied for admission to the Academy school. As samples of his work he brought copies of Goya's seductive *Nude Maja* and *Dressed Maja*, and when they asked him why he wanted to study art, he blurted out something he never could have believed: "Art for art's sake," and was admitted to the class of Daniel Garber. A job as short order counterman paid for his living expenses, though it couldn't also cover his tuition fees.

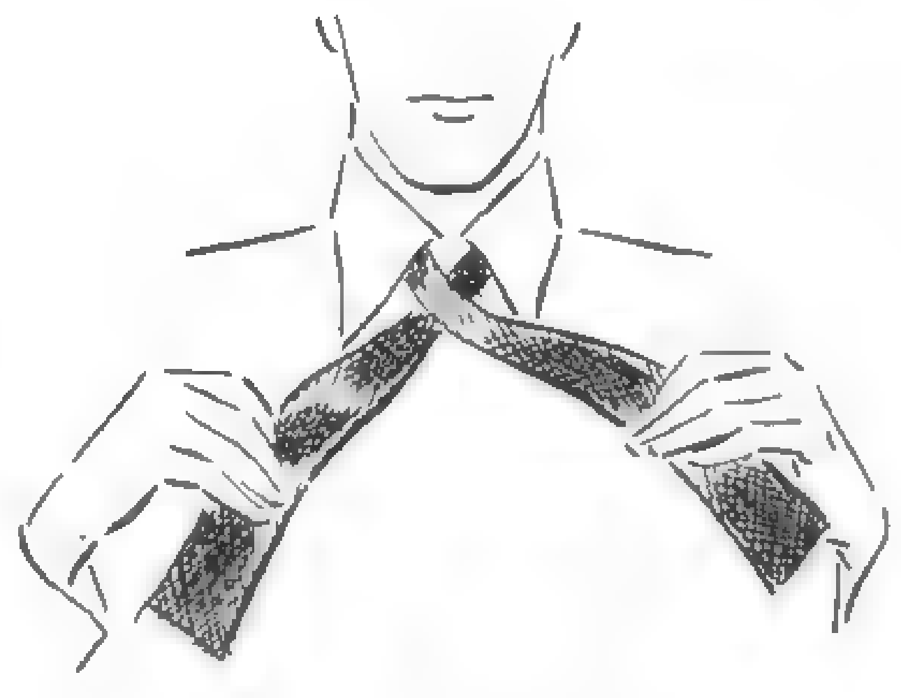
In 1923 he returned to New York, the perfect picture of a young man who didn't seem to be going anywhere and was floundering around in the process. He was only twenty, the age at which most artists are still in the bloom of their juvenility or in the full enjoyment of their sophisticated innocence. At twenty Louis Ribak knew pretty well what it was about, but was otherwise hamstrung, shackled and manacled. Art, the jealous mistress, had to get along with only the lesser half of Ribak and art retaliated by making her conquest that much more difficult. Ribak found jobs in factory, shop and restaurant and at night attended the Art Students' League class of John Sloan, who knocked out all that Garber had put in. By the current generation of painters Sloan is remembered chiefly for the creative things he said, as a teacher, and that remark of his which persists most clearly in Ribak's memory is the admonition: "Don't look at my work. Look at the work of these men—Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, the whole modern school, and be guided by them." After about a year Ribak began attending the free classes of the Educational Alliance, working from models but without instructor, often standing at his easel as many as ten hours a day, sketching three models in succession—a sure sign that he was getting the hang of the business.

Ribak, it seems to me, has been living a helter-skelter life, a life without long-range plan, a life whose course is too often shifted by the winds of caprice. Ribak does not enjoy holding the steering wheel firmly. Although he does not throw a pose, he is innately a Bohemian. He is not calculating and he is inclined to let tomorrow take care of itself. No gypsy blood runs in his veins, but in his psychology and conduct he gives an excellent imitation of that tribe, except that he isn't even a good horse-trader. He likes to be able to pull up stakes easily and although he is fond of the company of both sexes, he likes to travel alone. He has a fortunate temperament. Although the wolf is no stranger to his door, he always greets the creature with a smile and one could never guess from his demeanor that life was not just right, which it always is so long as he enjoys within him that feeling that the current canvas is coming out as it should. Ribak's sociology is not vague and general; it is personal, concrete and immediate. He can paint fine pictures inspired by his sympathy for the under-privileged, but he can also break open his last dollar bill to help someone really hard up. His mother used to say, "God will find a way." The son says "Aw, we'll make out somehow." He only looks and acts hard.

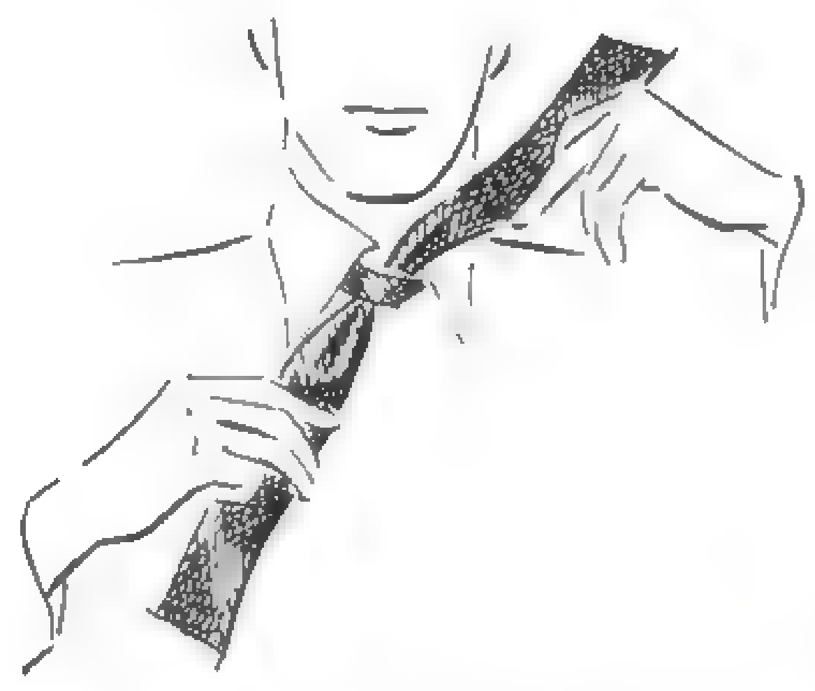
At the time he was getting the hang of painting and drawing at the Educational Alliance, he was managing a quick lunch place on the lower East Side for three hours a day and spending most of the other hours not only in the

Continued on page 156

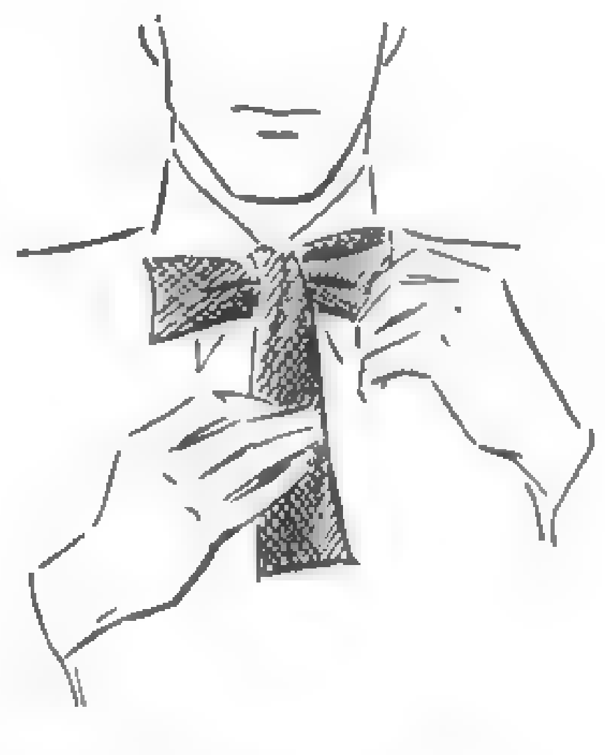
How to Tie a Bow



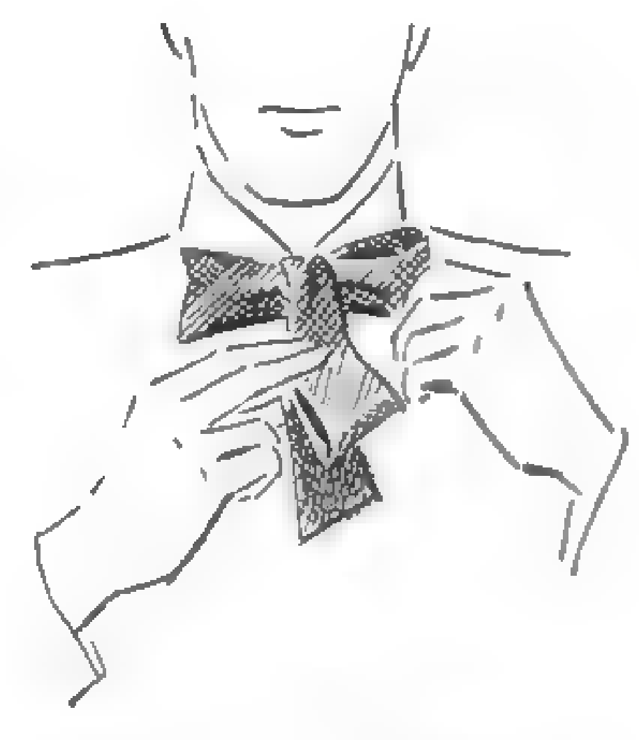
1—overlap right end and bring through center



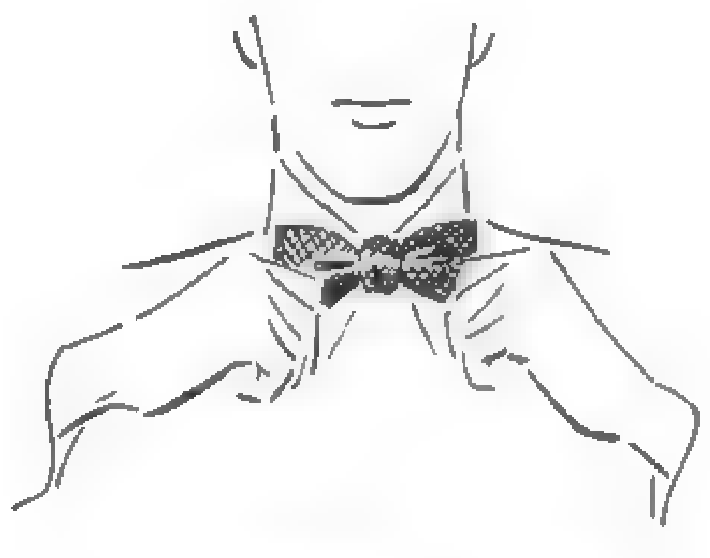
2—overhand knot



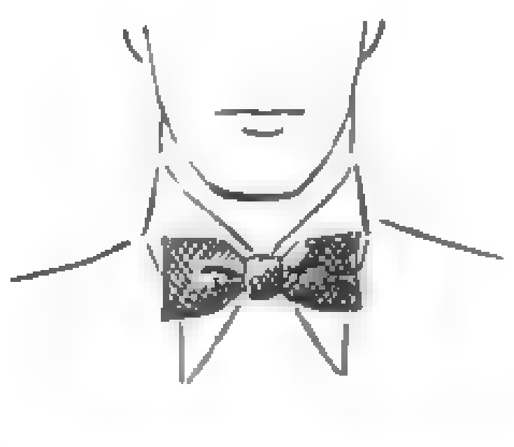
3—form single loop



4—form loop with other end



5—pull second end through back



6—have both ends even

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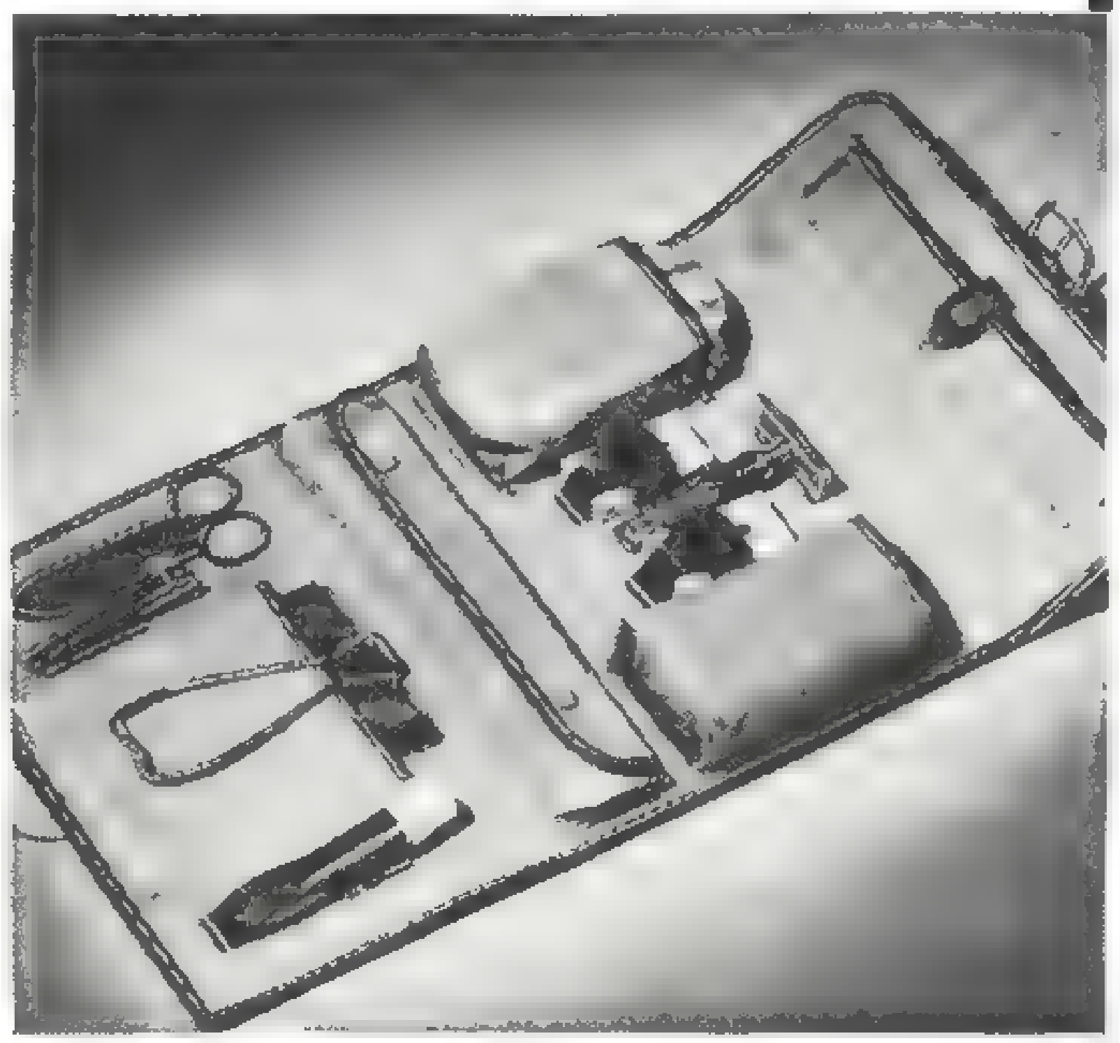

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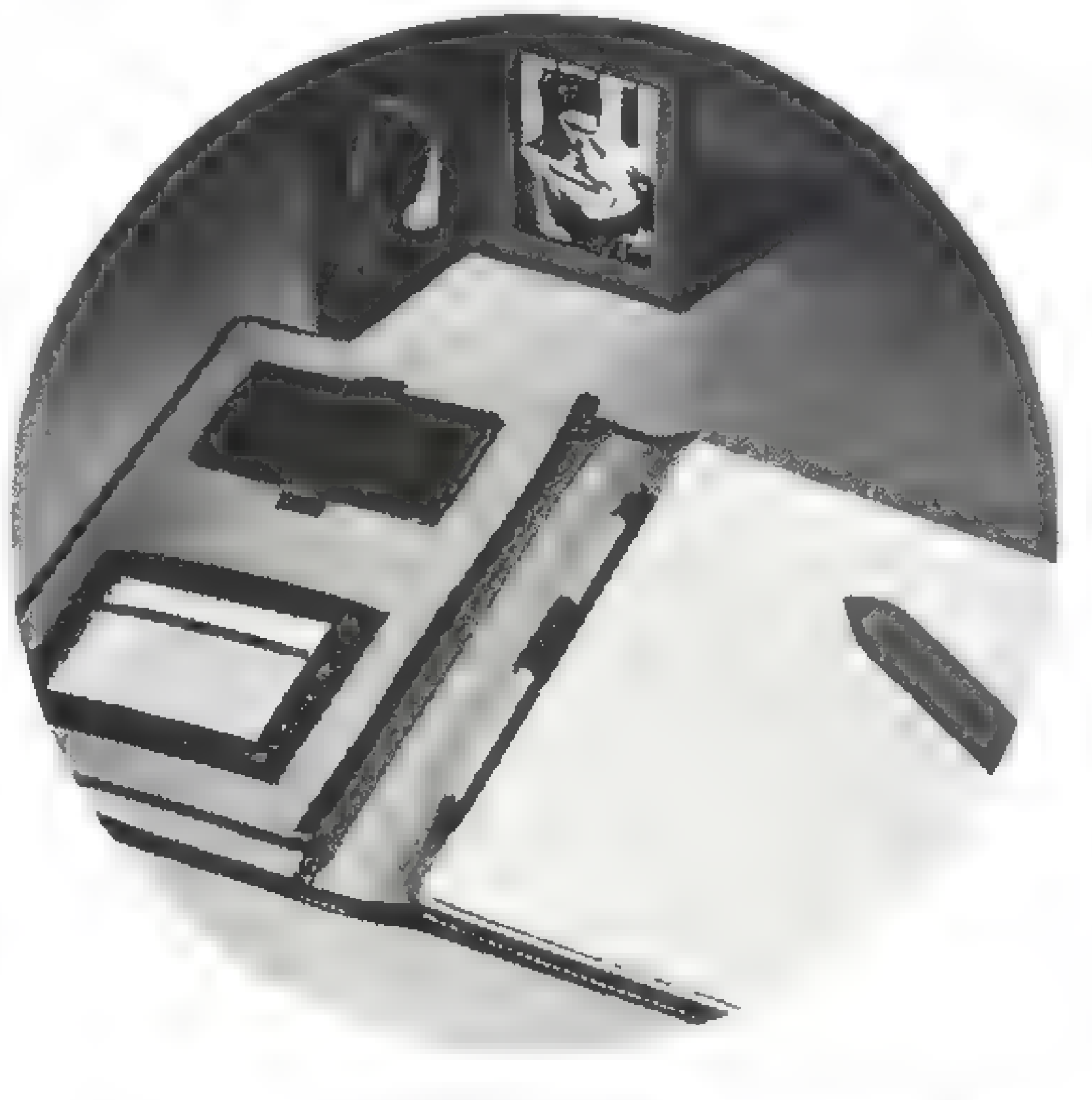

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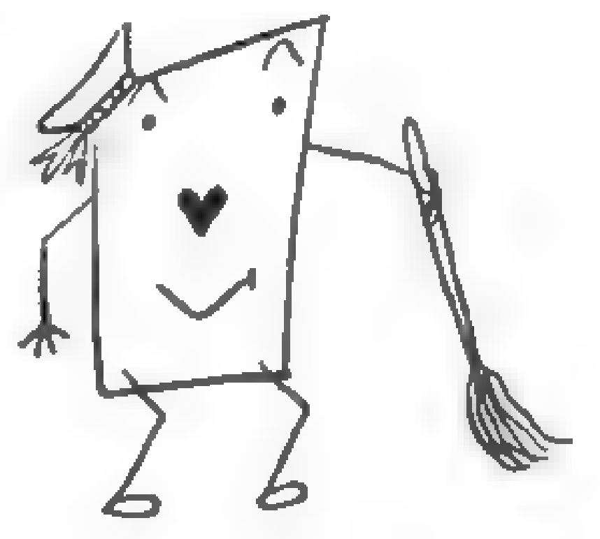
Ribak: Art the Hard Way

Continued from pages 75-155

Alliance class, but painting in a top-floor flat of a tenement for which he paid one month's rent for two years' occupancy. It seems to have been an arrangement mutually satisfactory, for when he put down his first (and only) month's rent, he told the landlady, "I pay no more rent until you put in running water." No running water was installed. Ribak lived for years in a succession of East Side waterfront rabbit warrens, none distinguished for the refinement of its plumbing or other conveniences, but he was the trail blazer for a group of painters, among them the Soyers, Cikovsky and Saul Berman, whom he led to discover the East Side waterfront section as material for painting, water color, drawing and lithographs. Ribak cherishes particularly his friendship with the Soyer family of painters, chiefly Moses and Raphael, who introduced him to a home in which parents and children were united by a common bond and in which was absent that friction between generations so common in immigrant families.



Bridge popularity slackens somewhat in wartime. The fellow who used to tell us how he would have played that redoubled slam in spades is now too busy informing us how he would have handled that naval battle if he were an admiral.

His rosiest year was 1927, when he sold more than 1200 dollars' worth of water colors to a wealthy collector. Toward the end of that year Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, who was yet to establish the Whitney Museum, gave Ribak a weekly stipend to go on painting without diverting his energies. At last he began to breathe an odor other than the grease of the quick lunch counter frying pan. Now it was Art, or bust. He realized that although he could achieve a felicitous effect here and there, he still did not know how to paint. He knew only what he wanted to say, but he didn't know into what forms to cast his material. He began taking trips away from the dust and grime of New York. He travelled to Woodstock, Provincetown, Rockport, Martha's Vineyard, Bucks County, and to Boston. During a ten-year period, before and after the 1927 break, he would make semi-annual trips to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, to see its Rembrandts, Tintorettos and El Grecos and its Blakes. He would take the night bus, arriving in the morning. Daylight hours were devoted to the museum and he bunked for the night at a dollar hotel and returned only when he was down to his return bus fare. Later he went to Hanover, New Hampshire, to see Orozco's murals at Dartmouth and he has been hard put to it since to find the words to express the emotion which even the memory of those murals gives him. He spent the greater part of 1930 (April to November) in Provincetown, working in oils and water colors. Upon his return to New York he looked at what he had painted and destroyed everything. He returned the following year, painted and did not destroy.

Under the auspices of An American Group Ribak had his first one-man show in 1932, in New York, at the Barbizon-Plaza. It was successful and signified his coming-of-age as an American painter. He was just under thirty. That success, although satisfying, was not so overwhelming that Ribak was put above the need of attaching himself to the projects created during the depression years to aid the American artist. For the various projects Ribak has decorated and helped decorate churches and synagogues, a nunnery and a postoffice. The years of depression were, for Ribak, years of decision, maturity and development. His art became enriched by a social sense which other times might have diluted or dissipated. His painting, *Home Relief Station*, purchased by the Whitney Museum, is one of the outstanding documents of the time.

Also in *Nocturne*, a low-keyed painting of hooded Klansmen scurrying through a stunted wood, Ribak has expressed the sociologist's passion which lifts *Home Relief Station* from the level of documentation to that of expression. He went down to Albemarle, North Carolina, ostensibly to install a postoffice mural, but really to see how the South lived and the surly, sullen suspicion with which he was faced supplied the motif and the driving force for *Nocturne*. Subsequently he visited the coal and slate mining country of Pennsylvania, operating from a Bucks County cottage as a base, and produced an exhibition of gouaches which was greatly admired. His latest exhibition, shown during May, 1942 was of the more smiling aspects of the visible world, of farm and country life, summer fields and winter sports, a horse auction, a billiard tournament, a picnic and similar genre themes, paintings of relaxed human activities rather than occasions for protest and anger. If his latest paintings have any fault it is that they are somewhat too obviously representational and that the good things among them betray the indifferent. Louis Ribak is at his best when his emotion integrates his material. He should remain angry—about some things. ⫲

Tin Pan Ads Will Get You

These catchy commercial lyrics will send radio fans panting to the nearest store

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• ARTICLE •

I CAN remember the good old days when it was possible to tune in on my favorite radio station and listen to sales talks that weren't sung. Perhaps I shouldn't exaggerate. There still are programs left where the commercial announcers merely talk, but I feel that they are on their way out. It is only rarely nowadays that I get a chance to hear a man remark in plain untuneful prose: "Try McSweeney's Pills today, and you'll never be without them in the future." No. The chances are ten to one that it will go as follows:

"The following announcement is transcribed!" (There is an orchestral introduction after which the McSweeney Quartet takes over and give out with a swingy rendition along these lines:

"McSweeney's Pills
Will cure your ills,
And keep you feeling dandy.
They've what it takes
For pains and aches,
So have a package handy."

I am no longer worried about unemployed musicians, because it is now a cinch that they all make a good living out of the transcribed radio commercial. It is probable that Tin Pan Alley is now inhabited by prosperous song writers who are enviously known as "the Irving Berlin of the soft drink industry" or "the Tobacco Trade's Cole Porter," and I find it difficult to understand why radio keeps them anonymous.

It seems to me that the next step should be along lines like these: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have a special treat for you—a new singing commercial with the tune written by that ace composer, Art Meemer, author of such smash plugs as *Try Gingle's Gum, Wash Away Your Cares With Scrubsit,* and *Mangled Mush Hits the Spot.* And with special lyrics by Joe McDromp, who gave the world *I Can't Get Along Without Brusho,* and *Now's the Time to Gargle Britznick's Soup!* Take it away!

"Dime, dime, dime! It's Mending Time!
The stuff for you
Is Sticktight Glue,
And all it's gonna cost you is a dime, dime, dime."

Folks, wasn't that nice? That sure has a catchy little tune, and I'm predicting it's going to sweep the country. We will now have a brief interlude of legitimate program before we give you our next tuneful transcribed commercial which I'm sure you'll all like."

Of course these singing plugs are recorded. Otherwise, figuring on all singers and instrumentalists required to staff all the country's stations, it would call for several million artists. Records cut down the total personnel considerably, but even the number of records impregnated with singing sales talks must be larger than those containing the saga of what mama done told me.—And if those were laid side by side, they would stretch considerably farther than from Natchez to Mobile.

It may not be long before we develop a tribe of record collectors who take to storing up commercial plugs just as jitterbugs collect swing. Instead of boasting of early Teagardens or Biederbeckes the plug fan—or plug-ugly as he is dubbed—will sit you down and invite you to listen to his complete collection of Super-Swell Coffee ditties. Or, in a hushed awed silence, you and he may sit motionless while you listen to a record that is now virtually priceless—the first commercial that Sapho Kissproof Lipstick ever made:

"Three to one, three to one, three to one!
Sapho Lipstick's lots of fun.
With men who know their kissing best
It's Sapho three to one!"

I have been trying to figure what is going to become of the old-fashioned commercial announcer who had a good speaking voice but no musical experience. There were probably a large number of such unemployed when the singing commercial first broke, so it is probably lucky that a war has come along to take up the slack. The old-fashioned drink-Fizzo-or-else announcer will doubtless make a fine top sergeant.

After all, only the man with a true musical feeling is qualified in these times to plug a product like Feemer's Beer (to the tune of *Over There,* key of E flat):

"Feemer's Beer! Feemer's Beer
Have you heard? Spread the word! Feemer's Beer!
It's rich and malty, and not too salty,
And its color's bright and crystal clear.
It's bubbling over—it's sweet as clover—"

You heard that one seven times on the same station last Thursday? Well, there's a nice baritone in that quartet, isn't there? Shouldn't be surprised if he'd get a tryout with the Met. Which reminds me, why don't they base some nice singing commercials on opera? Take the *Toreador Song* from *Carmen;*

"I just adore
Finch's Jewelry Store,
Finch's gives you more—"

. . . What? Why don't I shut up before I go giving people ideas? Well, I guess I will. #

Metropolitan Moments . . . . by Wisdom

". . . then one of 'em said he'd give his left arm for an Old Fashioned made with Calvert Reserve"

Forgive us this bit of 'armless exaggeration...but people *are* pretty keen about Calvert Reserve. You see, this extra-luxury whiskey has the genial knack of *blending with*—not overpowering—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its rare "soft" flavor is another feature you'll cherish. To learn how swell an Old Fashioned *can* be, make your next with Calvert Reserve... *"the choicest you can drink or serve."*

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Captains Courageous can be Captains Immaculate—help them keep well groomed with your Christmas gift of Hartmann Luggage

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN

HARTMANN
Luggage

GIFT OF THE YEAR . . . FOR YEAR-ROUND GIVING

IN
COMMAND
of your winter offensive™
COUGAR
Rugged as the Rockies

THE COUGAR COAT

WELTERWEIGHT TOPCOAT $32.50
WINTERWEIGHT OVERCOAT $37.50

THE COUGAR is a coat that takes instant command of any weather situation. A special hi-density blend of precious fibres provides weightless warmth, yet this famous Cougar coat is light as a caress . . . and sturdy as a steamroller. For soft luxurious smartness, with wear to spare, always look for the Cougar label. Write today for color folder of smart new styles and name of your nearest authorized dealer.

Buy U.S. War Bonds and Stamps

EAGLE CLOTHES 79 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

FREE Print your name and address on margin of this ad, mail to Eagle Clothes, and receive a genuine leather Pocket Case to hold ration books, war stamp books and other papers.

Roper Scotty Fabric made from Arlengreal Naphthalated Wool CANANDAIGUA, N.Y.
ScottyJeep*

Scotty Kote*

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. No. 2265101

Comfort...Style

YOU'LL be a thousand times thankful for Scotty's warmth without weight, protection without bulk. Expertly knitted from resilient worsted yarns of 100% Wool Naphthalated (virgin wool cleansed in naphtha to preserve fiber strength). Talon-fastened.

SCOTTY FEATURES

Snappy Style No Bunch
Sturdy Wear No Bind
Snug Fit No Sag

Scotty Jeep button front (Uncle Sam needs all talons) is taking over when SCOTTY KOTE is out until victory is won.

Handsome heathers — rich plain colors. Buy your suit size for correct fit. On sale at leading stores everywhere, or write to

ROPER KNITTING COMPANY, INC.
CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 64

young gentleman who desires to cash in softly on his athletic prominence. But the job is made to order for the strong-hearted stalwarts who've been B-teamers. They know how to take the opposition as tough as it can come and trim it down to boy's size. They don't get the thundering cheers of the crowds. They don't get their names in the headlines. What they do get that keeps them at their rough task is a hell of a lot of fun in fighting. That is the sort to have on our side.

* * *

Joe Kirkwood, golf's pioneer trick shot virtuoso, has been enjoying revival meetings this year. After two decades of demonstrating his wizardry in making a golf ball do weird stunts by the player's intent, in every major country except Russia, Joe had retired to the task of instructing club members how not to make trick shots.

This year he discovered that a new generation of golfers that knew not Kirkwood had come into the game. He began making the rounds again when he could get away from his club. He received more bids for his services than he could fill. The same amazement as of yesteryear is shown by the Kirkwood galleries at golf clubs but something new has been added in the keen enthusiasm of the Kirkwood spectators at army and navy camps. The majority of the boys who see the Kirkwood performance are not golfers, but after watching Joe work on the parade grounds the lads want golf clubs and balls for their own entertainment so Kirkwood has added to his other duties that of collecting clubs and balls for soldiers and sailors.

When the American market for trick-shot exhibits was in a lull a few years ago Kirkwood and Walter Hagen peddled their golfing wares in the Orient. The Chinese "incident" was in operation when Joe put on his performance at the Hungjao Golf Club of Shanghai. Corpses of Chinese soldiers bordered fairways and rotted in traps. Kirkwood relates that on the bulletin board of the club was a characteristic "so sorry, plizzz" note from Japanese military authorities promising to remove the remains of the victims at an early date. Joe also tells of a Chinese guerrilla being strung up by the Japanese along the road to the clubhouse, and left there to die.

On the golf that'll be after the war Joe forecasts less legislation to standardize the game by removing the factor of individual skill. He believes that the Royal and Ancient worries about the ribbed faces of clubs imparting backspin which the United States Golf Association echoed as something for it to worry about, are entirely unwarranted. The backspin shot is the most spectacular in the game, according to Joe's observation of galleries. The shot requires delicate precision in its execution, regardless of the face of the club. The player must hit down on the ball with fine accuracy to get the backspin and if he fails he gets a half-topped shot that usually penalizes him heavily.

Kirkwood's reappearance as a headliner in golf reminds older men in the game that Ben Hogan's custom of practicing four or five hours daily is nothing new. When Kirkwood was perfecting his act he worked at it on an average of five hours daily and seven days a week.

He began his trick-shot studies when he was a youngster employed on a ranch in Australia. He borrowed the clubs of the ranch owner. What tipped him off to the possibility of trick-shot making as a career was the reception given his exhibitions before wounded Australian soldiers who had been returned to their homeland.

* * *

In a letter of comment on the Esquire Sports Poll, General Isaias Medina Angarita, President of the Republic of Venezuela, made the following very fine statement on the place and value of sports in the world of tomorrow. "In the world in which we live and in that which is being born before our eyes every minute," he wrote, "nothing has greater importance than the destiny, and the moral, intellectual and physical formation of youth. In order to build men capable of living with happiness in duty, and with force in peace, it will be necessary to resort to a thorough use of the actual and potential resources that education offers; but, definitely, among all those resources, one of the most efficacious, because of its formative and disciplinary capacity, is and will be sports, national as well as international."

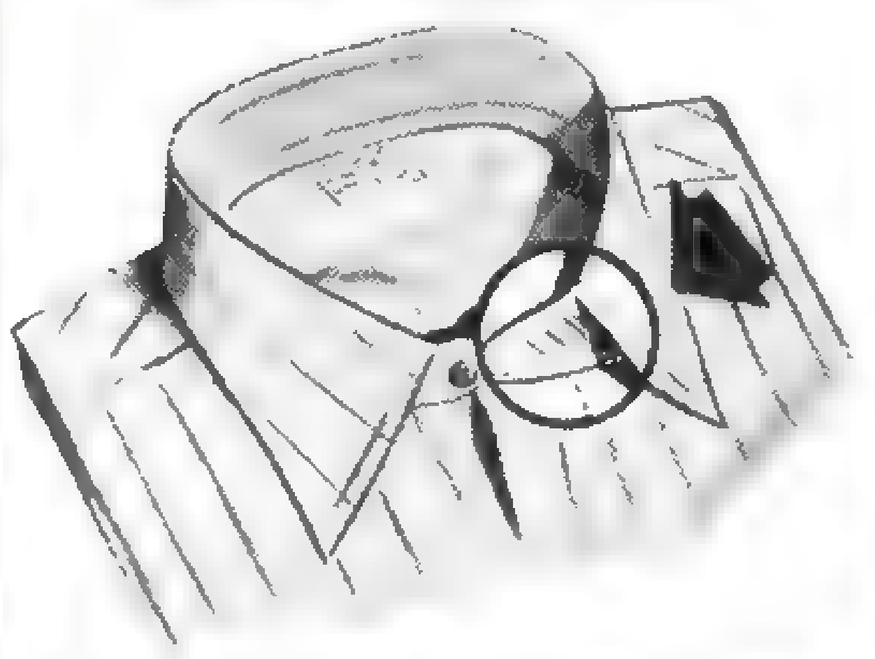
* * *

Transfer of several highly proficient football players from service teams to war duty regardless of the football schedules' demands has jolted some of the American public out of its complacency.

Thousands of the sports sections' readers were startled when a famed former All-American was transferred to sea duty a few weeks before his station's team began practicing for its gridiron season. "What wonder-boy have they got in the guy's place? What did he do to be sent to sea; kick the Admiral in the teeth?" asked the shocked fans.

It's a strange thing that so many have the firm conviction that no first class sports team of the services will be weakened during its schedules by transfers to combat duty. And it's probably one of the significant indications of the difficulty in making an element of the public realize a life-and-death war is being fought.

There has been a favorable effect on the morale of sturdy but athletically undistinguished sailors and soldiers registered by the comparatively new policy. ⌗



AND THIS IS

MY "NECK'S" BEST FRIEND

LINEFOLD SHIRTS

With the WORLD FAMOUS X-ACT-FIT Adjustable Collar

Note three button holes in collar, adjustable to quarter sizes.

X-ACT-FIT provides three button holes in your collar. The middle hole corresponds to the shirt's marked size—say, a size 15. The other two button holes are placed a quarter of a size on either side. Result? — A shirt adjustable to 14¾—15—15¼ (or any other three sizes depending upon the marked size of the shirt).

IMPORTANT: Because of the patented design, X-ACT-FIT Collars fit perfectly (with the right amount of tie space) regardless of the button-hole used.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to Department "O" of the

NEW ERA SHIRT CO.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1887 — OUR 55th YEAR — 1942

The Red Can-Can

Continued from page 31

how we deal with traitors. Think it over."

He snapped to the sentry: "Put her back in the guardroom."

II

In a hunter's shack, about twenty miles from Lieska, four men were in earnest discussion. On an improvised bunk, padded with furs, was "Red" Nevers, the leader of the local partisans who had recently raided the Nazi column. He had been wounded in the action, but when he had learned of Marya's capture, he insisted on being brought by sleigh to this cabin which served as their secret headquarters. With him was Klim, his second in command, Vanya, who had been a sergeant in his artillery outfit, and Jan, Marya's brother.

"Is there any way we can get word to her?" Red asked. "Jan, what do you think?"

"Their guardhouse is in that storage shed along the railtracks, about a hundred yards from the station. There is a water tank, and a couple of small sheds next to it. A man could get on a train somewhere south of the village, and jump off in the brush close to the place. If he could find a way to slip a note—yes, I think it could be done. But it would take time."

"We haven't got time," said Klim impatiently. "She's not just serving a jail sentence; she's held as a spy. I say we grab an engine; roll it up to the shed; break in and get her; and run for it."

"We'll have to do that," said Red, "if there's no other way. But to crack their strong guardhouse would be almost the same as storming their whole village."

"No, this shed is not strongly guarded—just a couple of sentries. The relief of the guard stays at headquarters, a quarter of a mile away. We could rush this shed, and be gone before they could form a defense."

"My thought was to play for time, by sending her a message to pretend to give the Nazis the information they want. If we could get them to move her—"

"That would be risky," Jan said. "She dare not admit that she knows anything about us, or has any contact with us."

"Suppose she offered to lead them to where they could find us. Wouldn't they jump at the chance?"

"They'd never fall for it. They'd know it was a trick. If she admitted that she knew where we were, they'd force her to tell, and come without her."

"Our best chance is the guardhouse," Klim repeated. "Within four hours, we could get the men here—I'd only take about twenty. We could hit the railroad after dark, and work down to the siding. There'll be a switchman there, and—"

"Wait a minute," Red interrupted. "I've got an idea. Hand me that notebook and a pencil. Who can we send that has the best chance of getting a note through to Marya?"

"I'll take it," Jan said.

III

The room where Marya had been confined was about twelve feet square, and a small sheet-iron stove heated only one corner of it. She sat close to the stove, on a small packing case, and tried to keep warm. The place was smoky, and smelled of hides and dried fish. About eight feet from the floor, in the gable end of the building, was a small window. Below this, a hole had been chopped in the log wall, to let the stove pipe through. The pale finger of light from the window, which had traced a slow circle of hours around the room, was now gone. The gray of the window pane had blacked out. Marya was grateful for the red glow from the sides of the stove.

Her body ached, and she was wretched and frightened. The prospect of the long night filled her with dread. In the morning, they would take her away, and her mind tormented her with vivid images of cruelty and suffering . . . the sears and pain of the hot iron and the whip; the Nazis were not reputed to be gentle in their inquisitions. She knew that in the end it would be the firing squad. Desperately, she searched her brain for some way to avoid these terrors. . . .

Her door bumped open, and a soldier clattered into the room and dropped some stove wood on the floor. He tossed a blanket onto a narrow bench along the wall, and went out. During the day, she had explored the room for a place to lie down. The floor was too grimed and uneven; this narrow bench would be her bed.

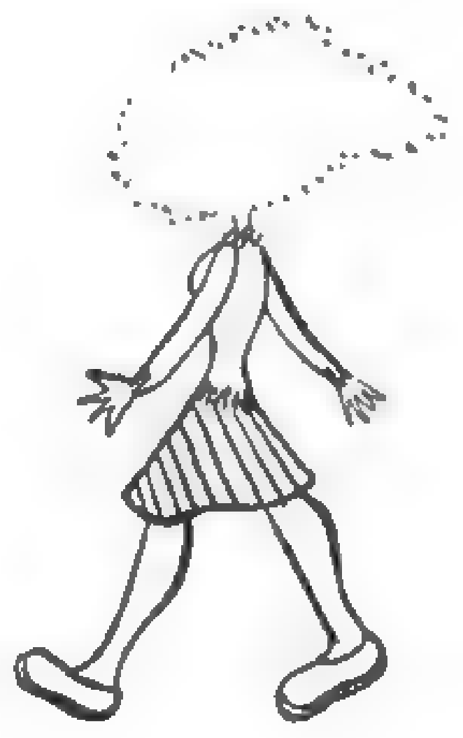
Presently the man returned, bringing a chunk of bread and some canned stew on a plate, and a canteen of water. She spoke to him:

"Would you be kind enough to bring me a basin of water, so that I can wash my hands and face?"

He mumbled something in German, and left the room.

After nibbling at some of the food, she brightened the fire, and paced back and forth across the room to relieve her cramped

Continued on page 160



The dim-out is nothing new. We know plenty of people who are perpetually that way.

"I never miss with a WEBSTER"

"Ducks or no ducks, I *always* bag a full quota of pleasure when I've a pocketful of Websters along. Mix the *deep, clear aroma* of a Webster cigar with the crisp air of early morn—and, man, you've got something! Long waits in chilly blind or punt become short ones under the warming sunshine of Webster's *mellow-mild flavor*."

You'll find it that way with Websters no matter what the occasion—sport, business, social or restful relaxation.

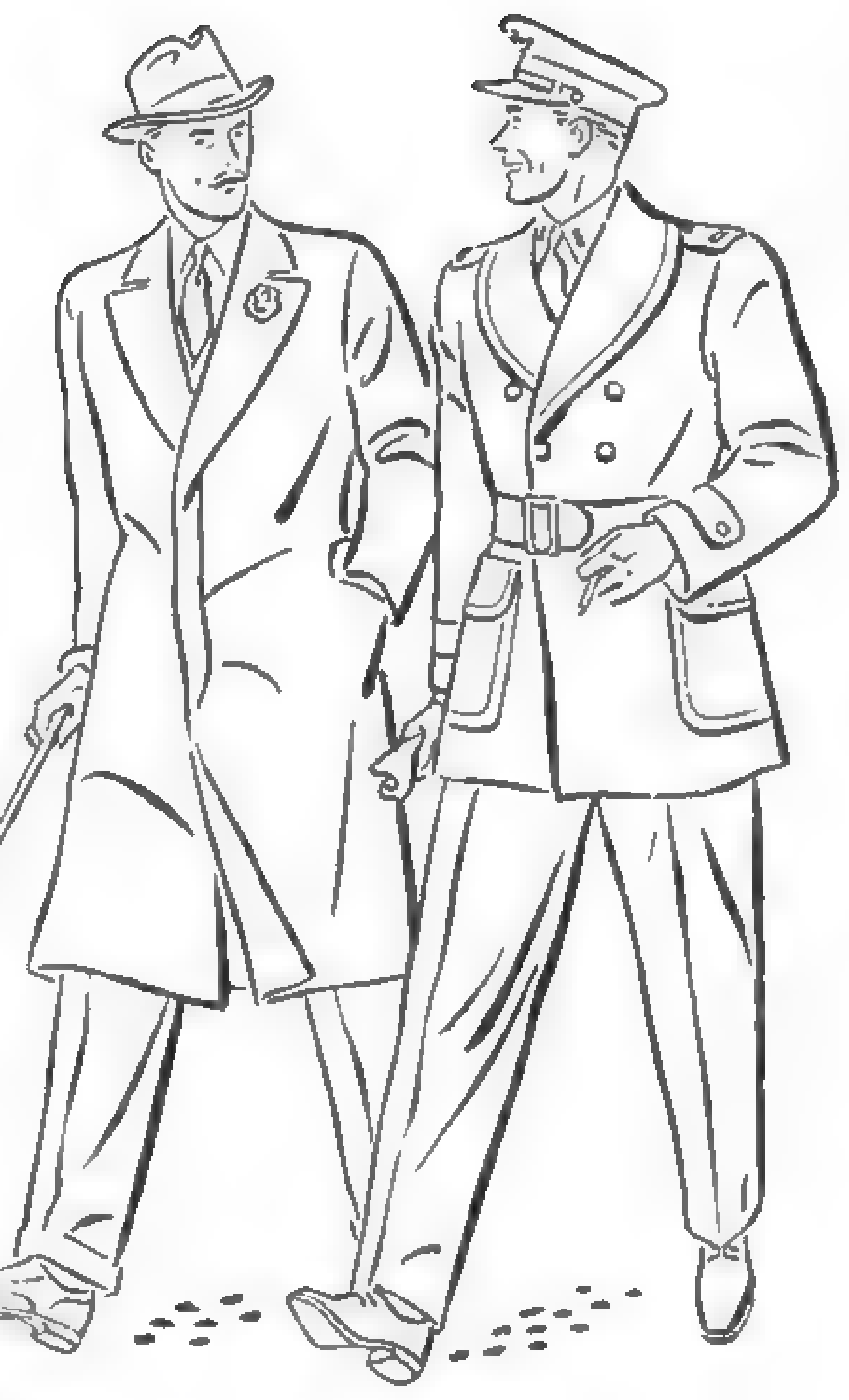
CERTIFIED 100% choice, time-seasoned long *Havana filler, light-claro wrapper and superb craftsmanship combine to give Websters one of the greatest popularity gains in quality-cigar history—*

103.4% GREATER in the first six months of '42 than that of the industry's 10-to-15c brands as a whole (U. S. Revenue figures).

WEBSTER

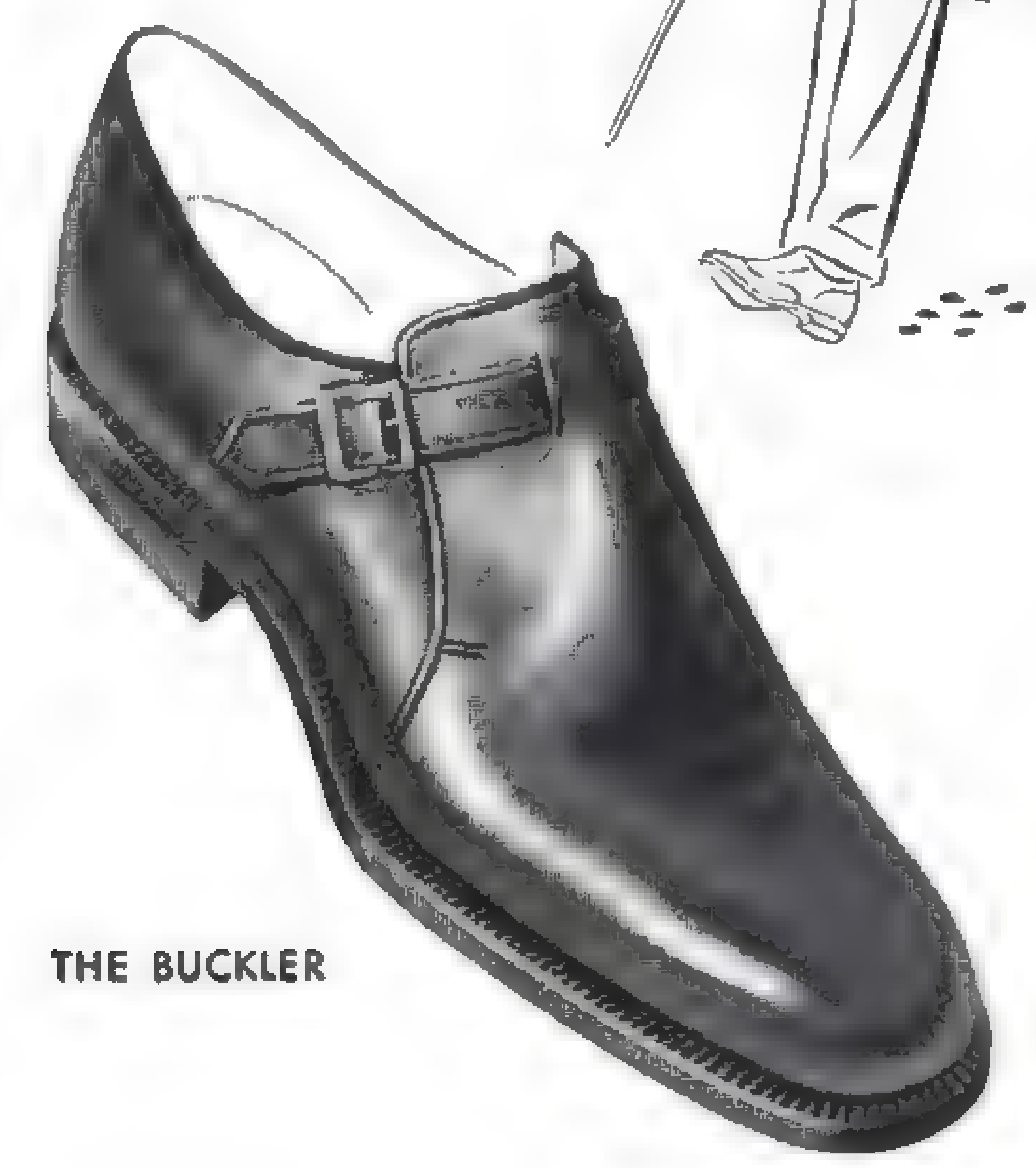
KINGS 10c
(The classic Corona shape)
GOLDEN WEDDING 10c
QUEENS......2 for 25c
FANCY TALES......15c
Wherever fine cigars are sold

First in the Social Register

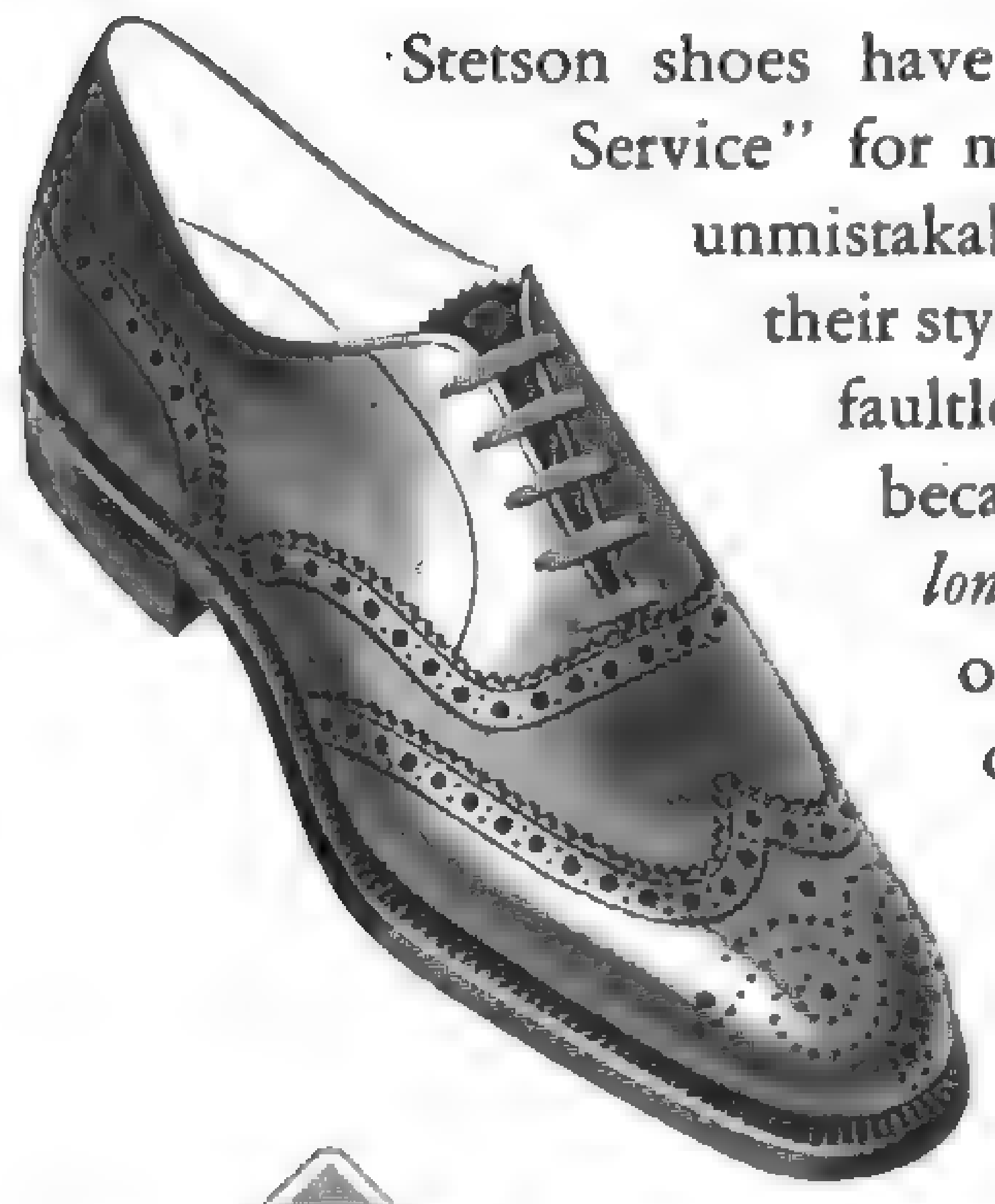


MADE NOW, AS ALWAYS

..."for Officers and Gentlemen"



THE BUCKLER



Stetson shoes have been "a custom of the Service" for many a year. They have the unmistakable stamp of authority in their styling. Their sleek leathers are faultless in color and grain. And because Stetson keeps them *longer on the last* you can count on them for seasoned, out-of-the-box comfort . . . and longer wear. The Stetson Shoe Company, Inc., South Weymouth, Mass.

THE SUFFOLK

STETSON SHOE

STETSON SHOES

MAKERS OF FINE MEN'S SHOES FOR OVER 50 YEARS

LI'L ABNER MAKES A KILLING for Dogpatchers in general and Al Capp in particular, in the November CORONET. See what popped when Capp merged hokum and yokel to make Yokum—star comic hero.

R FURNITURE

OUR BEDROOM SUITES ARE DESIGNED FOR DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE AND BUILT TO PROTECT THEIR BEAUTY AGAINST THE RAVAGES OF TIME.

NORTHERN FURNITURE CO.

BOSTON • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • DETROIT • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • SHEBOYGAN • ST. LOUIS

FOR LOCAL ADDRESS CONSULT TELEPHONE BOOK AND PLEASE NOTE THAT PURCHASES MAY ONLY BE MADE THROUGH AUTHORIZED DEALERS.

The Red Can-Can

Continued from pages 31-159

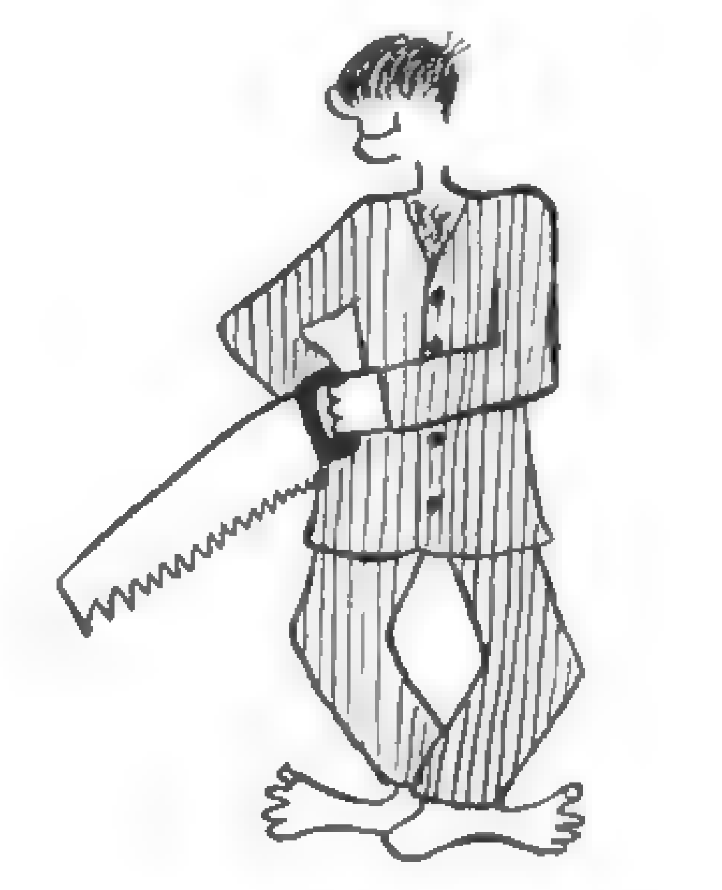
muscles. Then she dragged the bench closer to the stove, wrapped herself in the blanket, and lay down. The monotony of darkness and discomfort finally caused her to sleep.

Some time later, she was awakened by the cold. Her body was numb. The glow was gone from the stove. Frantically she lifted the lid. A few embers showed red at the bottom. She was without matches. She knew that, without a fire, the squeeze of the cold would be deadly. She wondered if death would be easier by frost, or by a firing squad. "Dear God, what am I thinking of," she whispered, and set about replenishing the fire.

Groping for the stove wood, she stripped off bark and fine splinters, and held them into the ashes until they smoked and a feeble flame appeared. Nursing this tiny fire until it grew large enough to burn bigger chunks, she filled the stove and saw it glow into red heat, the fire crackling and hissing, with sparks roaring up the chimney. She was afraid to go back to sleep, so she huddled close to the fire until her face burned and the smell of scorched wool came from her clothing. She tried pacing the floor, and then lay down, fully awake, staring at the red of the stove. Drowsiness overtook her, but she forced herself from time to time to get up and put wood on the fire.

The night dragged on. Her eyes closed, and she lay in semi-consciousness, part of her senses vigilant, part of them yearning for forgetfulness. Suddenly she thought she heard a sound overhead—as though a pebble had dropped onto the stovepipe. It came again—a low scraping sound. Marya sat up. Probably the wind, she thought.

A small chunk of baked clay, from around the stovepipe opening, dropped to the floor. She was sure that the pipe moved a little, and stood on the bench to get her ear closer to the sound. Something was steadily picking away at the clay that chinked the space between the stovepipe and the logs through which it passed. A shower of the stuff trickled into the room, and then the pipe shook, as something pressed against it from underneath. She went to the stove, to light a splinter, from which she could see what was taking place, when something was pushed through the opening which had been made, and fell at her feet.



Constructive Suggestion

The fuel shortage may well revive bundling this winter, and, to save lumber, why not dispense with that dividing-board in the middle of the bed.

She picked it up and took it over to the firelight. It was a rifle cartridge, around which had been wrapped a double thickness of notebook paper. Quickly she spread out the paper and, in the dim light, spelled out these words:

"When they question you, insist on talking to Finnish officers. Don't admit that you know anything, but act as though it would be to their advantage to have you questioned at Headquarters. Get them to move you, if you can. Jan is taking this message, and we have scouts watching every move in the village. Play for time. We'll have you with us soon. Love from all, and good cheer.—Red."

Her heart leaped with a new feeling of hope. She had friends just outside these log walls. She read the note again and again, then dropped it into the fire.

IV

A corporal and two men came for Marya at ten o'clock the next morning. On the way to headquarters, she noticed activity among the troops which suggested that they were preparing for an expedition. They had been sent to Lieska for a raid on the Murmansk-Leningrad railroad, which had failed. There was no need here for a permanent garrison. What would be done with her, she wondered, if these troops left?

She was kept waiting for an hour in the orderly room, before the Colonel ordered her brought before him. Three other officers were with him, and he seemed hurried and peremptory.

"We must dispose of this woman at once," he said to them. "There is no time for persuasion or argument. Either she is willing to do her duty to her country, and tell us what she learned on the other side, or she is a traitor and must be treated accordingly."

He turned abruptly to Marya. "Well, girl, which is it to be?"

"I am no traitor. I am willing to serve my country in any way I can. I know nothing of Russian military operations, but if our intelligence officers want to ask me any questions, I am quite willing to answer them."

"That can be arranged, *fraulein.*" He smiled ironically. "It is a favor I can do for a pretty girl."

"But Colonel, there is little time," the Staff Captain reminded him.

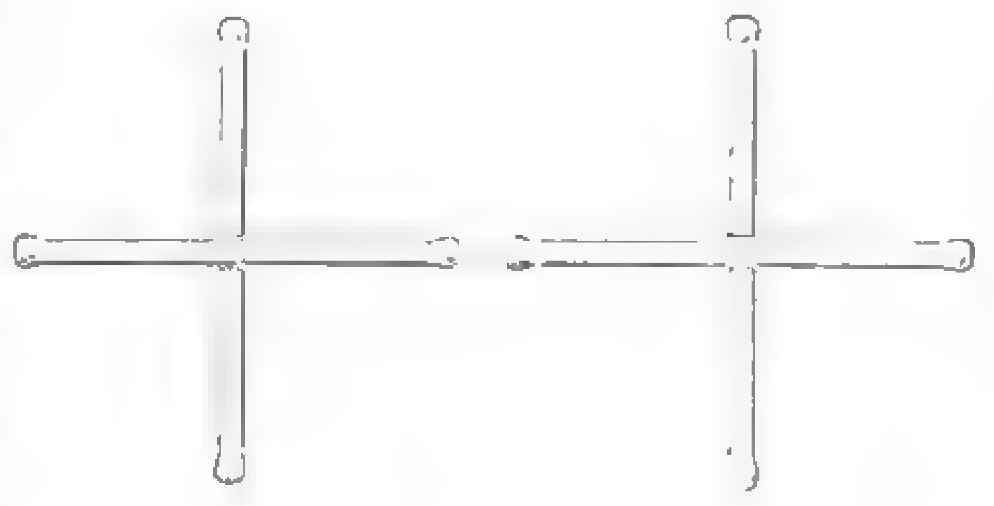
The Colonel's smirk broadened. "Because of our relations with Finland," he said, "I would prefer to lose a little time than to use force." To Marya he said, "You

Checkpayers

Good for One Free Drink at the Nearest Bar

The Wager: That you can transform a cross made out of four matchsticks into a square by moving only one match.

The Payoff: Move one matchstick outward slightly so that the *ends* of the matches form a square.



will wait outside for a little."

Marya was puzzled by this change of front. As she sat on a bench in the orderly room, she pondered the meaning of it. Courtesy, or consideration, were qualities she had not expected in this interview. If the Germans were pressed for time, surely her case was not urgent enough to warrant delay . . . The Colonel sent for her again.

As she entered, he fumbled on his desk for a telegraphic form. "Here are your instructions from Finnish Headquarters," he said. "I have just received this message:

'APPROVE YOUR QUESTIONING MARY SAARI IN OUR NAME. IF NECESSARY WILL SEND OFFICER TO COOPERATE.'

It is signed: 'KAHNHEIM, CHIEF OF STAFF.'"

Her mind whirled with the implications of this. She struggled to control her thoughts, and her voice.

"Now then, speak up!"

"May I see that message?"

"Certainly not!" he shouted. "Have you the insolence to question it?"

"I am not to be tricked, Colonel. Is it probable that an officer of your rank would consult the staff upon so trivial a matter?"

"You argue like a Bolshevik. In God's name, there is a limit to patience." He ordered the sentry: "Lock her up, and await my orders."

The guard reached for her arm, but she leaned forward, over the desk.

"What is wrong," she pleaded, "with my wanting to be with my own people? You can send me to Sortavala, and if I am guilty of any charges, I will not escape punishment. I have done nothing—"

"Take her away!"

V

The Nazi timetable had backfired. Scheduled to leave Lieska at 2:00 p.m., the long train of empty cars pulling down from the north to take them to Sortavala, was not in sight at 3:30. The Colonel fumed, and the troops were restless. There had been delays: heavy logs piled on the track, a section of rails missing, a broken coupling; and at two o'clock, wire communication with Lieska had been cut.

Peasants began to drift back into the village; and sleighs accumulated in the roadway, until the Nazis irritably cleared them off. The wireless from Sortavala was crackling with inquiries and orders. Daylight was waning, and lights began to show in the buildings. The Nazi soldiers loafed beside their packed gear in their billets.

It was dark when the train pulled in. Villagers were pressed into service to speed its loading. The locomotive was detached from the train, and pulled ahead to the water tank to take on water and firewood. Two of Red's guerrillas joined this loading detail, until they could place in the pile of fuel a log which had been hollowed out and filled with explosive. At the rear of the train, another, dressed in a short sheepskin coat, with a woodsman's short axe in his belt, chopped through the airhose between the last two cars. Nazi guards lined the side of the train from which their troops would enter, but the sentries on the other side, toward the forest, paced back and forth, and paid little attention to trainmen servicing the cars.

Ordnance and equipment had been put aboard. The companies formed in the dark street and were marched to their cars. At headquarters, the Colonel was questioning the train conductor about the sabotage which had caused the delay.

"There will be no further nonsense of that sort," he said. "We have a passenger for this trip that will make them think twice about playing any tricks. She will ride in the cab of your locomotive."

"She, your Excellency?"

"Exactly. A woman spy, who is believed to be the sweetheart of the leader of these guerrillas. You will pass the word around in the village that this woman will be a hostage for the safe arrival of this train. Go now; we are nearly loaded."

"Would it not be better, Excellency, to have her in your car—for the same reason?"

A non-commissioned officer asked leave to speak to the Colonel. "The airhose has been cut," he reported, "on the car which the Colonel has reserved."

The Colonel looked sharply at the conductor. "Did you know of this?"

"N-no!" he stammered. "It was all right when we pulled in."

"Can it be repaired?"

"Not unless another can be taken from some car on the sidetrack. We can use the hand brake. These old cars have them."

"Then attend to it . . . Wait!

Continued on page 162

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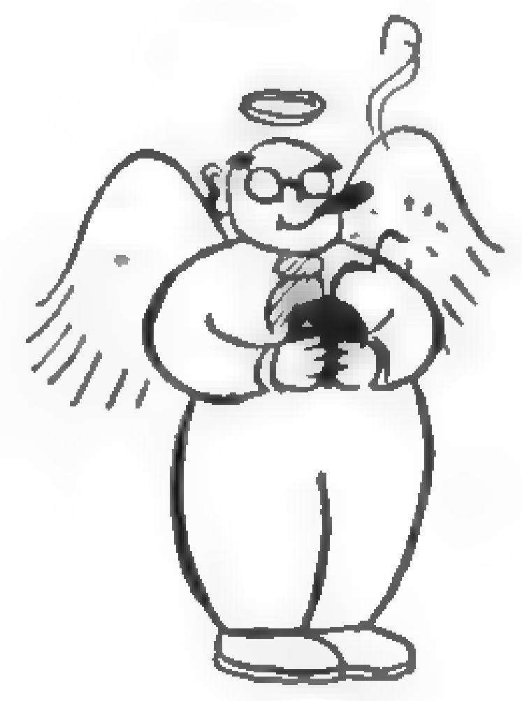
The Red Can-Can

Continued from pages 31-159-161

Spread the gossip as you go, that this woman may be either on the engine, or in my car." He turned to an aide. "Have the guard doubled along both sides of the train. Have a thorough inspection made. By God, the Gestapo could make themselves useful here!"

Jan followed the conductor as he left headquarters. He saw him stop before a group of villagers; heard him say: "Did you hear the news? The Colonel has a Bolshevik spy to ride this train. He's going to put her on the engine, so that if the blasted Reds blow up the track, she'll be the first to get it. Or else, she's going to ride in his car, so they won't dare fire on it. He's a fox. Imagine covering the whole train that way."



One of the miracles of war is the way a munitions manufacturer can be a merchant of death one minute and a saviour of humanity the next.

"How will they know where she is?" Jan called from the group.

"Don't worry, they'll know it from someone in the village."

As the man went toward the train, he told some that she was to ride the engine, and to others he said with equal conviction that she would be in the rear car. Jan was worried. This was something he would have to handle himself. He wished he could talk to Red, or Klim, but he could not leave; he had a job to do. Red had told him that the Colonel would ride in the rear car. That was easy to figure out. But, if Marya was on the engine, how long would it be until they tossed into the firebox the log that would blow it to hell? His job was to ride with that train.

The sentry had been removed from the shed where Marya had been kept. That meant that she was no longer there. Where had they taken her? The cars were all blacked out. There was no way he could see into the officers' car. They had stationed a brakeman on the top, to apply the hand brake in place of the air-brake which was out of commission. Without bell or whistle, the steam spat from the engine, and the train slowly started forward. Jan grabbed the ladder on the second car from the front, and pulled himself up until he could peer along the tops of the cars. It was too dark for him to see more than a few feet. He listened. Then, shifting the axe in his belt around to the side, he wormed his way to the top of the car, lying prone. The train had gathered speed, and the snowy trees bordering the track flared with red from time to time, as the firedoor on the engine was opened to throw in some fresh chunks of fire-wood.

No time to lose. He crawled toward the front of the car. When the next glow appeared, he saw a man silhouetted against it, a few yards ahead. Inch by inch he squirmed forward. He reached around for his axe. The man sat at the brake-wheel, looking ahead, his ears covered by his coat collar and thick cap. The racket of the train covered the shuffle of Jan's movements; there was little risk of being overheard. The axe swung in a deadly arc. The man slid, grotesquely posturing, to the edge of the car roof and plunged down.

Jan scrambled forward to the front of the car overlooking the tender, and across it he could see the engine cab. The firedoor opened, and he shrank back from its glare. In the light, he could see three men; Marya was not there.

Now he hurried back along the car tops. He had to account for the brakeman on the last car. When he got there, the man was not in sight. Holding on to the brake-wheel, Jan peered down over the end of the car. Below him, in the open door of the vestibule, was the glow of a cigarette. Jan watched and listened. He caught an occasional grumble of voices and a gruff laugh. Presently, the man spat noisily, and tossed his cigarette away. Then he swung around to the ladder and started to mount.

His hand groped over the edge of the car roof to find the handle to draw himself up. Jan poised his heavy revolver and, as the man's head raised into sight, struck sharply and caught him just below the ear. He saw the body slide into the darkness along the track as the train rolled on.

They were now approaching a long grade. The track curved and, looking ahead, Jan could see the lights from the engine as it came around to begin its uphill climb. It went dark in the trees, and he saw a red Very light soar above the woods along the grade. The train began to lose speed. It neared the spot from which the signal had come. Then Jan took the brake wheel and turned it until this car became a heavy drag on the train. Leaving it locked, he climbed down to the rear vestibule. No one was there. He stepped back into the corner, to watch the door.

The train was slowing down, and a complaining screech came from the braked wheels. Two men from the woods swung onto the steps of Jan's vestibule, and he made himself known.

"We're all ready," one of them

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said with unconcealed impatience.

A Nazi sergeant came out to look around. As he faced Jan, a knife buried itself in his neck, and they pitched him through the door. Two more of Red's men clambered aboard.

"Where's Klim?" Jan whispered.

"They're ahead. They'll get on the front of the car. Get ready now."

He slung an automatic rifle off his back, and the others grabbed their weapons. A rifle cracked from the trackside, very close. The five men on the rear platform rushed into the car.

It was dimly lit—two kerosene lamps swung from the ceiling, turned down low. The car had been converted for troop carrying. All the compartments, except one at the front for officers, had been replaced by rough seats. The Nazis, drowsily stirring from their cramped positions, began to come alert, questioning the rifle shot. The front door of the car burst open, and Klim, followed by a swarm of men, crowded into the aisle. They kicked open the compartment door and discovered the Colonel.

Over his levelled revolver, Klim said: "Order your men to put their hands up and stay quiet! Quick!"

With heavy machine gun fire into the front vestibule, Red's partisans in the woods cut off access to the rear car by the troops ahead. Klim's men had shot down two Nazis who tried to get their guns into action; now the rest had their hands in the air, thoroughly cowed.

Jan found Marya in the middle of the car. She got up, and he hurried her out the rear door and through the drifted snow into the shelter of the trees. Some partisans found them and led the way to a campfire around which horses and men were standing, and a couple of sleighs. Red was in one of these sleighs, bundled into a fur-lined sleeping bag. As soon as he saw them, he fired a green signal light from his Very pistol, then spoke to Marya:

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, thanks to you. But you were wounded. You shouldn't be here—"

"Don't worry about me. Come over here, and crawl into this sleigh, where it's warm. We'll leave as soon as Klim gets back, with our guest."

"Our guest?"

"Wait and see."

The firing slackened, back at the train, and men began to drift into the firelight. Suddenly the night sky flashed, as with lightning, and a tremendous concussion swept over them. A dull glow hung over the trees, then gradually spread and brightened.

"Must have set fire to those wooden coaches," Jan remarked.

"I only hope all our men are out of there," said Red quietly. "They should be. They were warned."

A laughing shout came from the brush, and Klim strode into the open, followed by the Nazi Colonel closely guarded by two men. Marya jumped up and looked toward them.

"Our guest," said Red. "A fine piece of work, Klim. We'll send him with our compliments to Red Army Headquarters, at Olonetz."

"The Fascist rat!" Klim aimed his revolver at the Colonel's feet. "Let's teach him first to dance the Red can-can. It'll put him in the right frame of mind for—"

"We haven't time. Check up on the men, and get out of here." ⌗

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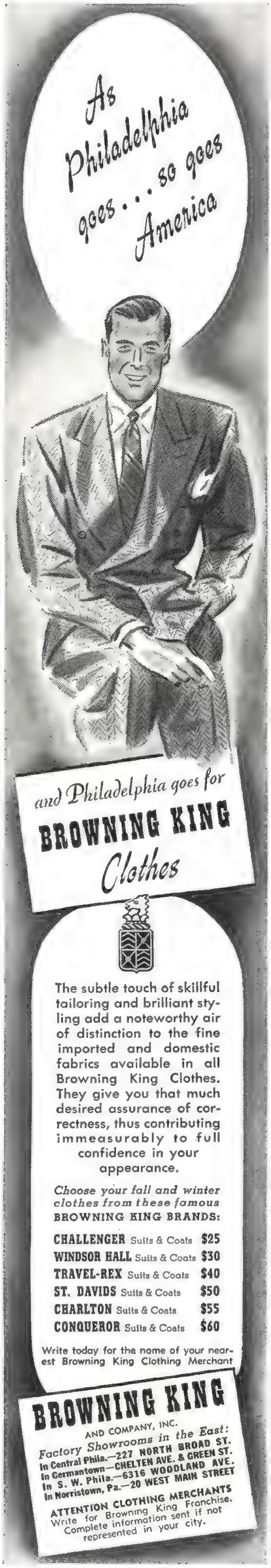
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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 88

mainly by scholars and physicians. The gelatinous, tapioca-like tidbit blends excellently with soups and sauces.

The "hundred year old" Chinese eggs I ate at Lum Fong's were only thirteen months old, and on hearing of their comparative youthfulness, I was somewhat disappointed. The eggs are sliced thin; the color of the yolk is vivid green, and the white of the egg ceases to be so—age has turned it into a kind of transparent jelly. They are very good. They possess an indescribably odd Oriental flavor, and nothing in their taste reveals their age, nothing nauseates you. In fact, after the first cautiously eaten slice you suddenly develop an appetite for them, especially if you eat them with ginger as gastronomic etiquette prescribes. Lum Fong's old eggs come from China—they don't make them in the U. S.—where they are prepared during a long process, in a secret solution. I was told that the older the eggs, the better they are.

Recipe for Keeping Warm This Winter

—One old-fashioned coal-burning furnace, one old-fashioned ton of coal, and two old-fashioneds.

There are two grades of shark's fins; one is the loose fin (the fins can be counted) and the heavy kind which is more gelatinous, comes in one piece, unseparated. The latter is most sought after. Much of the shark's fins here are imported in dried form; but there are fresh shark's fins in the U. S. too that can be bought from the larger fish dealers. This is the way to prepare them:

Soak shark's fins overnight. Clean out all the loose particles. Cover with water and boil for two hours, adding two tablespoonfuls of Chinese soy sauce, one cup chicken soup, dash of salt, and one tablespoonful corn starch. Serve garnished with shredded chicken already cooked, and chopped parsley.

I was interested to find that many Chinese dishes are advocated for people with waning strength, and shark's fins is one of them, probably on account of its gelatinous substance. In a moment I shall tell you about the famous aqua-pressure soups, which the Chinese believe would make even a dead man walk, but first let me enlighten you about Peiping Duck, a dish that cannot be prepared unless you own a bicycle pump. The duck, after having been thoroughly cleaned, is flavored inside with various herbs and spices, and then its stomach is sewed back into place; now the duck is inflated by the hand pump until it is fairly ready to burst, and it is hung in the open air to dry for twelve hours. The skin is then coated with barley sugar, rubbed with soy-bean sauce, and the duck is finally placed in a very hot oven for little less than an hour. Don't dare to make grimaces while you read these words or I'll make you eat them (your words)—you have never tasted anything quite as delicious as the juicy, yet not fat, and tender meat of Peiping Duck!

About aqua-pressure soup it is said that whoever swallows a cup of it each fortnight or so, remains young for a very long time. Women of middle age partaking of this broth regularly, look like young girls, or so James Lee told me, and to give more emphasis to his words, his usually smiling pleasant face turned serious. Then Lum Fong, who is a scholar interposed and told me an ancient Chinese proverb: "Those who stay away from home for nine days must not eat *gai-gee*," this *gai-gee* being one of the ingredients of the aqua-pressure soup. The others are *wy-san* and *dung chung-cho*. All three are Chinese herbs obtainable in Chinatown's medicine or herb shops. Half an ounce of each are put, together with a freshly killed chicken, in the inner pot of a double boiler with a teacupful of boiling water. The pot is covered hermetically with the kind of paper kids use for making kites, and the herbs, chicken and water are kept boiling for five hours. The liquid then is strained through cheesecloth; what remains is a teacupful of essence, and the chicken, dry as a bone after this prolonged chemical process, can be thrown away. Men with frivolous minds, sometimes insist on putting *fah-gow*, the membrane enclosing the intestines of fish, also in the soup, which by this addition becomes so invigorating that they really shouldn't stay away from home even for nine minutes. (Speaking of marital happiness, I must mention that Confucius divorced his wife on short order when she turned out to be a poor cook.) For twenty-four hours after drinking this broth, no fish or fruit must be consumed, in order to allow it full play; it seems that fish and fruit disturb the benefits of the aqua-pressure soup. Different kinds of fowl may be used in aqua-pressure soup and they are quite expensive. The dearest is the wild duck-diamondback terrapin combination.

Chop suey is not a typical Chinese dish, as you probably know. It is said to have originated in this country in the 1890's, when Viceroy Li Hung Chang visited the U. S. as a representative of the Empress Tze Hsi. One night

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when he was eating his dinner, prepared by the chefs he brought along with him, inquisitive reporters intruded upon his privacy and asked what he was eating. The proud viceroy got mad as hell and shouted that he was eating garbage. But his interpreter was more diplomatic and said it was chop suey, meaning fine mixture. Ever since, Americans have eaten fine mixture with relish. A notable chop suey was born a little later in Chicago's Mandarin Restaurant. This differed from the ordinary kind, in that it contained no onions. It had large mushrooms, bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, pork and celery, chicken broth, gourmet powder, molasses, beef sauce, and salt. The ingredients of all chop sueys, Chicago or otherwise, are very healthful, particularly if Chinese cabbage (*pak choy*) is included. Chow mein merely means fried noodles and as you know this dish is only a glorified chop suey.

There are many ancient customs in Chinese gastronomy, established thousands of years ago, which are rigorously observed to this day. Noodles is one of them. They not only taste good but also symbolize longevity and are eaten mostly in the Northern part of China. In the South, where the cuisine is said to be more refined, the Chinese eat rice. Marco Polo brought the noodles back to Italy, and also the custom of eating food with something else besides fingers—that is, chop sticks, which in time, through the laziness of Occidentals, deteriorated into forks and knives. Another ancient custom rules that no meal must be without ginger for this is the sign of good luck. As a matter of fact, *geung*, the Chinese name for ginger, stands for two other meanings: "good luck" and "no ending." So why be without it every meal time? There are other age-old dictums, all serving some practical purpose. For instance, meat shall not exceed one-third of the vegetable content of a dish in its raw state, nor one half when cooked. All vegetables must be used young. No food must be cooked alone, without blending it with others.

This latter culinary principle shows us what barbarians we still are compared with the Chinese. They learned long ago that it is best for health and palate to blend their food in the cooking process. We cook everything separately; then, childishly, put everything, meat, vegetables, etc., on the same plate. The Chinese meal is the lightest, the most balanced, and yet the most perfectly prepared. The ingredients are blended judiciously in the pan—not on the plate. Also the Chinese meal is the most economical. And they refrain from eating desserts, a commendable habit. Why overtax an already filled stomach? The Chinese just take a taste of sweet before they reach the end of the repast; the very end of a real Chinese meal is almond soup, believe it or not. Or sometimes a little bitter melon preserve, the great Chinese favorite, which contains among other medicinal components, quinine.

In praise of Chinese cooking I must also say that most dishes are prepared at a moment's notice, either in a restaurant or at home. You should see a Chinese chef at work in his clean kitchen! He is fast as the devil himself. I watched Mr. Chu Jack, a chef of great repute, working among his pans. They are enormous—the pans—and shallow. They are built in, fastened on the stove, and can be moved on an axle any which way. No matter how small a portion is, the Chinese chef prepares it in the bottom of one of these constantly hot huge pans. After he has cooked the dish, he scrubs the pan to a polish with water, some Chinese cleansing matter, and brush, and splashes the water over on to the far end of the stove. He has his sauces and condiments handy, and he is everlastingly reaching out for soy bean sauces, plum, apricot and lemon sauces. The Chinese chefs in New York's five hundred or so Chinese restaurants are rather an isolated people, for they have no time to learn English well, and lead the solitary life of Buddhist monks. While working like demons, they hum Chinese airs, strange but appealing to our ears, and perhaps are back in spirit in Canton, the town of epicures and great cooks.

It is impossible to paint an adequate gastronomical picture of China in a short article. To explain briefly all the complexities of tea and its ceremonies, its origin, and how every family has its own blend that has come down from many generations, is hopeless.

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Continued at top of page 166

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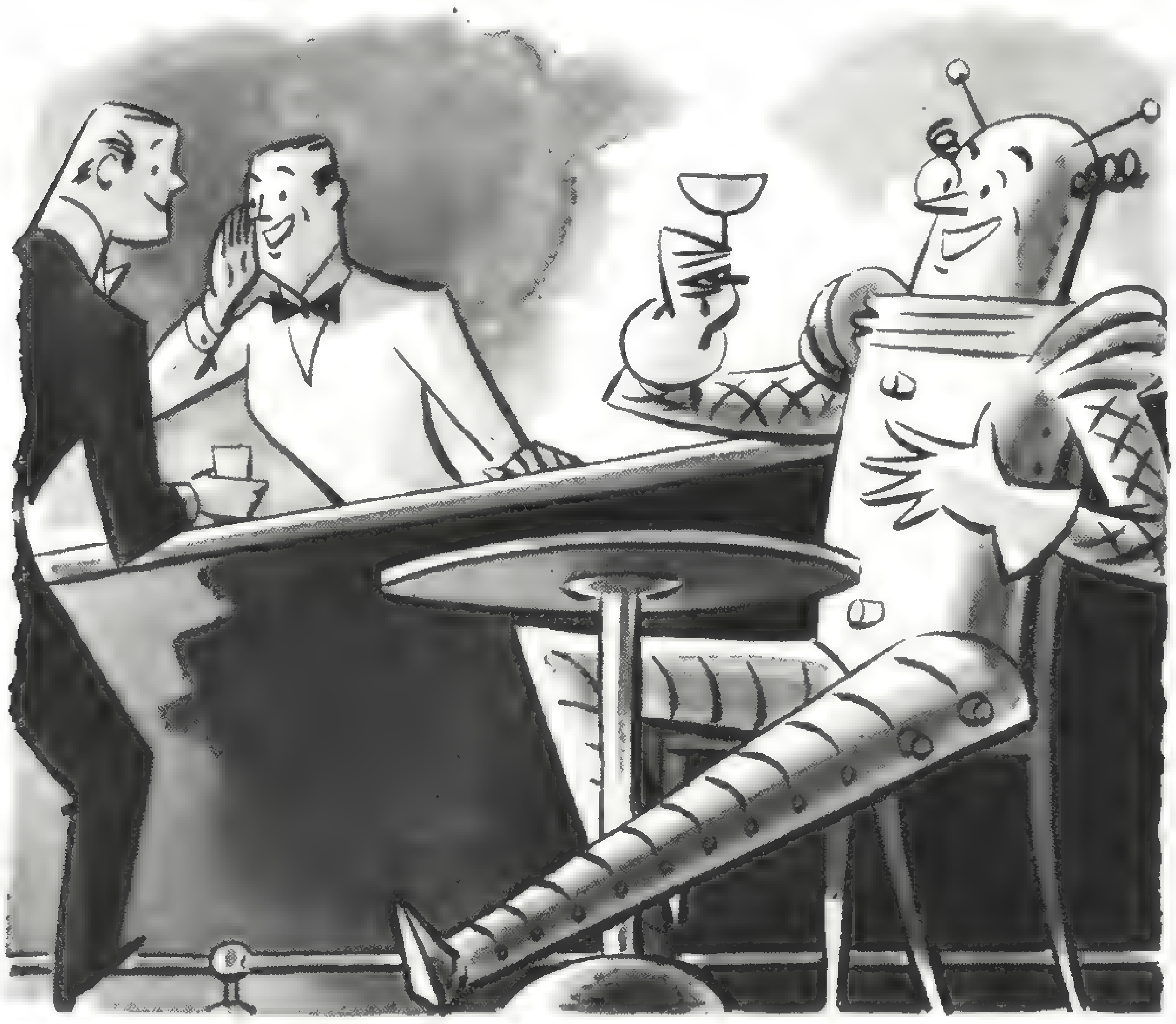

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 88-165

Also, I should like to write a long dissertation on the great art of the Chinese way of cooking rice. (Although rice is the staple food of about half the earth's population, in my humble opinion no one but the Chinese, the Javanese and the Turks know how to cook it to perfection.) But instead of all this, I prefer to give you a few more Chinese recipes of dishes that can be easily prepared at home. And on rising from the table, although the dinner may not be a Mandarin dinner consisting of fifty-two entrées, don't forget to say to your companions: "Junn Ho Chon," meaning that it was a very good dinner, or rather: a velly good dinnel, for most Chinese dialects fortunately have no "r", and I really should talk nothing but Chinese—having great difficulty in pronouncing the "r's" myself.

Shrimp Rolls

Take two pounds of fresh shrimps, shell and wash, salt and pepper. Roll each shrimp in flour. Beat eggs separately in a bowl, dip shrimps in the beaten eggs and drop them, one at a time, into hot cooking oil as you would with doughnuts. Cook until brown and take out each one as cooked. Serve with lemon.

Watercress Soup

Put two bunches of chopped water cress into three quarts of cold water. When it comes to a boil, add three-quarters of a pound of cooked pork or beef, finely sliced. Let it boil for five minutes. Add a dash of salt and pepper, and simmer for another five minutes.

Chinese Chicken Stew

Clean and chop a chicken into small pieces. Put in a pan, cover it with boiling water, and cook on slow fire until tender. Add one cup bamboo shoots, one cup white mushrooms, and three chestnuts, all finely cut. Season to taste, and add three tablespoonfuls soy-bean sauce. Cook for another thirty minutes.

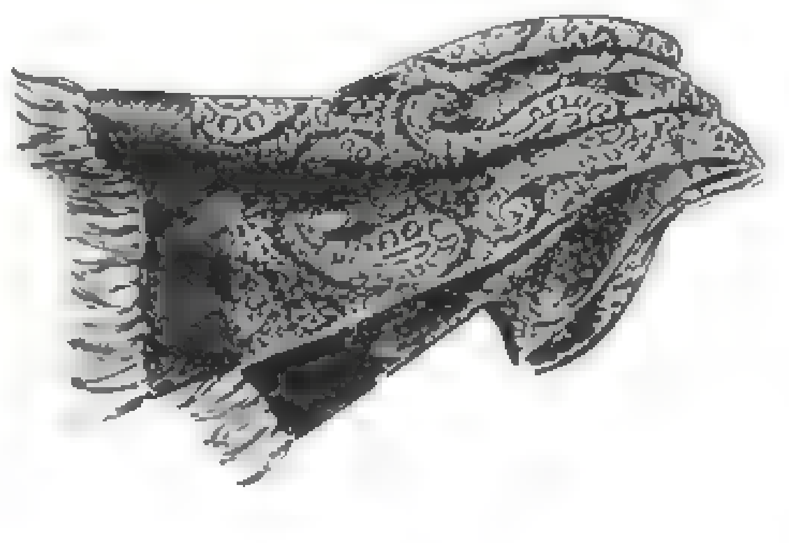
Oh, Ye'll Tak' the Highball

Continued from page 69

simmer map of Scotland could be picked from, Lowlands included.

The latter region serves as the Adjustments and Body Beautiful department. With the aid of tall, many-compartmented "patent" stills resembling skyscrapers of shoeboxes, it produces light, smokeless whisky which is used as a slimmer-downer of the pot-stilled hefties in forming the composite Scotch exemplified by world-familiar brands. Caledonian patriarchs would feel their assuager was holding back on them if it failed to kipper them at every gulp, but we'll take less turf if the *whisky* is good and Lowland tempering to our taste is an act of tact.

The Lowlanders additionally tug at our affections as the people who discovered the golf germ—one of Scots Whisky's by-products. (True, the Hollanders across the way had dabbled at a primitive pastime called *kolf*, but that was a mere schnapps sport.) With Edinburgh as the nineteenth hole, they laid out courses for divot delving, preliminary to elbow bending. The City was blessed with a union of expert messenger boys called *cadies* who, roving the streets at night with paper lanterns, could be called to from one's windows and dispatched to a nearby tavern to fetch drinkables. Some canny mind figured these boys could be trained to carry golf bags as readily as bottles; so developed the golf *cadie*.



The paisley muffler of silk and rayon blend has a good rating.

Hunting called for even greater fortification. For example, a party of roebuck pursuers, lifted from the pages of trustworthy physician-litterateur Tobias Smollett (who was born beside Loch Lomond, about two centuries ago), started off their day at 4:30 A.M. with this breakfast:

> One kit of boiled eggs; a second, full of butter; a third, full of cream; an entire cheese made of goats' milk; a large earthen pot, full of honey; the best part of a ham, a cold venison pasty; a bushel of oatmeal, made in thin cakes and bannocks, with a small wheaten loaf in the middle for strangers; a large stone bottle full of whisky, another of brandy, and a kilderkin of ale. There was a ladle chained to the cream-kit, with curious wooden bickers to be filled from this reservoir. The spirits were drank out of a silver quaff, and the ale out of horns; great justice was done to the collation by the guests in general; one of them, in particular, ate above two dozen of hard eggs, with a proportionate quantity of bread, butter, and honey; nor was one drop of liquor left upon the board.

From the same informant we learn of a Highland chieftain whose grandmother's funeral had not gone off with social éclat. It seemed like disparagement to the family that "not above an hundred gallons of whisky had been drank upon such a solemn occasion." That shows what it is to have *standards*.

Ours, I fear, haven't quite jelled yet, especially around the knees. You see, Scotch came to us a good many years ago as a foreign novelty without traditions. It was just something that English lords drank at their shooting boxes, or maybe they were perched on their shooting sticks, and we were given the rare privilege of trying it. On the taste side, it was distinctly cultural, ranking with caviar, pâté de foie gras, et cetera. Only outcasts pleaded ignorance. Hence to escape stigma and fend off all doubts of one's status as a man who had thrown his weight around in global circles, and incidentally to cast amazement upon guys from the sticks, one vaunted one's palliness with this lionized liquor.

Came Prohibition and the bootleggers brought over whisky from Scotland, alkied it up so that each bottle was stretched to five, forged the label, and sold the result at figures compared to which the present tax-loaded prices of the genuine seem peanuts. The game of killing a bottle, hoping it would not kill you, just about slaughtered a ten-dollar bill.

But the stuff *did* have a trace of peat aroma, and the name "Scotch" carried an aura. No matter how fraudulent, it was socially prevalent. Consequently, when Repeal reopened the door for the genuine, Scotland's poorest could have flooded in and found takers—eager and clutching ones, elated at the stupendous improvement. But Scotland's lairds sent the finest, oldest, most famous Scotches that blandished and bombarded you with bouquet.

By the time the waiter brought another, the whole caste system had collapsed. No longer could urban slickerdom—particularly Boston, New York, Detroit, Chicago, and Los Angeles—boast a Scotch-and-Soda stranglehold. Codfish Corners, Blueberry Center, and Gopher Falls had learned the Auld Lang Syne language and were proving their glibness at it. All over, Scottish irrigation projects sprang up by the tray-full.

Reckoned in chill statistics, this spread of popularity meant by 1940 more than eight times as many cases as were consumed in 1916, America's biggest Scotch year before Prohibition. Recent systematic yanks at the latch-strings of 10,000 dispensaries from coast to coast have elicited the fact that 92 per cent carry Scotch.

"Say, listen, Trustful," someone at the party cracks karloffingly, "so it's *good* whisky, is it? Those canny Scots could not possibly be shipping us green stuff they've thrown together—oh no! What with the war, we can just picture them fussing over their pot-stills as they turn out the dear old mellow in time to catch the next convoy. Maybe that's why some of the labels now read 'Blended Scotch Type Whisky' instead of 'Scotch Whisky'."

Shortage Note

The civilian who gets hurt these days is out of luck. He would be safer in the army where he could get hold of a doctor.

Only a vandal would mar the eery beauty of this gentleman's ignorance. But I'm that vandal, so if you'll be kind enough to loan me his cranium and a mallet, I'll emphasize a few facts:

1. Any whisky you see labeled "Blended Scotch Type Whisky" unfortunately never saw Scotland.

2. As per agreement between the governments of Great Britain and the United States, the designation "Scotch Whisky" is legally protected. Our Federal regulations define such whisky as "*A distinctive product of Scotland, manufactured in Scotland in compliance with the laws of Great Britain.* Any distiller, bottler, or rectifier guilty of absentmindedness on this subject is relieved of his license.

3. The Scotch Whisky we are getting today is peace-work, distilled long before the war started.

4. Ripe accumulations in back of the leading brands are considerable but, alas, not inexhaustible. To keep North America coddled, kettle-barons in Perth, Edinburgh, Leith, Glasgow, etc., have to skimp other continents.

5. Shipments are still coming in, guarded by two Navies they help pay for.

6. If these taxes seem steep, just remember that whereas the Axis will reap the whirlwind, you will reap the whisky.

Straight, punched, or toddied were the favorite ways in old-time Scotland. Never a bubble broke the stillness. I take soda in mine, unworried by the scowls of plain-water boys. But I can't say I shun Caledonian Collinses, Rickeys, Coolers (with lemon-spiral payout), or Old Fashioneds; indeed, I have ransacked them without hardship. I must confess, though, that they are stopgaps compared to the booming blandeur of Loch Lomond Milk Punch which brings back memories of Ben Lomond standing on his head in the lake to impress visitors. (Should you ever need the recipe, drop me a line.)

The long suspected secret understanding between Scotch and Vermouth becomes overt in a string of cocktails headed by the Scotch Manhattan, with the Rob Roy at its heels protesting, "Hey! He's got my formula!" To quell this fracas, give Rob or the robber a teaspoon of lemon juice and you've got a Hole-in-One. Or you can run into complications entitled Blood and Sand (equal parts of Scotch, Cherry Brandy, Orange juice, Sweet Vermouth) or, tossing discretion into the discard, you can invade the Barbary Coast to encounter a slug quintet (1 ounce each) of Scotch, Gin, Rum, Crême de Cacao, and cream, briskly shaken and then strained.

But the craftiest, smoothest combination in the field is that mystery cordial Drambuie, pash posy of honied heather and other herbments, put together according to a close-guarded prescription dating from the days when Bonnie Prince Charlie was larking around the Isle of Skye. Its base is a twenty-year-old example of something which you and I ought to get together on some time: smoke-dreamed Scotch. ⧻

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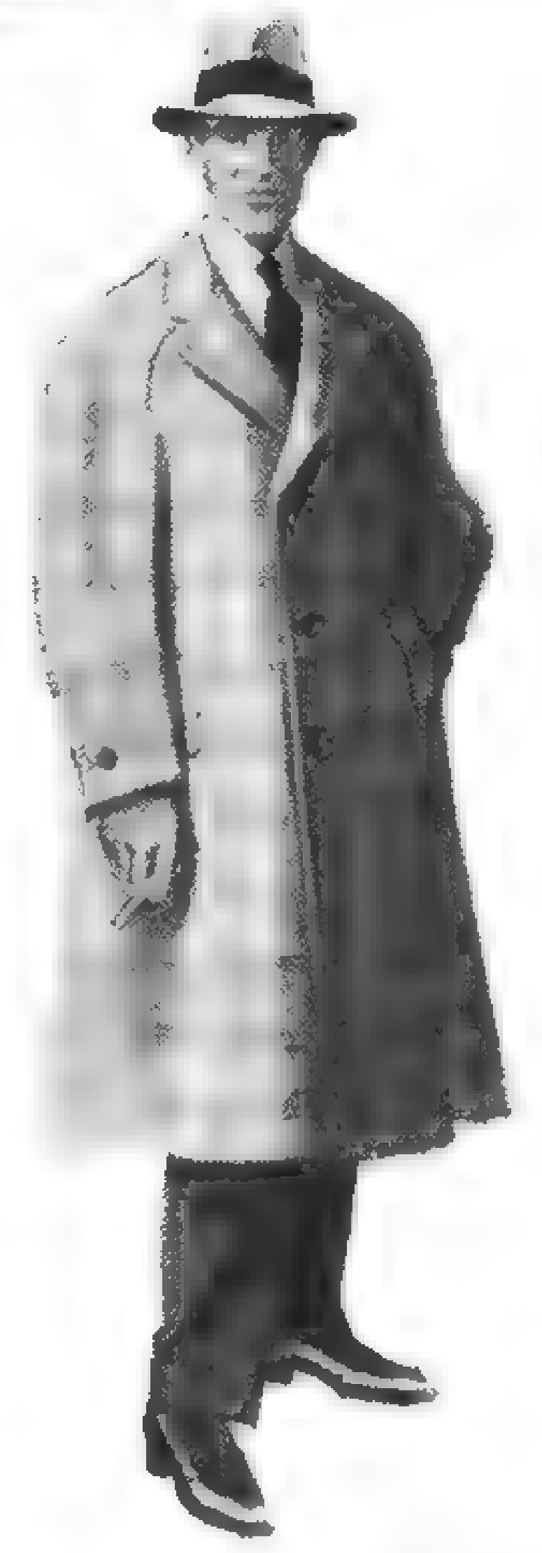

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After Gin Rummy—What?

Continued from page 53

point taking potential of the hand, meld possibilities, and chances of taking the last trick which is worth 10 points.

Cards taken in tricks count as follows: Yass (jack of trumps) 20 points; Menel (nine of trump) 14: aces, 11: tens, 10; kings, 4: queens, 3; and jacks (except in trump) 2.

Three melds are scored. Bella (king and queen of trump)—20 points. Sequence of three (three cards in sequence in the same suit)—20 points. Sequence of four or more—50 points. But only the Bella accrues automatically to the score of the man who holds it, even if not announced.

Economic Progress

The old-time pitcher who used to win both games of a double-header now has a son who draws twice his salary for turning in one relief job a week.

The right to score sequences must be established, and the method of doing so often leads to some fancy jockeying. Sequence calling comes after additional three cards are dealt to each player and a card is played to the opening trick. The deal closed, bottom card of the remaining stock is turned face up and nothing more is done with these cards. Here the Dix (seven of trump) may be exchanged for the turned-up card under the stock, if it is in the same suit.

All right, let's suppose trump has been declared and the deal is finished, with each player now holding nine cards. Non-dealer might have a hand something like this: Clubs—10, 9, 8; Diamonds—8; Hearts—J, 9, Q, 10; Spades—Q. With hearts trump. That gives him a pretty good holding with the two highest trick-taking and counting cards of the deal (Yass, Menel), a sequence of fifty in hearts, and twenty in clubs.

And dealer holds: Clubs—J; Diamonds—Q, J, 10, 9; Hearts—A; Spades—K, 10, 8. He has a sequence of fifty in diamonds.

Non-dealer leads to the first trick (always). In the hand above our man may lead his 8 of diamonds, or Yass—to fish for the ace of hearts. But whatever he leads, no play is made by dealer till sequences are declared.

First call is made by non-dealer, regardless of who is declarer. He calls only the point value of his best sequence. So that the non-dealer of the hand shown would call "fifty" (value of his heart sequence). Dealer responds with "equal"—he, too, having a sequence worth fifty (in clubs).

Non-dealer then calls the high card of his sequence, "to the queen," and his opponent now concedes with a call of "good." The rule is *when sequences are equal in point value and high cards, non-dealer's sequence is considered better*. Had the holding of the sequences been reversed, dealer would have won the right to score under the following rule: *when sequences are equal in point value and high cards, trump sequence wins.*

To score his winning sequence, the player must show it. He may also score any other sequences if he cares to show them, too. But there may be circumstances under which a player doesn't consider it advisable to show and score other sequences for fear of tipping off information.

Holder of the inferior sequence gets no score for his, but neither does he have to show it. Besides "equal" and "good" the other call in answering declarations is "no good." That's the call when dealer has a better sequence than opponent declared.

Errors in calling sequences are considered irregularities, unless a player has understated his call—announcing "twenty" when he had "fifty," or "to the jack" when headed by the king. Irregularities which include revokes in play, too many or too few cards in the hand, etc., cause the hand to be thrown in. But opponent of the player committing the irregularity receives credit for all the points he would have scored had he taken all eighteen cards in play including "last," and melds announced and scored by both players.

After sequences have been declared and scored, play proceeds as in pinochle. Follow suit, win a trump lead if possible, trump if suit cannot be followed, and discard when out of both suit and trump. As already mentioned, ten points are scored for last trick.

I have left one bidding call for the end because it's an especially tricky one. It is known as "schmeiss." Instead of passing or making a declaration, a player may announce "schmeiss," which is an offer to throw in the hand for a new deal. If his opponent refuses, player making the offer must become declarer. A call of "schmeiss" during the first round of bidding makes the suit of the turned-up card trump. Called in the second round, and refused, declarer must name some other suit as trump.

"Schmeiss" offers opportunities for bamboozling your opponent, but beware, beware. It can blow up and maim you. It is definitely not a bid for tyros at the game.

There you have the bare bones of a Klabriasz, and let me give you a little advice. If you should happen to run into an experienced player, don't play for stakes. At

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least, not until you know your way around. Beginner's luck doesn't mean a thing in this game.

And now for the bridge faithful, here is a two-handed game with spine and character. It's called Build-Up and was hit on by a fellow who was trying to wean his wife away from gin rummy.

It's an effective exercise for developing foresight and imagination, which regulation contract calls for.

Dealer distributes four hands of nine cards each, then five or more to opponent and five more to himself—setting up in this way two dummy hands of nine cards and two player hands of thirteen. More cards are drawn later.

Each player turns up his own dummy, arranging the cards according to suits. There follows the first of two rounds of bidding.

Dealer has the first bid. If he makes a declaration, opponent may overcall and the bidding proceeds until there is a pass, which ends the round. However, if dealer passes and opponent makes a declaration, there is no further bidding in the first round. If both pass there is a new deal.

To discourage either hand from playing possum to get information from opponent's bidding, there is this rule: *A hand which makes no bid in the first round cannot enter the second round at less than game.*

Let's assume I have these cards. In my hand; Spades—A, J, 8, 7, 5; Hearts—A, Q, 6; Diamonds—9, 4; Clubs—K, 9, 2. In dummy: Spades—Q, 2; Hearts—9, 3; Diamonds—K, J, 3; Clubs—10, 7.

My opponent holds these cards. In his hand: Spades—K, 6; Hearts—10, 8, 7, 5; Diamonds—A, 5, 2; Clubs—Q, 8, 6, 3. In dummy: Spades—10; Hearts—K, 4; Diamonds—10, 8, 7, 6; Clubs—J, 4.

I'm dealer, and I bid 1 spade. Opponent passes, ending the first round of bidding.

I now take up the stock and deal two more cards to opponent and two to myself. We each reduce our hands back to thirteen by placing any two cards into dummy, beginning with opponent. Which can change the pattern of our holdings considerably. Just figure out the shifts of strength, distribution, and bidding possibilities in the above hands if opponent is dealt the ace of Clubs and queen of Diamonds, and I draw the 9 of Spades and deuce of hearts.

Now comes the second and final round of bidding. Since I made the winning bid in round one opponent gets a chance to overcall—but *at not less than game level.* If opponent decides to overcall, bidding may continue until there is a pass. But if opponent passes, I get one more bid and I can make it as high as I like. The only bid opponent can make then is a double—I may redouble if I choose. No doubles are permitted in the first round, however.

Bidding over, the remaining stock of four is distributed two and two, and the player's hand again reduced to thirteen by placing two more cards into dummy. But they are placed there *face down*, and not played until dummy's open cards are exhausted. Defending hand may not place trumps, but declarer may—provided he tells how many.

Scoring and play in Build-Up are as in regulation four-handed contract, with the lead coming into the declarer. Seats are changed after every rubber to equalize position advantages.

If you've been following the hands as a double-dummy problem here is the way the last four cards were dealt. The 4 and 3 of Spades to opponent, and the Jack of Hearts and 3 of Clubs to me. What selections would you make for the dummies' turned down cards? ╫

Horse and buggy transportation, being used more frequently these days, revives certains types of clothes. This driver wears a checked tweed cap and the British Warm coat.

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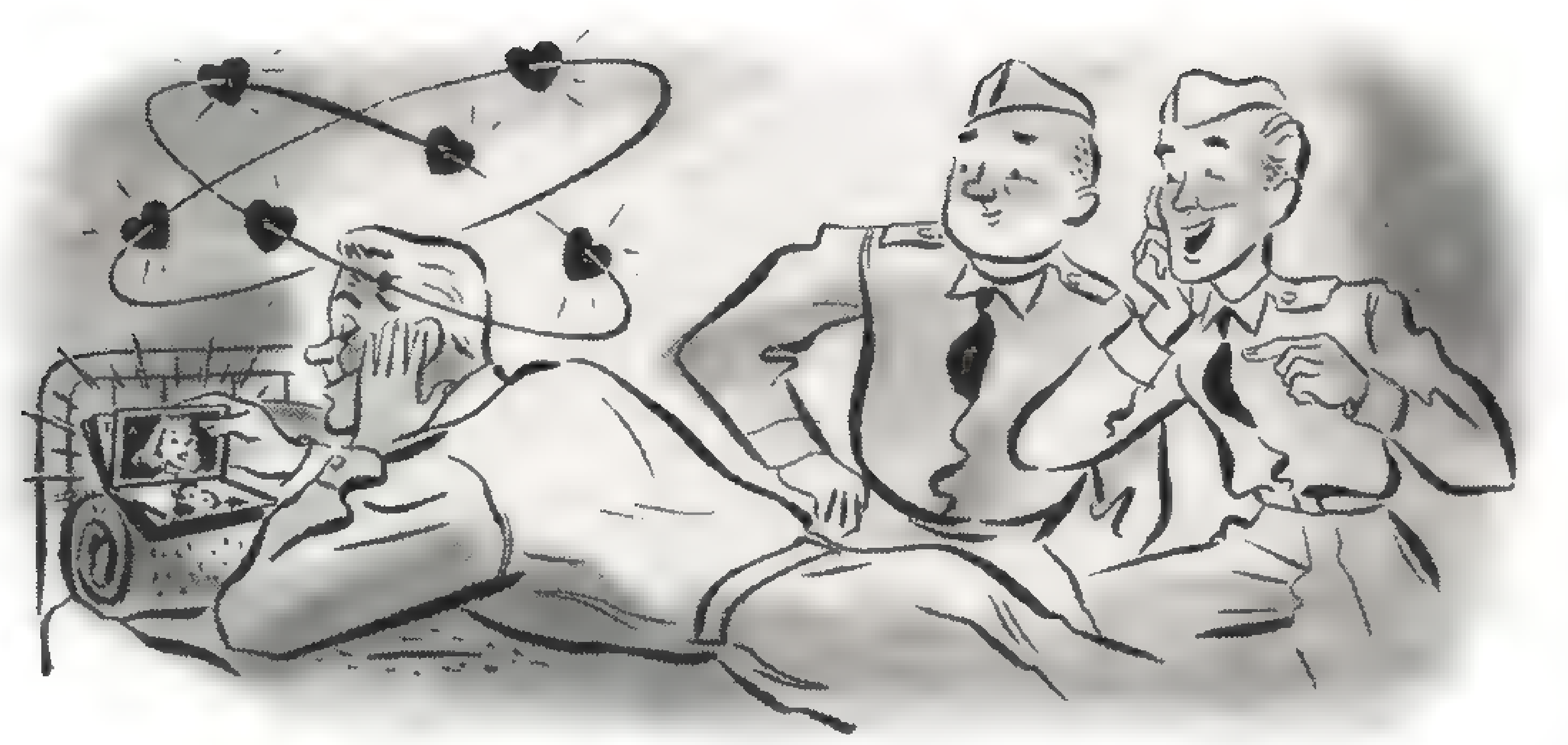

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by ROBERT A. COOK

• SPORTS •

BASKETBALL has gone back to the Indians. And the manner in which the Indians—the Stanford Indians—got it is an inside tale of the hardwood hit-and-run parade.

The day after Everett Dean, Stanford coach, saw his team earn the right to enter the N.C.A.A. tournament in New Orleans last spring by winning a three-game playoff with Oregon State, he received long-distance telephone calls from four of his Pacific Coast conference coaching foes. He recognized the voices of Heck Edmondson, Washington; Jack Friel, Washington State; Hobby Hobson, Oregon; and "Slats" Gill, Oregon State. Each sought Dean's permission to scout the four teams which were playing in the Eastern playoffs at New Orleans.

The four volunteer scouts made the long trip to New Orleans, where they filled their notebooks to the brim with information as Dartmouth beat Penn State; Kentucky defeated Illinois, and Dartmouth then walloped Kentucky by nineteen points. Just to make certain his four scouts were not wasting their time and tires, Dean steered his Stanford team to victories over Rice and Colorado in the Western tourney. Dean kept his team in Kansas City. Early Monday morning, Hobson, whose Oregon team won the first N.C.A.A. championship in 1939, arrived in Kansas City. In a two-hour huddle with Dean, Hobson told all about Dartmouth. Before Dean called his team back on the floor for afternoon practice, Friel was there to report. He diagramed Dartmouth's strong plays. On Tuesday Gill arrived with more tips on the Eastern winners. And by Wednesday, Edmondson was there.

Scouting being what it is, here are four reasons why Stanford, and not Dartmouth, won the national championship. In the championship game the long-legged sun-tanned boys from Palo Alto were leading by only a point, with ten minutes left. But in that ten minutes, the Indian uprising rocked the cushion-seated playhouse. Stanford staged a seven-point ninety-second workout that stood the spectators on their ears. Within a minute and a half, Stanford had scalped its opponents, and cruised on to a 53-38 victory.

"Stanford showed 'em where basketball is the best," crowed the far westerners after that one.

Dean believes the climate is partially responsible for the fine showing of far western teams. "Our boys are able to keep in top condition the year around," he says. "Because of that they grow bigger and stronger, and have more endurance." Dean was able to work his team outdoors for months, and when they sought diversion from basketball, they played soft ball. They were as brown as Indians when they showed up at the end of the winter in the N.C.A.A. tourney.

And they were coached for all possible types of basketball by a man who had been outstandingly successful at Indiana University in the basketball-tough Big Ten. When Stanford beat Rice, they used a zone defense. Against Colorado, Dean used a shifting man-to-man defense, and won by 11 points. Against Dartmouth he employed a "switching" defense. First his team broke fast for the basket. Then it broke deliberately. First Don Burness was playing the pivot, then Bill Cowden was in there. Before the game was over, six of the first seven players he put in the game had been in that pivot, and all that time, Dean's best player, Jim Pollard, was sitting on the bench too sick to play.

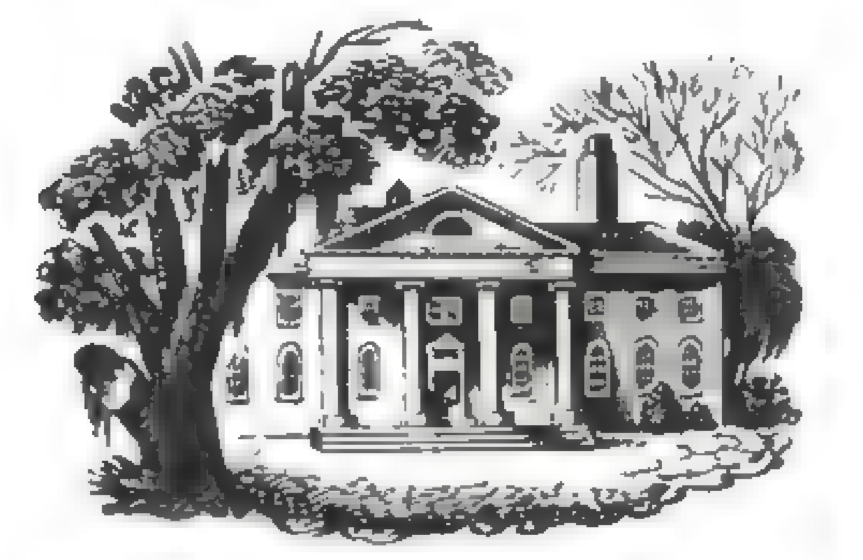
"Doesn't it take more work and patience to develop these big fellows?" I asked Everett Dean last summer when he was back home in Indiana vacationing on his farm for a short spell.

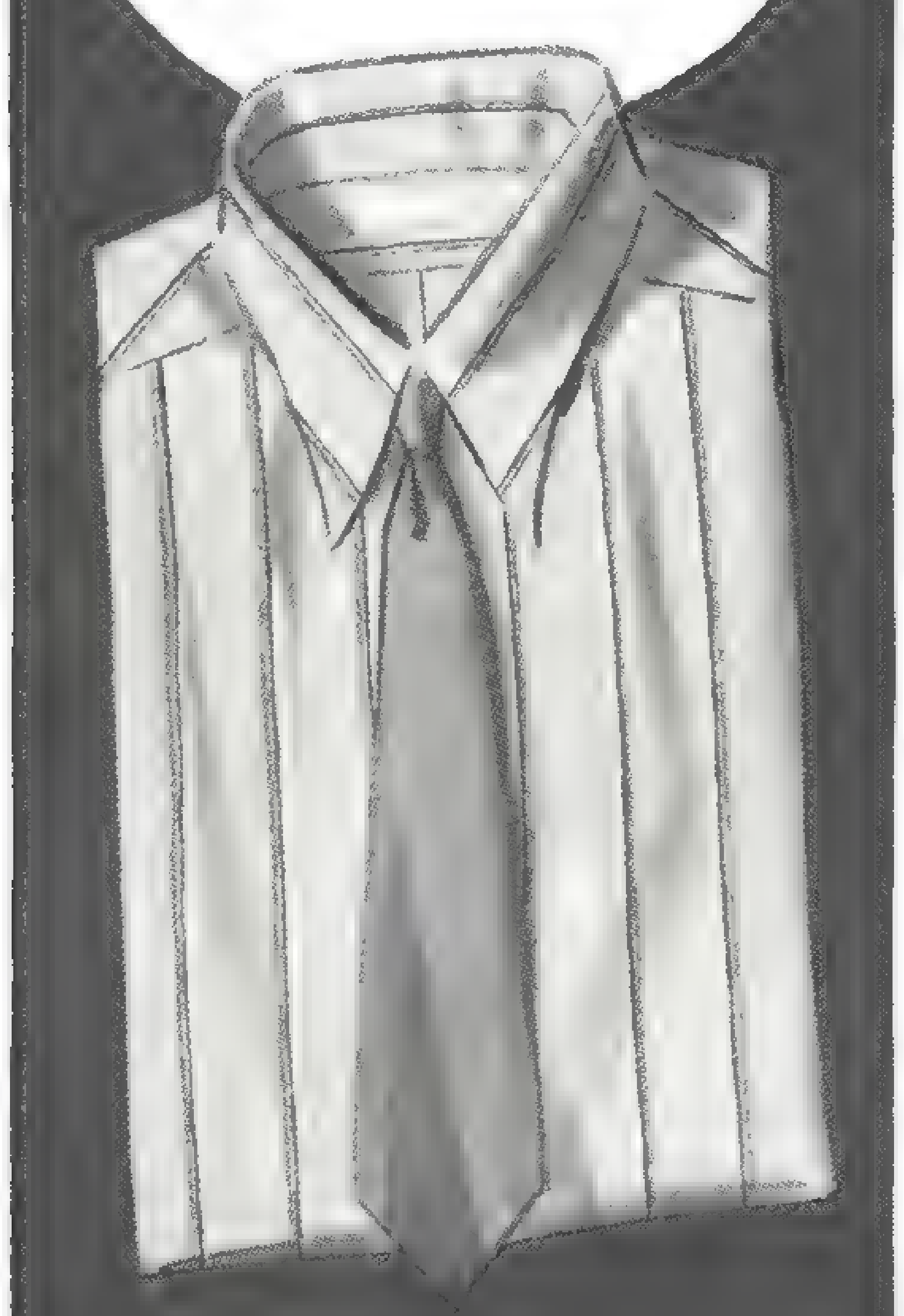
Many a budding movie queen is now working in defense factories on the Pacific coast. Slogan: "Use the starlets to beat the varlets."

"Yes, it does," he agreed, "and that's why some of the coaches don't go for them. But these western boys are pretty active fellows, and they improve rapidly and react well to coaching."

There is one place where the Pacific Coast conference coaches are certain that they will set the fire-away fashion for the middle west and east. It's the Pacific Coast one-handed shot. Most basketball players in the other sections shoot their one-handed shots off their left foot, and push the ball at the basket. The West Coast boys have learned a better way to do it. They shoot 'em off their right foot, and shoot with their wrists, in a hinge movement. It makes for accuracy. #

THOROUGHBREDS





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GREENVILLE, S. C.

Wrinkle-free collar made under Celanese patent.

It Ain't Misterarily So!

Continued from page 41

have had too much they get drunk, just like in Sioux Falls. In Lima, Tegucigalpa, and Boise, Idaho, the impression on men is the same—they don't like it.

Finally, the misunderstanding about the virtue of North American girls. In this case whatever purple spots Hollywood forgot to daub on the lily whiteness of her reputation, the North American girl herself slapped on. Not by her actions, which are disappointingly upright, but by her manner. She talks a big game. Her dresses are revealing, her flirtations full of hints in which no stone wall is detectable. I am a little impatient with June Issue for writing as if seduction were a trick Latin men had invented. Didn't she ever go to Dartmouth Carnival, or New York City, or, for that matter, Abilene, Texas? If she did she apparently learned nothing, for at home, as abroad, you can pick up your dice and go home if you don't like the way the game goes.

So, the real North American girl is neither as beautiful as a goddess nor as tempting as the devil. June Issue compares her with Latin girls, and hands the laurels to the strong, blue-eyed college-educated northerner. Is she right? Let's start with beauty.

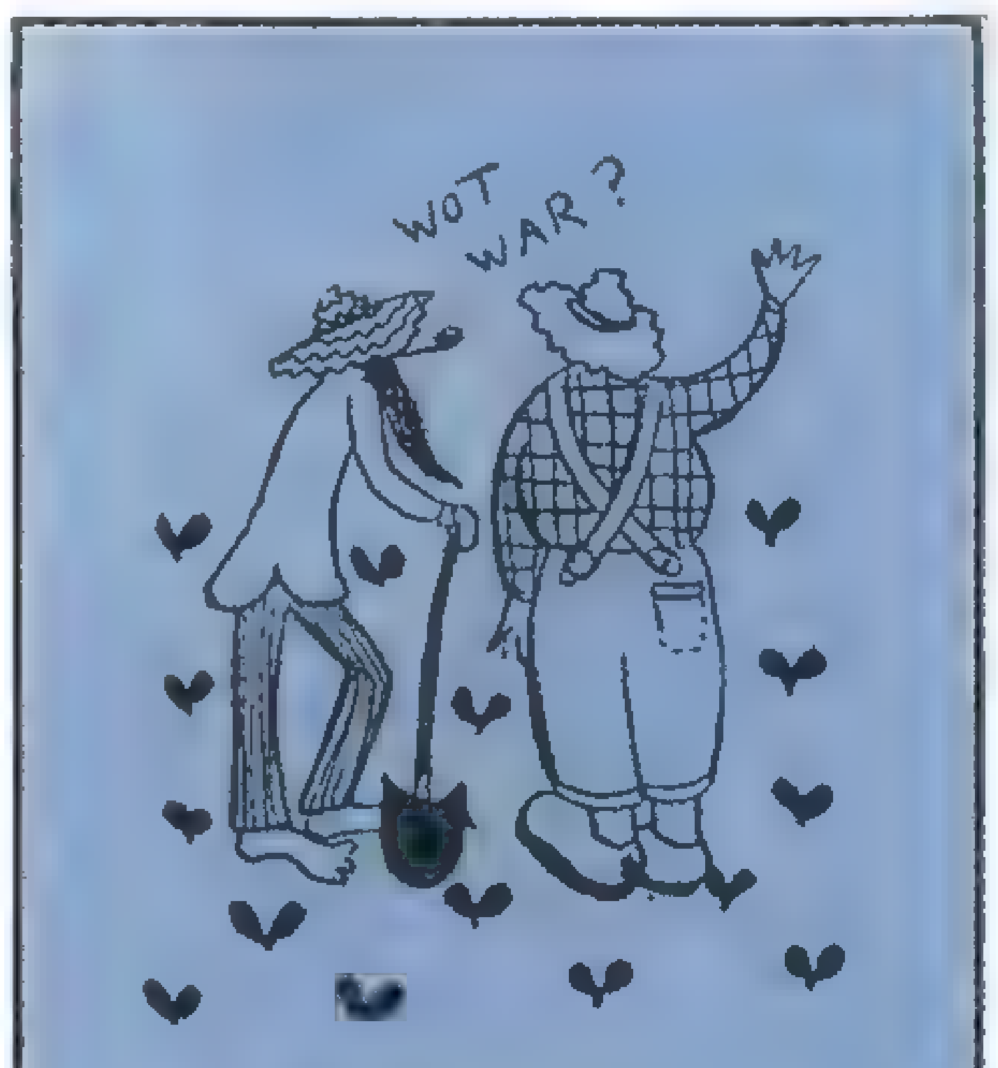
Of course we are speaking of canned beauty. Natural beauty is a different thing, and no topic for discussion since in that field God can make you or break you. There are natural beauties in every country and they are the business of sculptors. June Issue and I are talking of man-made beauty, which is a cross between experience and dexterity. It exists in exact ratio to the distance women—the women of ANY country—live from the city.

Country or small-town females from Hudson Bay to Tierra del Fuego suffer from the same lack of city slickness. All provincial women need a new permanent, or at least a better one. June Issue bases her indictment on personal observation of five Latin capitals. Yet I can name five Latin American capitals with a population smaller than that of Peoria, Illinois, seven smaller than Indianapolis. How about putting one of Rio's beautiful Carioca girls next to the Madison Avenue product?

Everything I have said about the art of beauty goes triple for clothes. Beautiful wardrobes are city products. Until recently Latin American designers modeled their clothes after Paris, and Latin chic was continental. It emphasized individuality, it was ultra-feminine. The eclipse of Paris made Latin designers turn to the States, and particularly to Hollywood. The assault on Latin fashion was aided by North American dress pattern companies—I know of one which sold 1,000,000 patterns in South America last year. Eventually Latin women may achieve our high standard of fashion where a woman in San Francisco and a woman in Newark can buy an identical dress on the same day.

Latin American wardrobes are "home made" because manual labor is cheap. In the large cities dressmakers are brilliant, in small towns, routine. June Issue forgets that Buenos Aires is known as "the second Paris," that the women of Rio are famous, even up north, for their fashion.

In their relations with men, Latin women willingly relinquish the steely independence of the 19th amendment for the downy security of unequal rights. The militant feminism which rose in the United States like a wrathful goddess from the hurly-burly of the late 19th century never moved south, and Latin women have not yet become indignant about being Women. Talk to them about women's rights and they reply, "Why not let men think they are the lords and masters of creation?" They suspect that "emancipation" means mannish suits and flat-heeled shoes and buying your own dinners. Women who are so independent they don't need men, are worthy of their amusement, even of their pity.



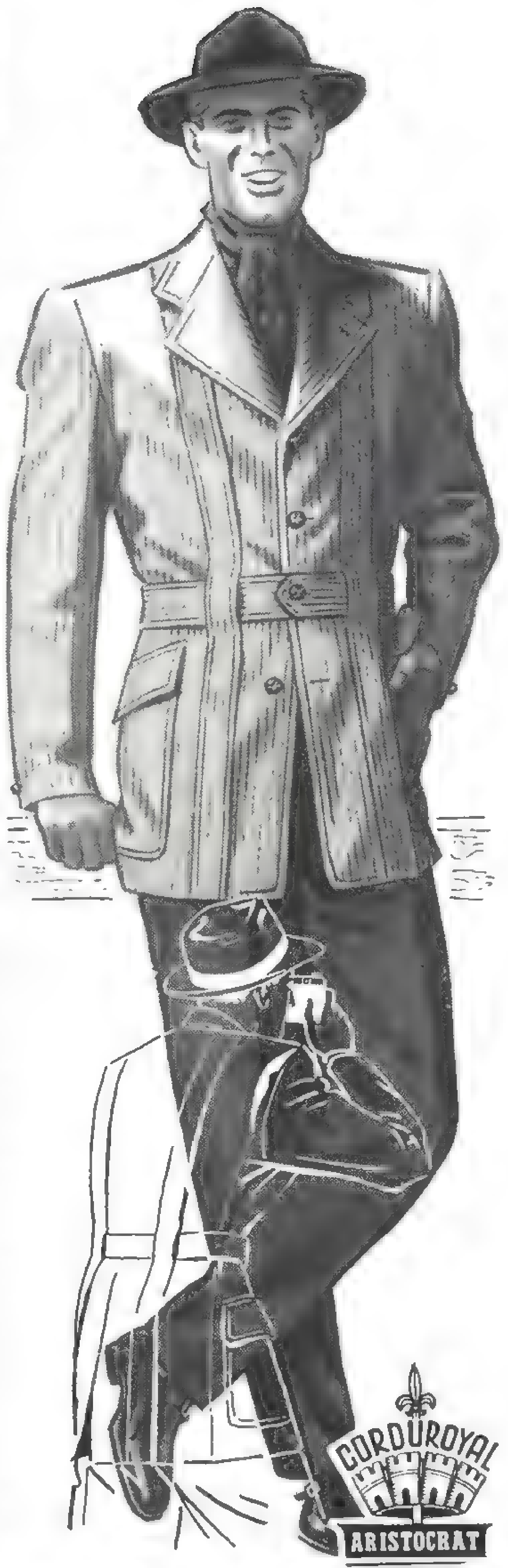
Definition

The {town / county / state} next to yours is the one where "they don't even know there's a war going on."

But Latin women do not achieve femininity by making their minds a blank. In the largest South American republics — Argentina, Chile, and Brazil — and in tiny Uruguay, most girls have the equivalent of a high school education and a large percentage go on to college and business courses. Latin American women are in medicine, law, the arts, education. They are not cloistered; over one-third of the schools are co-educational. One of the most efficient business-women I've ever seen, the secretary of the President of Costa Rica, managed to send men away not so much with the impression of her competence as the feeling that she thought they were terrific.

As to sports, I could talk about two (or more) sports clubs for working people in Mexico City, where thousands of men and women swim and play tennis. Or

Continued on page 172



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MODEL: ☐ Regular ☐ Long ☐ Short
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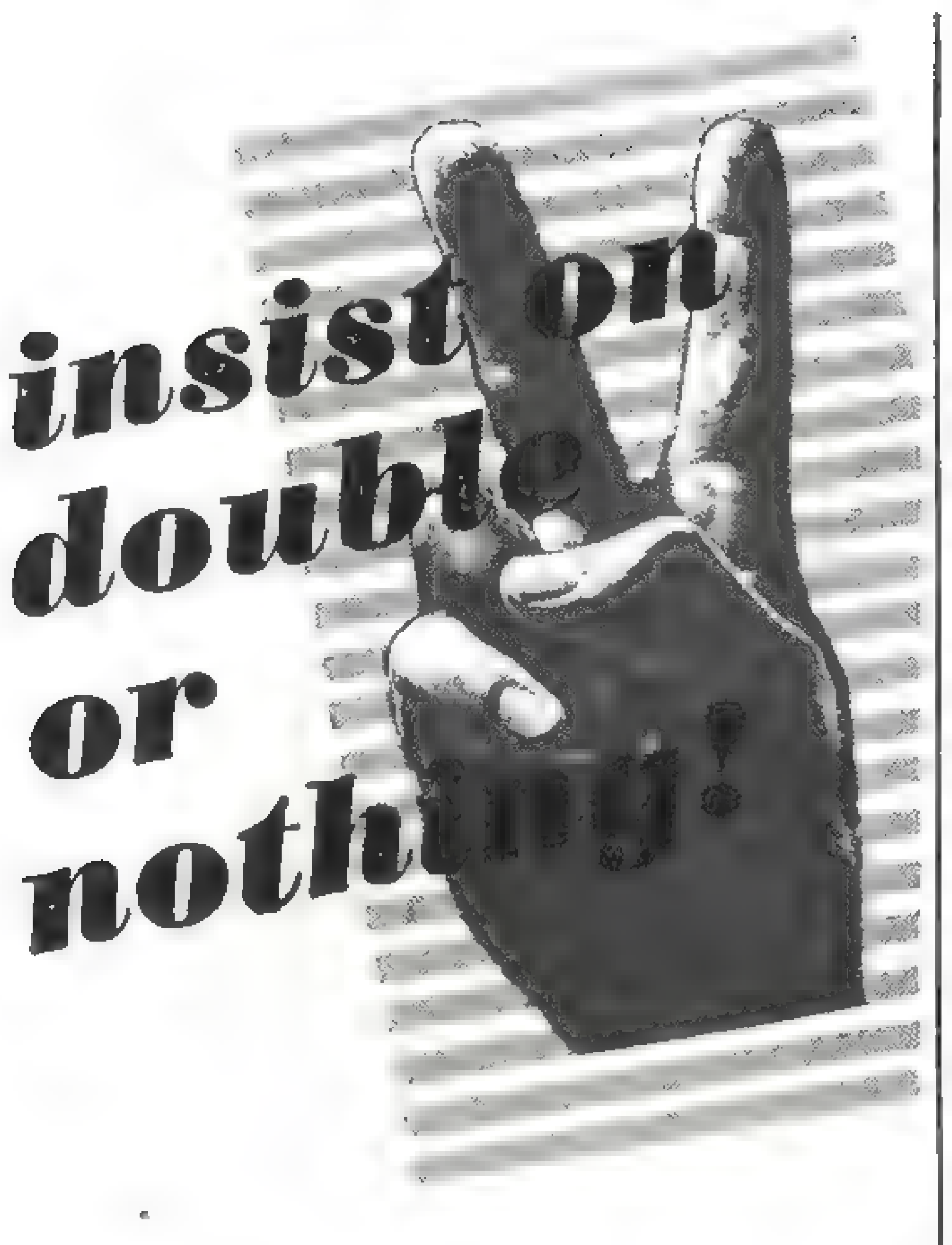

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coat
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It Ain't Misterarily So!

Continued from pages 41-171

the beaches at Rio—Copacabana, Ipanema, Gavea—where there is swimming all year round, and they DO go near the water. Or Maria Lenk, the Brazilian, who only a year ago beat the world's record in the 220-yard breast stroke. But what's the use? June Issue is probably curled up at home, dreaming up a new article.

But I would like to quote my personal experience with Latin men, for here June Issue and I dealt from the same deck. I stayed two months. I spoke very little Spanish. I didn't know Latin customs from those of the Druids.

I went as a newspaperwoman on assignment, of all June Issue's North American colossi reputedly the most overwhelming. If the many Latin men I met thought my personality icy, my character shady, or my work silly they fooled me completely—they were both flattering and co-operative, to a man. Sixty per cent of them understood my assignment very well, the rest were graciously polite. True, one Latin gentleman roasted me for coming south without knowing Spanish, an American habit which, to the Latin proud of his tradition of Spanish culture, betrays a lack of deep interest in things Latin. But his ten-minute diatribe didn't stop him from arranging special trips for me which ended up in good news stories back home.

I have seen Latin statesmen, bank presidents, newspaper cartoonists, publishers, doctors, ministers of Fomento, importers, engineers, men about town, and congressional deputies, toss their own work aside so as to spend hours, sometimes days, helping me with *my* work. I said work. I am a personable young lady and I ran into plenty of after-hours hide-and-seek, but I also enjoyed respect for my "career." Panamanians, Costa Ricans, Colombians, and Mexicans, rallied round. In Costa Rica a private interview with Calderon Guardia, a man so busy both as President and practicing physician that he gets up at 6:30 every morning, lasted not the conventional ten minutes but an hour, ending then only because I couldn't think of anything more to ask him and the Minister of Finance, waiting on the other side of the door, was beginning to wear a path in the rug. The president of Colombia, at the time fighting his way through the troubled waters of his party's nominating convention, rearranged a day's schedule so that I could interview him. A Panamanian deputy helped write a six-page private report. No strings. No trades. Sometimes they thought me a little solemn—a cartoon in the Diario de Costa Rica showed me zealous and wrinkle-browed, notebook in hand—but solemn or silly, they backed me 100%.

Nor did I find Latins provincial. North American bluntness, North American faux pas in dress and deportment, did not throw them for a loss. I remember visiting the governor of Cundinamarca, who resides in Bogota, the most conservative of all Latin American capitals. It had been raining, so my hair was tied up in a bright yellow sash. My clothes would have gone well on Jones Beach. The governor escorted me to the most correct of all Bogota's clubs—graciously, enthusiastically, as if I had been courteous enough to dress for the occasion.

Of course if you stick close to national capitals and never venture beyond two-lane paved streets you're bound to brush with a few city slickers. How about the country folks, June Issue? No one would have to tell you that a Manhattan butter-and-egg man is not a "typical American." I've wandered around a small Mexican town at three in the morning with four or five not-unsusceptible Mexican youths and a guitar. I attended a Saturday night "barn dance" in a tiny town in Costa Rica, and danced from ten till four with everyone from plantation workers to local shopkeepers. These people, like all country people, knew fewer sleights-of-hand than their city cousins whose attitude toward a lone North American girl is occasionally too civilized. I'll say this for the Latins—differences do not repel them. Be friendly and direct and you are instantly welcomed as "muy sympatica." June Issue's greatest sin against the Good Neighbor Policy was that she did not see how much North and South Americans are so much alike.

Answers to Questions on Page 153

1. Story of Joseph in the Old Testament
2. Bible (Proverbs)
3. FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyam*
4. The Gospel
5. The Gospel
6. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*
7. Boswell's *Life of Johnson*
8. The Gospel
9. Bible (Genesis). "Face" is right, not "brow."
10. Tennyson's *Princess*
11. Bible (Solomon's Song)
12. Nathan Hale's Speech
13. Milton's *Sonnet on his Blindness*

Latin American republics were founded on rebellion from the Old World. The Latins are stubbornly independent. As for those tender fisticuffs known as man-woman relations, the ring may be palm-shaded but holds and trophy are the same.

June Issue should learn that people who insult their neighbors ought to close the transom. ⵌ

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Freedom for the Air Force

If America is to win this war, there must be a complete, immediate shakeup in our aviation

by **JOHN A. WARD**

▪ARTICLE▪

AT Midway the world witnessed the new pattern of modern war at sea. Formidable forces of the United States and Japanese navies engaged each other at distances varying from 100 to 200 miles. The actual fighting was done by aircraft.

In European Russia we are now observing what will probably be the last great struggle between gigantic land armies.

Air power has reached the point at sea where it can exert a dominating influence. On land the numerical strength of aircraft has not yet arrived at the stage where it can be a controlling factor. However, with American plane production rising at a tremendous pace, the time is not far distant when aviation will be the ruling element in land warfare.

Oddly enough, the United States is not prepared to capitalize fully the rising tide of air power. Germany and Great Britain have recognized the enormous potentialities of aviation. These two nations have organized their Air Forces and have placed them on an equal basis with their Armies and Navies.

The United States, Russia and Japan are still operating their Air Forces along old-fashioned lines. Air power in these countries is run as an auxiliary branch of the Army and the Navy. Sidetracked in this fashion it is utterly impossible to develop aviation to the zenith of its capacity.

Our pseudo sophisticates of air power look admiringly around at the rapid expansion of American aviation units. They see large numbers of four-motored and medium bombers flying to foreign battlefields. They observe huge numbers of fighting and training planes emerging from factory doors and they remark with a knowing air, "it won't be long now."

But it takes something more than mere numbers to win air battles. Ask Adolf Hitler and Hermann Goering. They ought to know. They had far more aircraft than Great Britain in the Summer of 1940 but they could not win the decision. Failing to secure control of the air over England they were unable to stage their long-heralded invasion of the island Empire.

To obtain a complete panorama of what air power really is, and soon will be, we have to take into consideration three vital factors as follows:

1. New plane types.
2. Numerical growth of aviation.
3. Proper organization.

If anyone has any idea that the present types of battleplanes represent the ultimate in air power, he is very foolish indeed. We do not even have in existence today the plane type that will drive all other aircraft to shelter in the nearest cloudbank. That is the aerial battleship. Air fleets are going to operate in much the same manner as great naval armadas at sea. We will have the battleship, the heavy cruiser, the light cruiser, the destroyer and eventually the aerial aircraft carrier. Vast fleets of these fighting aerial units will operate over land and sea. Some fleets will function mainly at high altitudes—30,000 feet, 40,000 feet, 50,000 feet and above. If we think the technique of warfare has become highly complicated we are going to have to revise our ideas. Aerial warfare of the very near future is going to develop methods that are unheard of and unthought of today.

The bomber is the principal aviation development of this war. The world has observed with horror the massive impact of 1,000 R.A.F. bombers operating over Cologne, Luebeck and Rostock. There will be other excursions that will soon rock Germany from one end to the other. In the four-motored bomber of today we observe the first crude outlines of the aerial battleship of tomorrow.

An aerial battleship is all that the name implies—a heavily armored craft that will have enough cannon to force every plane within range to race for cover. There will be front turrets, rear turrets, bottom turrets, tail turrets, nose turrets, top turrets; in other words, it will bristle with cannon of all sizes. The cannon will be 75-millimeter and eventually larger. A 37-millimeter cannon is the largest now mounted on a plane. As aircraft becomes larger, which is the natural trend, we may eventually see five-inch guns on aerial battleships.

Tanks will have to run for cover when the aerial battleship approaches. It will smash everything that moves on land or in the air. Of course, being massive in dimensions, it will be an exceptionally fine target for anti-aircraft.

Heavy and light aerial cruisers will be speedier and more maneuverable than the aerial battleship. They will be used in making swift attacks on the enemy, either in the air or on land. The aerial destroyer will correspond to our present-day fighter plane. We will of course have heavy aerial destroyers and light aerial destroyers to be used as the occasion may require. There will also be small aerial fighter craft that will be similar to the E boats on water.

The primary purpose of the Air Fleet will be to win control of the air. The secondary purpose of the Air Fleet will be to work in co-

Continued on page 174

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*Pat. Pending

Freedom for the Air Force

Continued from page 173

operation with Armies and Navies.

Air power is causing a radical change in every type of military action. It is revolutionizing transportation. Huge cargo airliners are going to relieve surface craft of much of their burden. There is no doubt that water craft will carry the bulk of freight over the oceans for some time to come. But the day is near at hand when mammoth airliners will transport much of our passenger and freight traffic. The Glenn L. Martin Company recently completed the world's largest flying boat, the 140,000 pound Mars. This same company already has plans completed for a 250,000-pound plane to fly between New York and London in 13 hours. It will be able to carry 100 passengers, 8,000 pounds of baggage and 25,000 pounds of mail, cargo and express. The United States Army Air Forces have the huge B-19 with which they have been experimenting. It can carry eight tons of bombs and has a range of 7,500 miles.

Aviation is not the controlling factor in land warfare at the present time. On the 2,000-mile Russian front we see war being conducted much along the same lines as has characterized it in the past. The artillery and infantry play dominant roles. Tanks and aircraft are important, but they have not yet reached the numerical status where they have become a dominant factor. But the day is not far off.

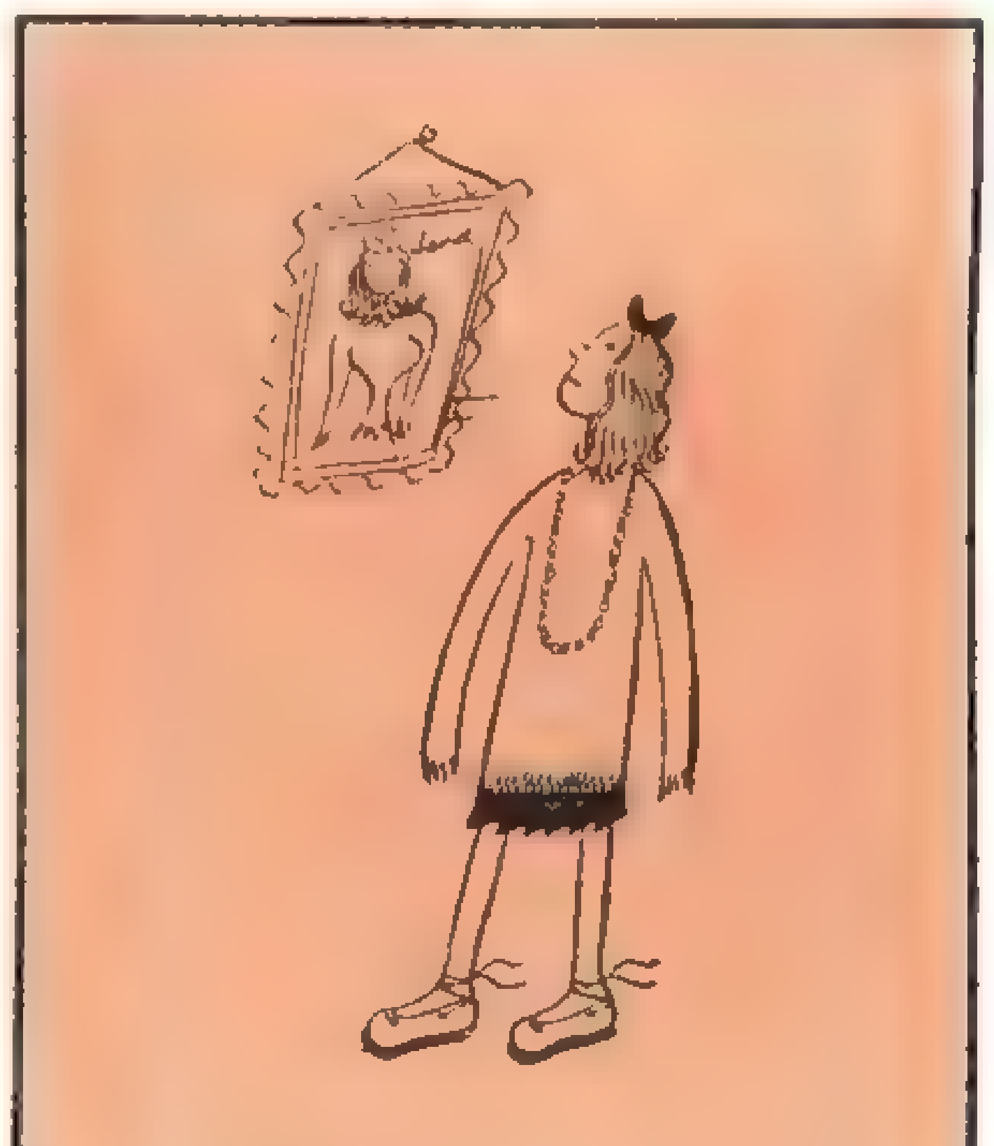
The Luftwaffe may have 4,000 or 5,000 first-line planes on the Russian front. This is sophisticated aviationese for the idea that Goering may have 10,000 or 12,000 first-class fighting planes ready for action on the eastern front. The nth degree aviation expert says it takes about that ratio for a comparatively nominal air force to be ready for duty at all times. Many planes are lost in combat, others are damaged during normal wear and tear.

To operate over a 2,000-mile front each side should have around 40,000 to 50,000 first-line craft. It would seem that this number should be adequate. This would mean that each side would have to maintain a reservoir of 100,000 to 125,000 aircraft in order to have sufficient replacements. With such a huge increase in the present disposition of air power it is readily observed that the tactics of the Wehrmacht and the Red Army would be changed materially. Instead of the armies dominating the battle area, aircraft would become the controlling factor. This would be particularly true when mature Air Forces with aerial battleships, aerial cruisers and aerial destroyers come into being. The striking power of aviation would become a far more deadly matter than it is today.

We have seen aerial bombs grow from 100 pounds to 200 pounds; from 200 pounds to 500 pounds; from 500 pounds to 1,000 pounds, then from 1,000 pounds to 2,000 pounds, and from 2,000 pounds to 4,000 pounds. Who is there to deny that they will grow to 6,000 pounds, then 8,000 pounds and ultimately 10,000 pounds or more. War is getting to be an awful terror that rains from the skies.

Munition factories, aircraft factories and transportation systems will eventually have to go underground. War industries will have to be divorced from cities completely. Otherwise all cities everywhere will be blotted off the face of the earth.

The most sweeping shift in the

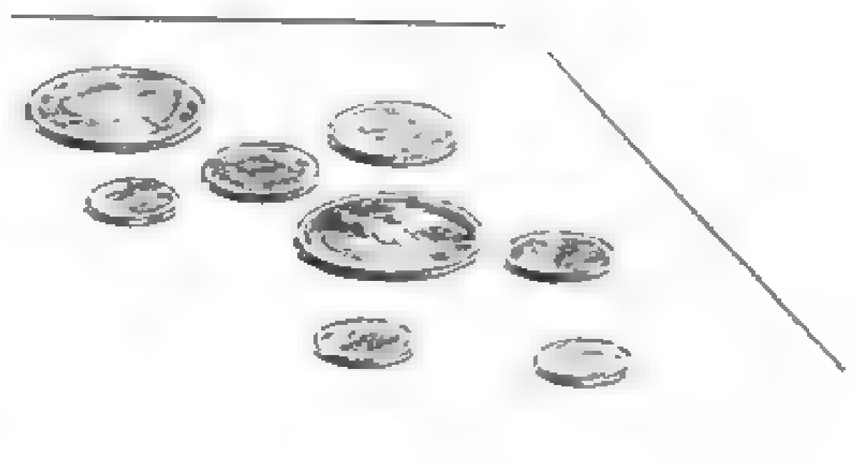


No Dolly, the average sweater girl's appearance doesn't prove that she believes in the double standard.

Checkpayers

Good for One Free Drink at the Nearest Bar

The Wager: That, blindfolded, you can recognize a coin from your pocket—placed on the table and surrounded by any number of other coins—merely by passing your hand over the tops of the coins.



The Payoff: Before announcing the trick, clasp the coin in your pocket for a few minutes; then when you pass your hand over all the coins you will recognize your own because it will still be warm.

war scene will be in Armies and Navies. As Air Forces grow in size it will no longer be important to maintain huge land armies and naval forces. Navies and Armies will be important but they will become auxiliary functions in the conduct of warfare. This transition has already taken place at sea although it is not recognized as yet by the Navy. Nevertheless, it is an indisputable fact. Naval warfare today is a fight between aircraft carriers. No more, no less. This was the revelation of Midway and it will be the revelation of other Midways that will soon be fought to the horror and dismay of the Japanese fleet. Germany has but two carriers so they are in no position to swap punches with Great Britain or the United States in this type of warfare. The Nazi hope at sea is all wound up in one basket—the U-boat. And it must be acknowledged frankly that just now the Nazis are doing a pretty good job of it. But the United States and Great Britain are gradually augmenting their forces of resistance. Eventually U-boat losses should come in for a decline. But at the present time they are causing plenty of worry.

The gun, of course, has always been the major weapon of modern war. Generals swear by the strength of their artillery. It is the dynamic punch that supports or destroys everything. The plane has done something to artillery. It is going to do more. We now see what happens when 1,000 medium and heavy bombers rain down 3,000 or 4,000 tons of explosives in a big raid. The bomber is nothing more than an aerial cannon. On land it is the object of artillery officers to locate their cannon on heights which overlook the terrain where the enemy is approaching. By utilizing the airplane it is possible for the fighting forces to move their cannon anywhere and everywhere, provided of course the air fleets have won control of the air.

In the Midway battle we saw how the plane completely dominated the gigantic struggle at sea. Not a United States or Japanese warship came closer than within 100 to 200 miles of each other. The plane—the new artillery of the air—battered through a curtain of anti-aircraft fire to shower its bombs on enemy surface vessels. The aerial torpedo—the most deadly naval threat that comes out of the skies—sank one Jap aircraft carrier after another. Four flattops of the Rising Sun sank to watery regions where a sunrise is unknown. Denuded of its aircraft protection, the huge Japanese fleet had to run like a pack of soundly trounced school boys.

As the range of the plane increases, the aircraft carrier will diminish in importance. Large fleets of planes will cruise over all the oceans. No naval vessel can exist under such circumstances unless it has adequate aerial shelter at all times.

The new development in aerial warfare is going to bring about just as complete a change in land fighting as it has at sea.

In Russia today we see the two largest armies of modern times opposing each other. The Axis is said to have between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 troops lined up against an equal number of Russians. The aircraft involved, although important, has not as yet reached the numerical status where it dominates the action. This is what war is coming to. And it will not be very long before we arrive at this stage. The United States this year will turn out between 60,000 and 75,000 aircraft. Next year America will make between 125,000 and 175,000 planes. Aerial warfare is now at a point where it is developing with amazing speed.

The movements of large masses of infantry, as are taking place now in Southern Russia, will be an impossible task in the near future. Huge air fleets of 3,000 to 5,000 planes or more will sweep over the land troops raining down anywhere from 9,000 to 20,000 tons of bombs at a single flight. Other waves of planes will follow to repeat the action. Where is there any infantry in the world that can stand up under such a cloudburst of reverberating death and destruction? Where is there any land force of any kind that can withstand such violent and terrifying punishment?

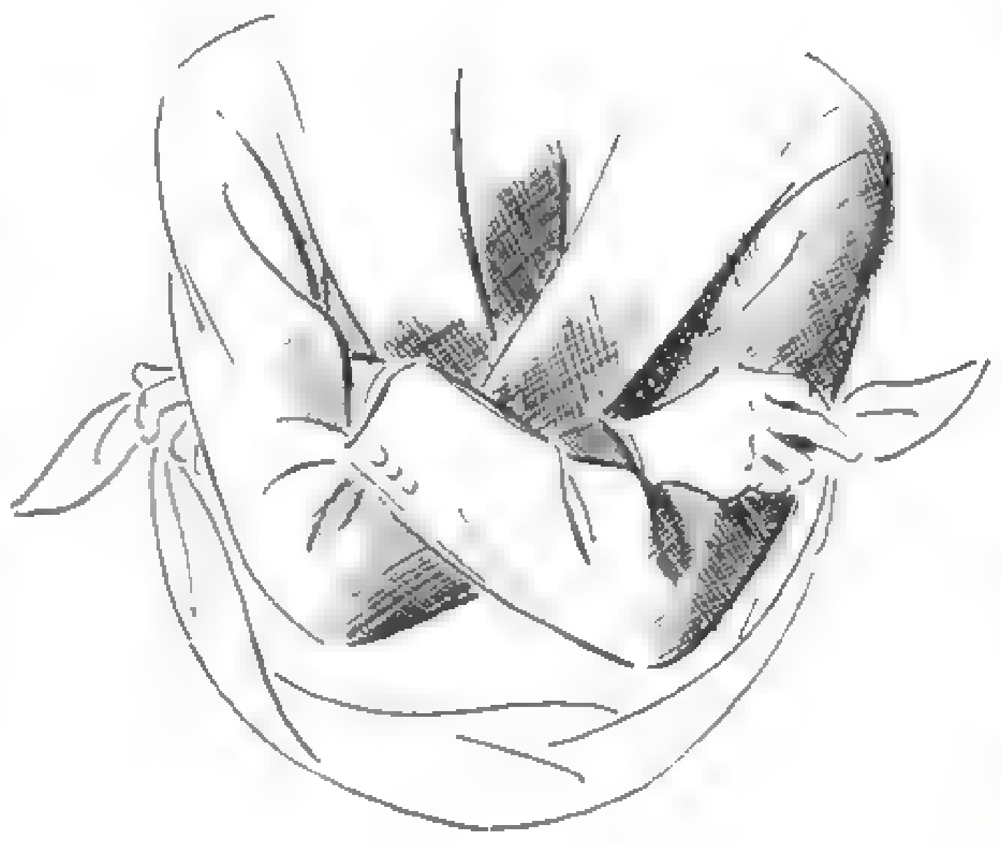
Of course there is the smashing impact of anti-aircraft fire to contend with. There is no doubt that there will be a remarkable growth

Continued on page 176

Checkpayers

Good for One Free Drink at the Nearest Bar

The Wager: That you can hold a napkin at the two ends and, without letting go, tie it into a knot.



The Payoff: Fold your arms before you grasp the ends of the napkin; when you unfold them the napkin will have a beautiful knot.

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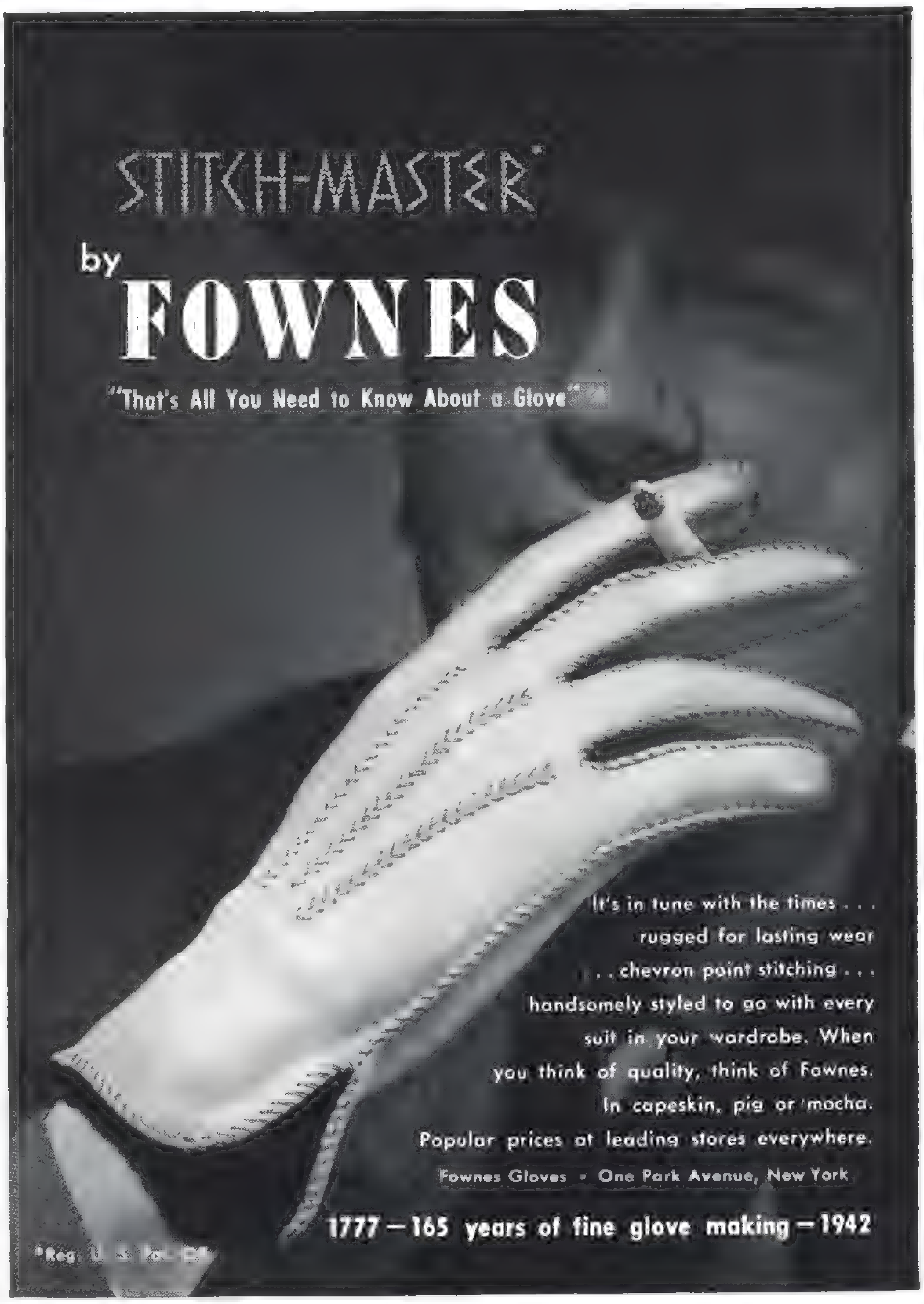
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Freedom for the Air Force

Continued from pages 173-175

in anti-aircraft weapons of all kinds. They will become more numerous and more deadly. But here again we are confronted with the same question. How long can ground anti-aircraft exist when it is opposed by a cloudburst of bombs showered from several thousand aircraft? When there were a few squadrons of planes aloft it was a simple matter for anti-aircraft batteries to open up on them with considerable success. But when you put several thousand planes in the air, with many fleets, flying at different altitudes, the problem of anti-aircraft becomes a very complicated matter. Then there is the danger of high and low level bombing forays on anti-aircraft positions. With several thousand planes dropping bombs within certain specific areas what's going to happen? Your anti-aircraft batteries are going to be seriously weakened. That fact is clearly indisputable.

Thus it is clear that when aircraft reaches a certain numerical status it will be able to dominate the major functions of land forces—the manipulation of artillery, the maneuvers of the infantry and the swift terrifying stabs of the tank divisions.

Behind the enemy lines aviation will disrupt lines of supply and communication. War industries will come in for terrific pounding as is taking place in Germany today. The crunch of bombs will grow greater and greater in the realm of Nazi power as the production of British and American bomber fleets increases.

Modern war is approaching then, the time when the airplane will dominate all surface fighting whether on land or on sea. Supply and communication will be at the mercy of aircraft.

We are approaching therefore, an era of warfare dominated by air power. As a matter of fact, we have already entered this new pattern of war.

With the methods of war undergoing a complete change it is manifestly urgent that every world power should reshuffle its military organization in order to adjust itself to the new conditions. The essential bedrock foundation of any successful armed force is a thorough and practical organization.

It is in organization that the Teutonic military machine excels. The Luftwaffe is the Air Force of the Nazis. They have separated the principal armed forces of Germany into three divisions as follows:

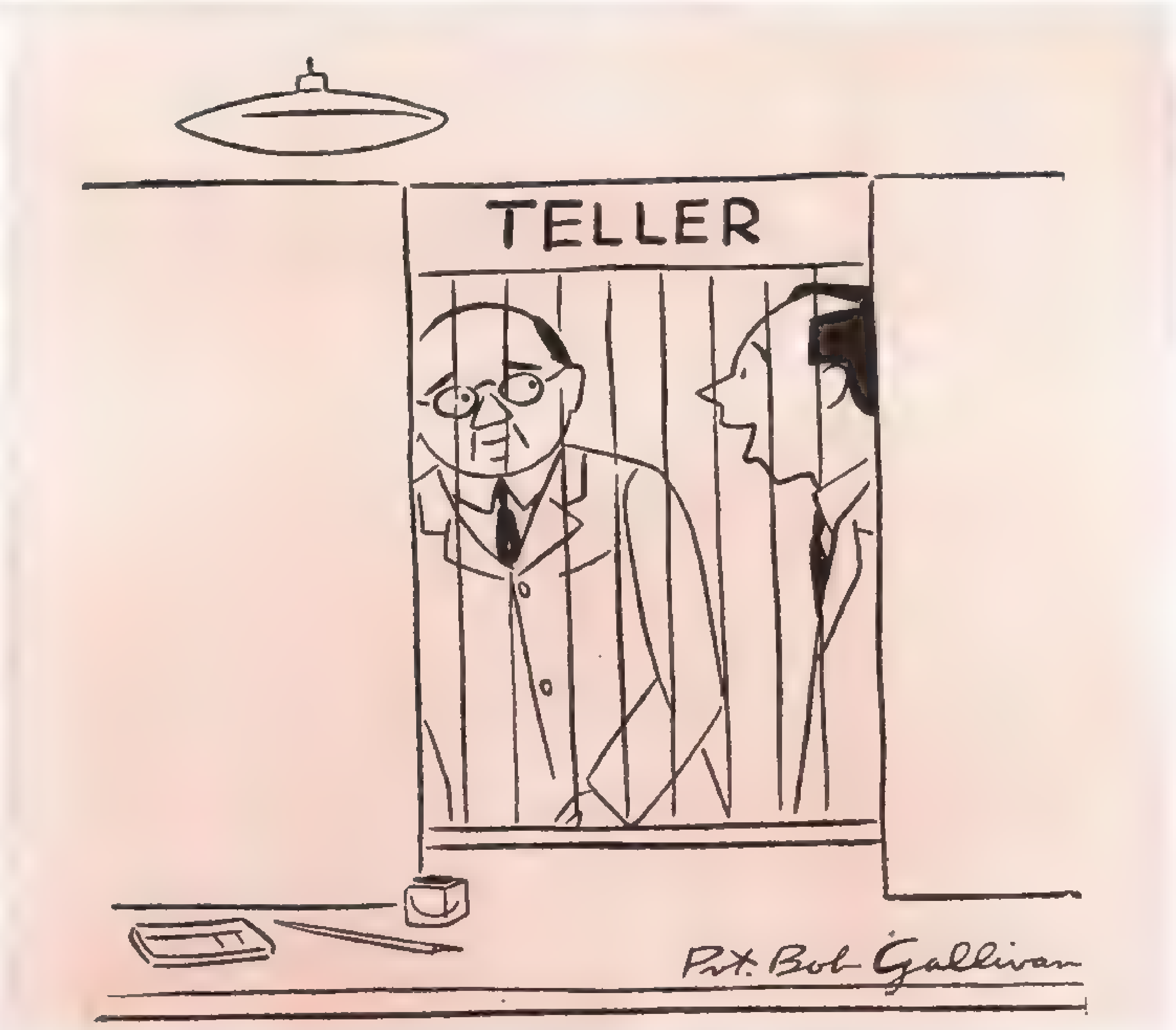
1. Air Force
2. Army
3. Navy.

Over these three service branches there is a central command headed by General Field Marshal William Keitel. He has a general staff which is composed of officers from the Air Force, the Army and the Navy. When there is an engagement involving all three branches of the service it is up to Keitel's staff to plan the operation and allot the various armed forces that are required.

Immersed in a global conflict which is characterized by a rapid shifting of technique, the United States is paddling around aimlessly, failing to orient her position properly in the midst of a great crisis.

Is it not time for some clear-headed thinking in Washington? Instead of rushing wildly about in a mad race to get our forces to the battle fronts isn't it time to pause and take stock of where we are going?

In the first place, our political and military leaders have overlooked the outstanding trend of this conflict. Time and time and time again we have had action



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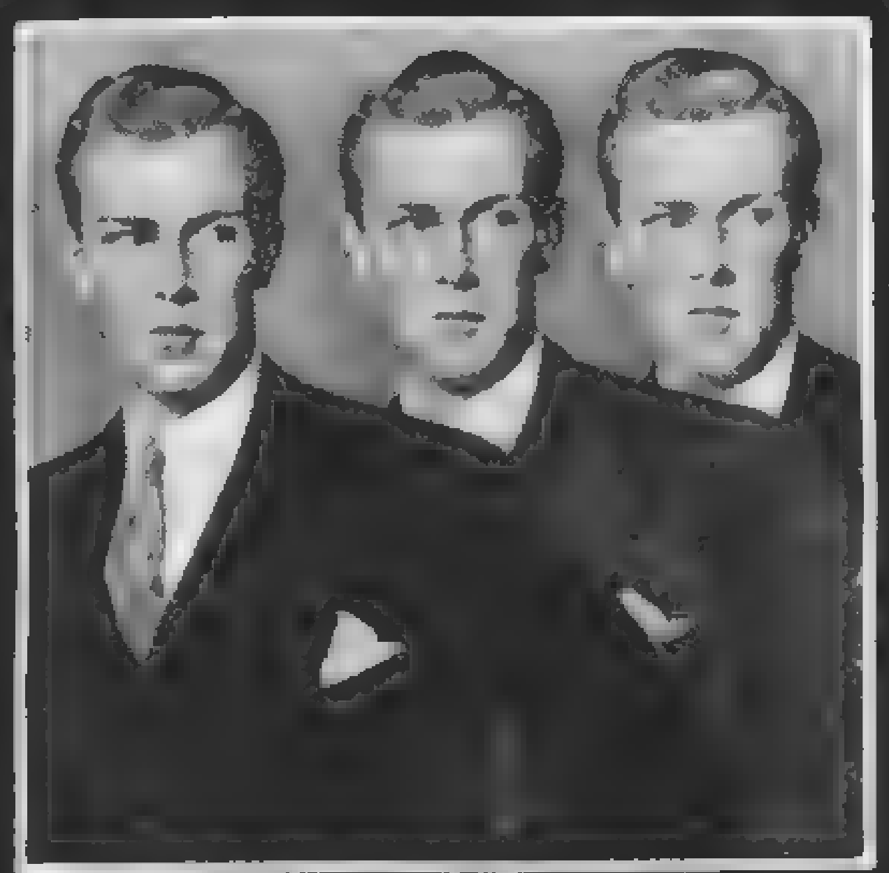

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over Britain, over Europe, over Malaya, over the Mediterranean, over Midway, emphasizing the vast and growing importance of aviation. Great Britain and Germany have recognized this outstanding fact by organizing their Air Force in one compact unit.

The United States has fumbled the proper organization of air power. Here is the outstanding development of this war, yet our Washington leaders insist that air power be held subordinate, as it was in the last war, to the Army and the Navy.

This in spite of the fact that it will not be long until the movement of land and sea forces will be controlled entirely by the Air Force. Today, right now—at this moment—no naval vessel can make a move unless adequately protected by air power. Major sea battles for the time being will be contests between aircraft carriers.

Victory in modern war, therefore, will go to that nation or group of nations that are best able to adjust themselves to the new pattern of warfare. The United States is certainly very inept in meeting these new conditions. If America is going to win this war there must be an immediate and complete shakeup in our aviation. The Army and Navy Air Forces must be combined under one head. Then and only then will the United States be in a position to go ahead and organize its air power in a thorough and effective manner.

Aviation today is only a shadow of what it will be in the near future. But no one can intelligently contend that these things are years away. That is the kind of talk that comes from political and military leaders who either have no solid conception of aviation, or they make the statement maliciously, knowing it to be false, simply because they do not want to have any power taken out of their hands.

We are fighting a global war. In order to do this we are called upon to operate the following air fleets:

1. European Air Fleet
2. Asiatic Air Fleet
3. African Air Fleet
4. South American Air Fleet
5. Home Air Fleet
6. Atlantic Air Fleet
7. Pacific Air Fleet
8. Indian Ocean Air Fleet

This is what war in the air is coming to.

In view of the vast power wielded by aviation, the rapid development of new plane types and the enormous growth of the airplane in numerical importance, it is of primary interest to the welfare of the nation that the United States organize a Department of Air without any further delay.

If our political and military leaders in Washington insist on tying American aviation to the land and sea, there is not the least doubt but that we are playing tag with disaster. We have a hard war to fight. Let's stop our muddleheaded thinking on aviation organization and start getting somewhere. Modern war is on wings. ⧻

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Stars in the Service

Competitive aces of college days carry on for Uncle Sam in war for national survival

Tom Harmon of Michigan, at this writing, is just four weeks from his wings in the advanced flying school at Williams Field, Arizona. He completed his primary at Oxnard, California, and his basic at Gardner Field, California. "I am as yet only a fledgling," he writes, "but the rough and ready attitude of the Air Force has long been instilled in me."

* * *

Jim Buchanan of Holly Springs, Mississippi, hurdler on the University of Mississippi track team in 1936 and 1937, and member of the golf team in 1935, 1936 and 1937, was a bombardier aboard one of the Flying Fortresses that were approaching Pearl Harbor the morning the Jap attack was underway. Buchanan's ship came through that one, but he later was aboard a Fortress that was shot down or lost at sea, and was afloat with other members of the crew in a rubber pontoon boat when, after some hours on the water, a Navy patrol bomber sighted them and made the rescue landing in waves 40 feet high.

* * *

Jerry Notowitz of St. Louis, blocking back on the University of Missouri football teams of 1938, 1939, and 1940, joined the Army Air Force and became a bombardier. He was in the first flights of American forces over Europe during July and was cited for excellent marksmanship. Early in August he took part in a broadcast in which he conversed by radio with a cadet in Texas and told of essentials of his job. The next week he was killed in a bomber crash in England.

* * *

Among the survivors of the *Lexington* were Ensigns John Drew and Richard Casper, buddies in their college days at Marquette where Drew was a hurdler on the 1938 track team. They were located at widely separated stations on the ill-fated carrier, and when the order came to abandon ship began to look for each other. Then before going overboard, they helped devour the ice cream that is now made famous in *Lexington* stories.

* * *

Gene Ziesel, star of the 1940 Creighton football team, is among the American pilots interned in Turkey after forced landings.

* * *

Lieutenant Lucian Youngblood, star of the 1940 St. Mary's, Texas, grid team, was with General Doolittle when they bombed Tokyo.

* * *

According to Lieutenant William Cerney, athletic officer at the base, one of the finest flyers to go through the Glenview, Illinois, Naval aviation base was Bobby Saggau, crack Notre Dame halfback of recent memory.

* * *

Major "Inky" Bluhm, former University of Chicago quarterback, is attending the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, after two years in the service. When he finishes his schooling, he will rejoin his regiment in Tennessee.

* * *

Three Michigan State athletes already have been listed among the casualties. Ralph Bennett of Mt. Clemens, an end on the 1937 team that played in the Orange Bowl at Miami, is listed as missing after being wounded during the Jap attack on Fort McKinley at Manila. Duane "Buck" Crosthwaite, a halfback under Coach Charley Bachman three years ago, was killed in the crash of a bomber during a practice flight in Oregon. George Levagood, a former baseball player at Michigan State, died while commanding an anti-aircraft battery on the shores of Corregidor Island in Manila Bay. All three men were lieutenants.

* * *

Lieutenant Walter Winika, All-Eastern star for Rutgers in 1936, was killed off the coast of Trinidad on July 11th while flying a Naval patrol. His brother, Wilho, vowing to avenge his death, has been made a Naval Aviation Cadet.

* * *

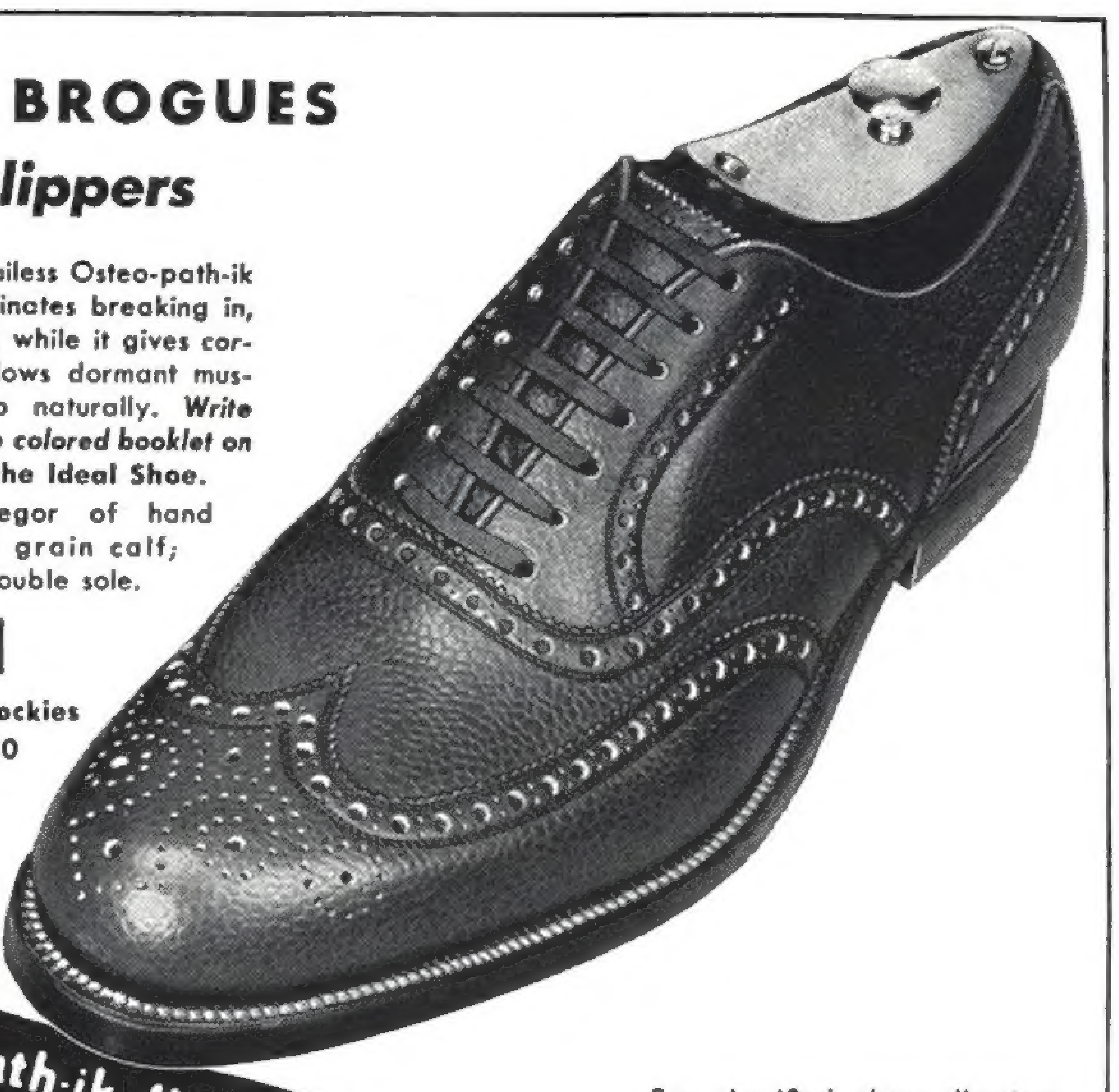
Two former Columbia oarsmen, Bud Froelich, '40, and Hank Wheeler, captain of the same crew, have been lost in action. Froelich was a Naval aviator, and Wheeler was an engineering officer who was lost on a destroyer in the Atlantic.

* * *

When Johnny Alison was a member of the University of Florida swimming team he probably never thought his swimming ability would ever be of use to him in war. But after bagging two Jap planes over Chungking, his plane was badly damaged and he made a crash landing in a river. Despite two wounds, he swam from the wreckage and is carrying on as Major John R. Alison, rated one of our great pursuit pilots.

* * *

Harold Byrd, University of Oklahoma 129-pound national collegiate wrestling champion of a few years back, was shot down in action over England several months ago but lived and went back into action. He had enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Gus Kitchens, captain of the Oklahoma football team that beat Northwestern 23 to 0 in 1939, was a lieutenant in the air corps when he was reported missing in action off Australia on April 10th, a few days after he had received the Army's Silver Star for gallantry during an air raid off Raboul. #



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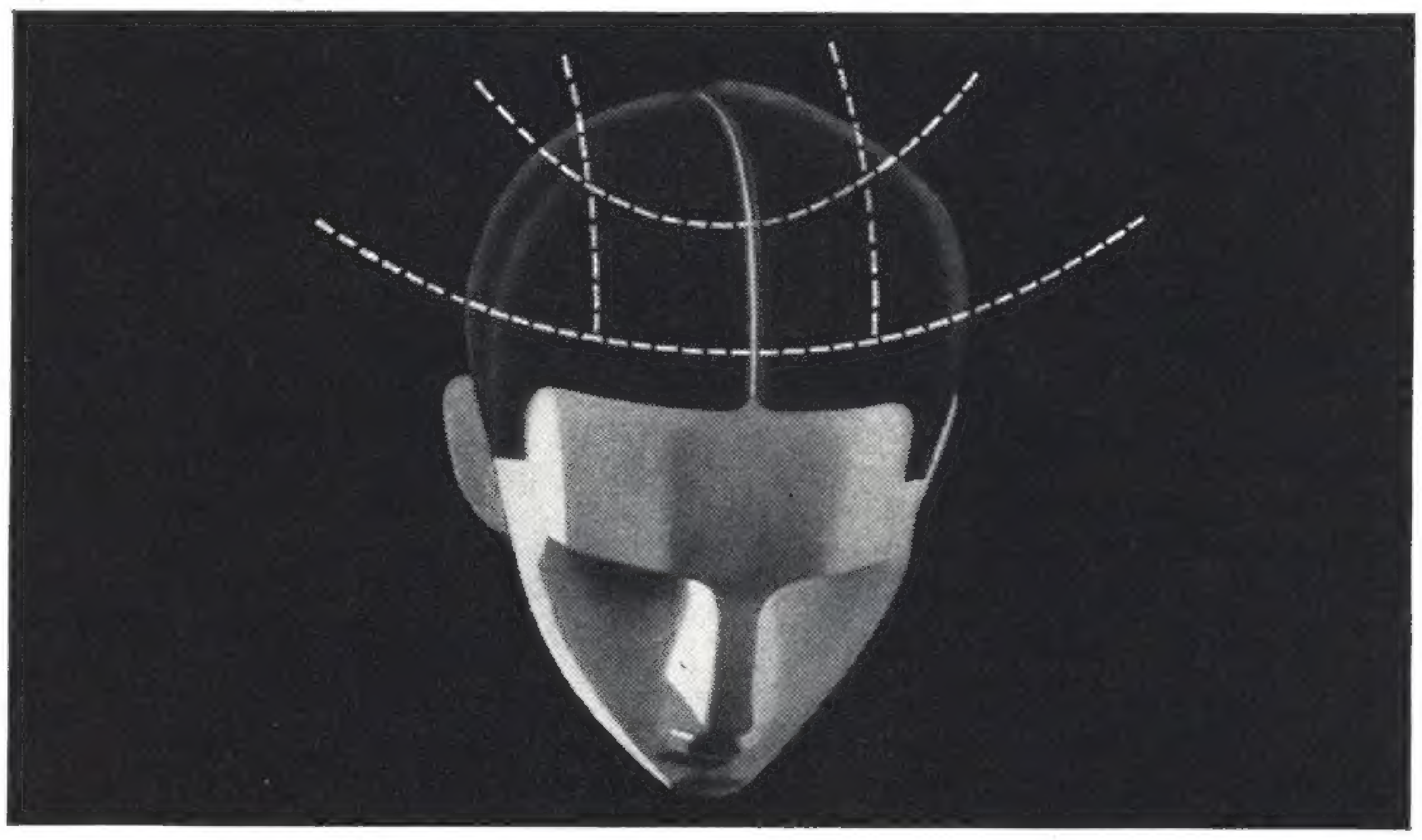

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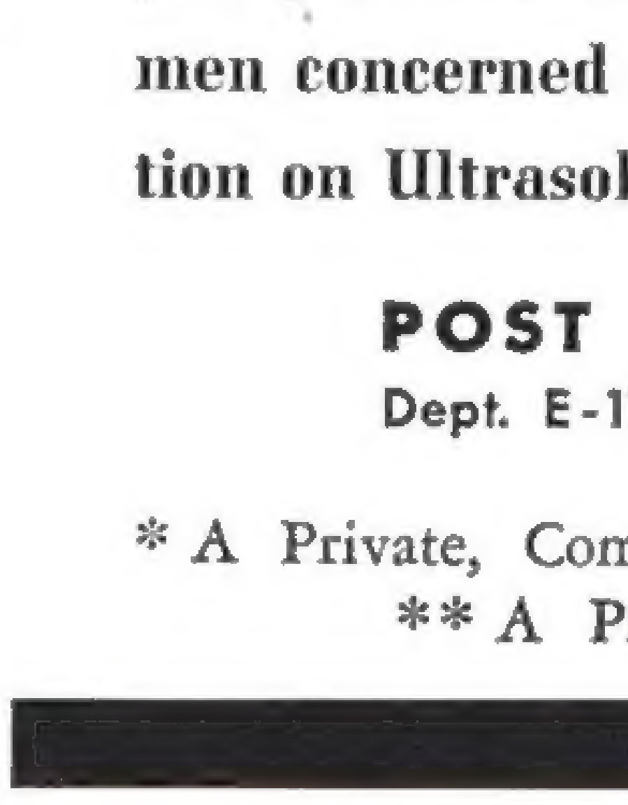

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Chick Evans: Simon-Pure

The ill-starred ex-champion has been a rock on the question of amateurism

by HERB GRAFFIS

▪SPORTS▪

Although Chick Evans has won more than 300 golf trophies, in his flat in the Rogers Park district of Chicago—not many brassie shots from the site of the old Edgewater golf course, where he caddied and perfected the game that made him a giant among the world's golfers—there are less than half a dozen of these evidences of his conquests. Where do you think the other trophies have gone? He's given them away to be competed for in minor events at golf clubs all over the country. One of the most expensive trophies he ever won now is being played for annually by the women of a country club in a small midwestern town.

That sort of pass-it-around spirit is characteristic of Evans and his devotion to amateur sport. Yet there's ample reason for believing that Chick Evans as an amateur golfer—and I do mean amateur—made more money as a sideline to his golf than most luminaries in other sports. Through the same fingers that Chick wrapped around the leather of golf clubs in winning three U. S. national golf titles, has slipped nearly $4,000,000! While it was coming and while it was going Chick never lost that barefoot boy grin. How'd he get all that legal tender? Stock market. How'd he lose it? Ditto.

But one can't say that Chick Evans has been the loser. On his fiftieth birthday he was given a party that came nearer to having the tender sentiment of a golden wedding anniversary than anything that's been seen in testimonials to sportsmen. A high spot of that affair was the presentation to Chick of approximately 350 dollars in nickels by a committee of caddies from golf clubs in the Chicago area. The kids had raised that fund on their own, limiting the per capita share to five cents. The money, of course, Chick turned over to the Evans scholarships at Northwestern university.

This Evans scholarship fund, administered now by the Western Golf Association, had its beginning when Chick made some golf instruction phonograph records. Instruction makes an amateur a pro when there's money received by the golfing amateur. But Chick had heard caddies say they were trying to finance themselves into the higher education, and stepped in for the kids when this chance to catch a down payment and royalties running nicely into five figures was presented. He kept simon-pure and boys were kept in school.

As the first American to win both the U. S. National Open and the U. S. Amateur golf championships the same year (1916) Chick Evans had a name that meant big sales of anything associated with golf. He used it with these records in establishing a scholarship fund that has sent through Northwestern, Chick's alma mater, twenty-three youths from applicants who caddie at midwest golf clubs.

When Chick was admittedly the finest all-around amateur or professional shotmaker in American golf his putting suddenly went bad. It became almost a psychopathic affair. As late as 1937 when Chick was knocked out of the National Amateur championship, one down, by Johnny Fischer, Evans exhibited the old-time stuff in getting to the green, then his fate was in the hands of Providence.

It stands to reason that when Chick was good he was a Grade-A putter. His 286 in winning the National Open championship at Minikahda in 1916 stood up until 1932 when it was tied by Gene Sarazen in winning the National Open at Fresh Meadow. The figure wasn't beaten until 1936 when Tony Manero poured a 282 into Baltusrol. A poor putter doesn't make a twenty-year scoring record in golf.

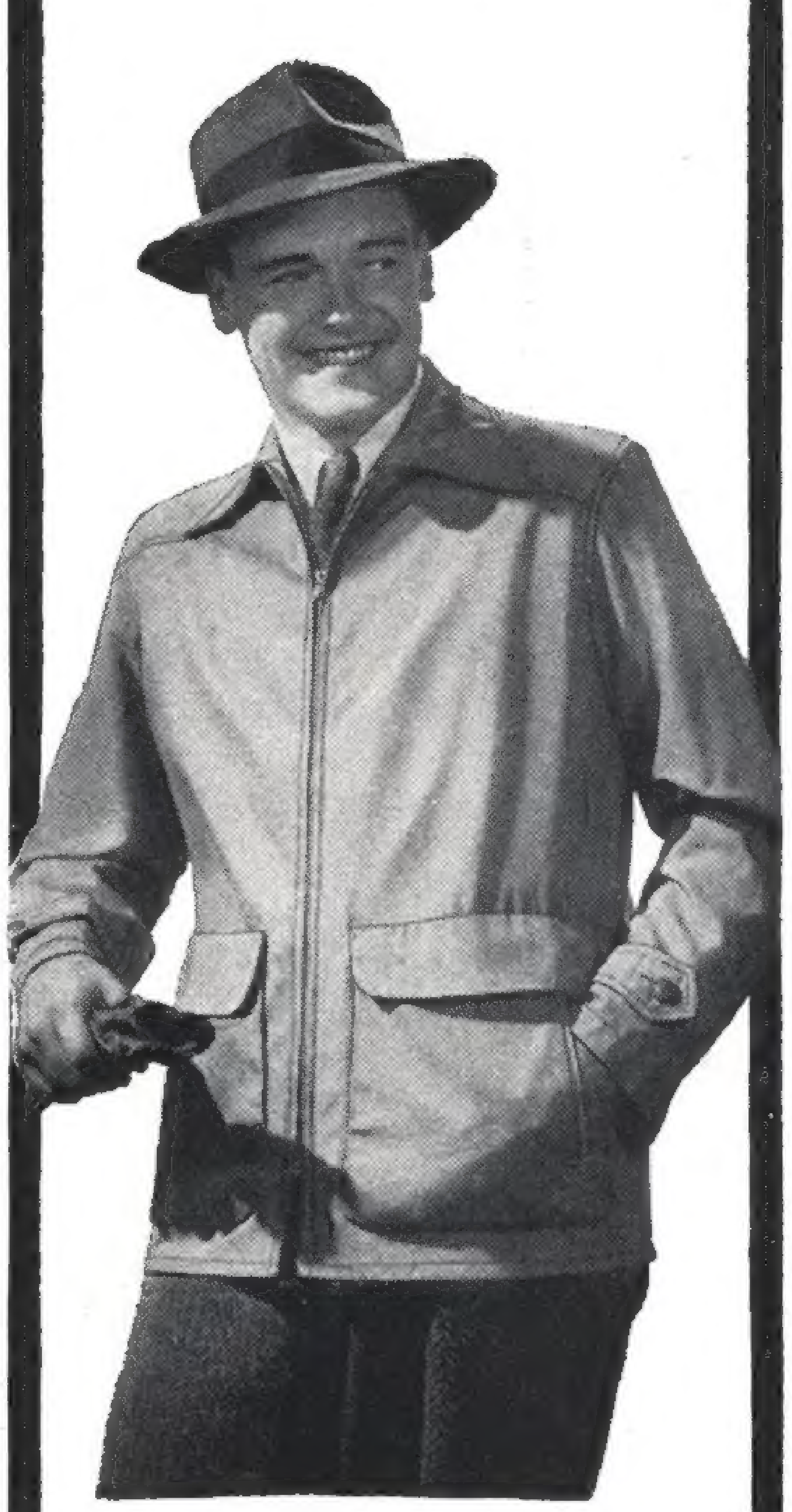
Well, what ruined Chick as a putter?

Once I put that question to him cold. Chick shook his head sadly.

"How do you think you'd putt if you'd sight a putt and looking up from the line see the face of a friend who'd been in the market with you when you both lost a lot of money?" Chick asked.

One thing that's never been credited to Chick is the job he did in putting professional golfers' exhibitions on a big business basis in the United States. When it was proposed that Chick pass up an Army commission and roam the country in Red Cross exhibition matches, getting big money for the Red Cross where big money was the loosest, it was Evans who took the pros in as running mates. The pros were given fees and expenses, but Chick as the holder of both national golfing titles was the top-billed come-on. The professionals and Chick raised more than $300,000 for the Red Cross and other war funds. When Chick was overlooked as an occupant of Golf's Hall of Fame, it was fitting that that neglect should recently be repaired by action of the Professional Golfers Association.

Chick Evans has been a significant part of American history for more than twenty years. He has played golf with presidents and with almost every famed character in the most glamourous days this twentieth century has seen. And through it all, both the ups and the downs, he has been a rock of amateurism. ⧺



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